THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Vol. 193, No. 38. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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MARCH 19, 1921

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In This Number: **Robert Lansing—Edwin Lefèvre—Will Irwin—Hal G. Evarts Josephus Daniels—Hugh MacNair Kahler—Gerald Mygatt and Garret Smith**

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Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 193 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 19, 1921 — $2.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 38

The Big Four of the Peace Conference—Wilson

By Robert Lansing

Former Secretary of State

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

FOR obvious reasons it is harder for me to analyze the character of President Wilson as manifested by his conduct at Paris than it is the character of any one of his colleagues in the Council of the Heads of States. It was only as I reviewed the results of the negotiations that I came to a realization of the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of harmonizing his avowed intentions with what seemed to satisfy him. As a consequence in a character study of this sort the facts do not always seem to justify the conclusions. Then, too, opinion is often based on deductions which depend more upon impressions than on direct evidence. I may have drawn erroneous conclusions and may therefore be wrong in my judgments; that I am willing to admit; but it is my earnest purpose to be entirely impartial and to avoid any personal bias in the discussion of a man with whom I was so long and so closely associated.

A real difficulty in portraying President Wilson as he was in Paris is that certain traits of his character, which had been so prominent in his public career prior to that time, seem to have been suppressed or submerged in the new environment. Whether this was intentional or involuntary I do not know; and really it makes no difference. The fact is that the President appeared changed after he landed in France. Clearly it is difficult not to be unconsciously influenced by impressions gained prior to the Paris days and not to weave those memories into an estimate of Mr. Wilson when he was engaged in the task of negotiating the terms of the treaty of peace with Germany.

It is not my purpose to discuss the wisdom of the President's attending the peace conference and of conducting in person the negotiations. As to that there will always be, I presume, a divergence of opinion. There are valid arguments on both sides of the question. I can only say that the day after the armistice was signed I had a conference with the President in his study at the White House, during which I took occasion to tell him that in my judgment it would be a serious mistake for him to sit at the peace table, and I went fully into my reasons for so advising him. Six days later—November 18, 1918—the President came to my residence and told me that after considering the matter very carefully he had determined to go to the conference, and had given out a public announcement of his intention. My judgment as to the President's personal participation in the negotiations and his absence from the United States for so long a period is the same now as it was the day I expressed it. I leave others to decide how far it has been justified by subsequent events. At the same time I wish to show that the President's decision to exercise in person his constitutional right to conduct the foreign affairs of the United States was not the result of impulse but was reached after thoughtful deliberation, and doubtless the manifestations of approval by the French people of his presence at Paris convinced him that he had decided wisely.

No man ever received a more demonstrative welcome than did Mr. Wilson from the moment that the George Washington entered the harbor of Brest. It was a great popular ovation. His name was on every lip; throngs of admirers applauded him as he entered the special train for Paris and at the stations en route; and multitudes, delirious with enthusiasm, cheered him a welcome as he drove through the beflagged streets of the French capital in company with President Poincaré, who met him at the Gare du Bois de Boulogne. It was a reception which might have turned the head of a man far less responsive than the President to public applause, and have

given him an exalted opinion of his own power of accomplishment and of his individual responsibility to mankind. It is fair, I think, to assume that this was the effect on the President. It was the natural one.

This convincing evidence of his personal popularity, which was vastly increased by his subsequent visits to London and Rome, doubtless confirmed him in the belief that, with the people of the three principal Allied Powers so unanimously behind him, the statesmen of those countries would hardly dare to oppose his ideas as to the terms of peace. I think that there were ample grounds for this belief.

Prestige Lost by Lack of Program

THE trouble was that the President was not prepared to seize the opportunity and to capitalize this general popular support. He came to Paris without, so far as I know, a definite outline of a treaty with Germany. He did have a draft of a covenant of a League of Nations, but it was a crude and undigested plan, as is evident by a comparison of it with the document finally reported to the Conference on the Preliminaries of Peace. He, of course, had his famous fourteen points, and the declarations appearing in his subsequent addresses as bases of the peace, but they were little more than a series of principles and policies to guide in the drafting of actual terms. As to a complete *projet*, or even an outline of terms which could be laid before the delegates for consideration, he apparently had none; in fact when this lack was felt by members of the American commission they undertook to have their legal advisers prepare a skeleton treaty, but had to abandon the work after it was well under way because the President resented the idea, asserting emphatically that he did not intend to allow lawyers to draw the treaty, a declaration that discouraged those of the profession from volunteering suggestions as to the covenant and other articles of the treaty. The President, not having done the preliminary work himself, and unwilling to have others do it, was wholly unprepared to submit anything in concrete form to the European statesmen, unless it was his imperfect plan for a League of Nations. The consequence was that the general scheme of the treaty and many of the important articles were prepared and worked out by the British and French delegations. Thus the exceptional opportunity which the President had to impress his ideas on the conference and to lead in the negotiations was lost, and he failed to maintain his controlling position among the statesmen who were, as it turned out, to dictate the terms of peace; while his utterances, which had been the foundation of his popularity, suffered in a measure the same fate.

If the President had adopted the customary method of negotiation through commissioners instead of pursuing the unusual and in fact untried method of personal participation, the situation would have been very different. Without the President present in Paris detailed instructions would have been prepared, which could have been modified during the negotiations only by reference to him at Washington. Instructions of that sort would of necessity have been definite. There would have been no uncertainty as to the objects sought. But with the President on the ground written instructions seemed to him, and possibly were, superfluous. He was there to decide the attitude of the United States and give oral directions concerning the minutest detail of the negotiations as the questions arose; and since diplomatic commissioners are in any event only agents of the President and subject always to his instructions, the American commissioners at Paris possessed no right to act independently or to do other than follow the directions which they received, which in this case were given by word of mouth. As these directions were meager and indefinite and as they did not include a general plan, the situation was unsatisfactory and embarrassing for the President's American colleagues.

I doubt if Mr. Wilson had worked out, even tentatively, the application of the principles and precepts which he had declared while the war was in progress, and which had been generally accepted at the time of the armistice as the bases of peace. The consequence was that he must have had a very vague and nebulous scheme for their introduction into the treaty, because many of his declarations required accurate definition before they could be practically applied to the problems which awaited solution by the conference.

Naturally there was an atmosphere of uncertainty and a feeling of helplessness in approaching the treaty terms which prevented the American commissioners from pressing for definite objects. The whole delegation, the President included, lost prestige and influence with the foreign delegates by this lack of a program.

Here is shown one of the inherent weaknesses of Mr. Wilson which impaired his capacity as the head of a diplomatic commission to negotiate so intricate a settlement as the treaty with Germany. He was inclined to let matters drift, relying apparently on his own quickness of perception and his own sagacity to defeat or amend terms proposed by members of other delegations. From first to last there was no teamwork, no common council and no concerted action.

It was discouraging to witness this utter lack of system, when system was so essential. The reason was manifest. There was no directing head to the American commission to formulate a plan, to organize the work and to issue definite instructions.

It is my belief that this fault in the conduct of the negotiations, so far as the United States is concerned, was responsible in no small degree for some of the more undesirable settlements which were incorporated in the treaty of peace. The other heads of states held long daily conferences with their fellow commissioners and principal expert advisers, at which pending questions were debated at length and opinions were freely expressed as to the attitude which should be assumed in view of the national interests involved. Not so the President. He seldom met the American commissioners as a body—in fact only nine times prior to his first return to the United States on February fourteenth—and then, except in regard to the covenant, the discussions were desultory and of a general character except on two or three occasions. The President at these meetings did most of the talking, seldom asking advice. They left an impression of doubt as to just what he was seeking to obtain. They might have been, but were not, useful. During the entire period of the negotiations President Wilson summoned the experts to meet as a body with the American commission only once, on June third, when the German and Austrian treaties were completed.

The Absence of Coöperation

THE President's method of utilizing the knowledge of others was this: If he wished advice he called on the individual whom he thought especially qualified to give it—though he sometimes erred in his choice—and discussed the subject with him in a private interview, or else he asked the expert to prepare for him a confidential memorandum. The result of the interview the President did not disclose, but the commissioners sometimes obtained from the adviser an oral account of what took place or a copy of the memorandum which he had furnished. There was therefore no consensus of opinion by the commission, and no general discussion of a question. The President, in fact, constituted himself an exclusive repository of all information, opinions and speculations, to which no one else had access. It was entirely a personal matter with him. It seems to me to be a fair assumption that he argued that, as he alone had the responsibility under the Constitution, it was for him to make up his mind independently as to the course which should be taken, and that it was time enough to tell the other American commissioners what that course would be after he had determined it. Unfortunately, he did not always disclose his decision even when he reached one, though on more than one occasion he seemed surprised that his colleagues were ignorant of his views, which they could have gained only by intuition or in some cases by deduction.

The aloofness of Mr. Wilson, his apparent dislike for consultations until circumstances made them unavoidable, and his manifest desire and purpose to remain isolated were not new traits in his character. They had been recognized and not infrequently commented upon long before we went to Paris, but the circumstances surrounding an international conference of such magnitude as the peace conference and the imperative need of close personal intercourse between associates in the conduct of the negotiations emphasized these peculiarities of the President's nature and seriously handicapped the activities of the American commissioners.

The foregoing consideration of the President's relations to the other American commissioners explains in a large measure the reason for his failure to retain the first place in the conference, which he undoubtedly held when he arrived in France. He was unable to avail himself of the opportunity offered by his unique position because of this defect in his mental attitude toward coöperation. Though he frequently sought the advice of Colonel House, at least during the early stages of the negotiations, he remained a solitary and secluded man, preferring to bear his burdens alone.

American Leadership Forfeited

THE consequences were those which might have been expected. M. Clemenceau, and in a lesser degree Mr. Lloyd George, took the initiative on practically all subjects requiring settlement except as to those before commissions of the conference, and even in the case of the commission on the League of Nations, of which the President was the presiding officer, the initiative apparently passed from him to General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil. Thus the United States was forced into the position of following instead of leading in the drafting of the terms formulated in the Council of Four, a position which was as unnecessary as it was unfortunate.

There can be little doubt that President Wilson expected to find in the principal statesmen of Europe, at least in a measure, the same philanthropic and altruistic motives which he possessed to so high a degree. In the correspondence during the war the Allies had responded to his appeals and declarations in a tone of lofty idealism similar to that which he had used. I believe that he assumed that moral right would be the controlling factor in the settlements at Paris, and that even the enemy would be treated fairly, if not generously, in order that the peace might be erected on permanent foundations. Entertaining idealistic motives and unfortunately lacking practical experience in international negotiations, the President did not appear to appreciate at the first that the aims of his foreign colleagues were essentially material, or to realize that their expressions of high principle were merely an assent to a moral standard which they thought fundamentally right but at present impracticable. The result was that he assented to certain arrangements before he became aware of the selfishness, if not the greed, which was so evidently a frequent impulse of many of the European delegates in formulating their demands or supporting those of others. Having once passed his word in regard to a decision his high sense of honor or possibly an unwillingness to admit his error prevented him from withdrawing it.

Obsessed with the idea that the organization of a League of Nations was the supreme object to be attained at the Paris conference, the President devoted his time, his effort and his influence to drafting its charter and removing or neutralizing the objections

(Continued on Page 117)

COLUMBINE TIME

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

JUNE as it grew late and lush brought the great virginal white columbines, as August, wanton of the decadent year, was to bring their flaunting sisters in red and yellow. The transformations of those valleys among the peaks are violent and sudden; as violent as the lives they cradle, as sudden as mountain passions. One June evening the hillsides lay in a pattern of brown and fresh springlike green, but no white; that was all above, where the perpetual snows of the peaks sent down on each fresh breeze little flurries of winter. Through that pattern the columbine bushes lay in domes of dark green still unillumined, as being creatures waiting for a soul. Then one night, at about that period when the sun stands on the northern border of his realm, the first novice among the virgin sisterhood would put on her veil and turn her snowy bosom to the summer moon. By morning the hillside would be dotted as with flakes of snow; by another day it was like a summer snowfall. The white was all upon their upper surfaces; beneath, they were of a transparent blue—the colors of the Virgin.

They are as whimsically impermanent, these novices of the mountains, as young love itself. No one may gather the snow columbine, any more than he may bring to young love fulfillment of all its airy imaginings. When you have broken the stem the spell is past. What was columbine is now a shower of white petals, formed like an elfin shoe, fallen upon the green dome of its habitation to wither while you look, to fade within a summer hour into a prosaic nothingness.

That morning, as the Cottonwood stage stopped beyond the ford of Bear Creek, Tommy Coulter stood posed knee-deep in columbine domes. On the surface of things this was pure accident. Tommy, partner in a grubstake above the cañon a mile to the north, had developed a sudden aversion to tunneling for a hypothetical gold lode, had made to himself the excuse that he must borrow a spirit level from the North Star outfit down the creek, had suddenly dropped his pick and started on foot down the white hill slope. There among the peaks June is a belated spring. Tommy being somewhat unread in the poets did not know that spring is the season when the Lord of Life knocks at the door of human hearts, lays subtle traps for young and unwary feet. All he knew was that, as he threaded the winding trail among the domes of columbine bush, he found himself looking with a vague and poignant pleasure, a kind of ghost of rapture, upon the great white elf bells and the whimsical mariposa lilies sprinkled between.

I ask you to believe that it was the Lord of Life who drew him so to the ford of prosaically named Bear Creek. It is harder logically to account for the action of the rat-tailed white bronco which served that day as nigh leader on the Cottonwood stage. For just as the team scrambled up the bank and started on to the turn round the point of the hill, his wild soul revolted at the late indignity of a cold-water plunge and at the general state of being a horse. He threw back his ears, stopped; and when the driver, stifling his oaths in consideration for the ladies, began to pour leather, bucked clean out of the traces. The snaffle of his nigh rein parted close to the bit. His teammate seized upon this excuse to raise the devil.

"What's the Matter With One of You Ladies Leading the Grand March With Me? That's the Ticket! We'll Start Her Off With a Regular Grand March"

Even the big sober American wheelers caught the infection. The whole team became a scrimmage of dancing hoofs, tossing manes, kicks, plunges and squeals. The express messenger and a horseman among the outside passengers hit the ground almost simultaneously. The white disturber of the lead team, at the gentle but steady pull of a horse-master hand upon his bit, let his storm of panic subside into a gentle dancing and trembling. His fear had been stage-managed, anyhow; and in this gradual subsidence he was merely saving his face.

Tommy, who had started to run forward when he saw the trouble begin, stopped short by the side of the road when he saw it die away. He stood there among the white-mottled domes of the columbine bushes, which made behind him a most inappropriate background if you took into consideration that this was a very masculine young male, standing five feet eleven in his bare feet, his frame spring-hung with wiry muscles in that age of human muscle when it seems capable of anything. At second and less prejudiced sight you might have realized that a floral background was not so inappropriate after all; for the clear-eyed young creature, with one lock of sun-gilded hair escaping from under the brim of his flapping sombrero, had a sturdy beauty. It is true that his features were irregular; too much jaw, and a line of the nose which defied the conventionalities of Grecian sculpture. It is also true, however, that his blond skin had tanned to a rich gold, which showed off to advantage a pair of dark blue eyes as clear and yet as deep as the pools in the creeks below.

Also as he posed there among the columbines, his weight slightly on the right foot, his hips a little out of line, one hand resting carelessly on the band of his overalls, he had a most manly stand. It showed a confident repose, an absolute stillness which, you felt by instinct, might awaken at any moment to swift dynamic action. And the open collar of his blue flannel shirt revealed a throat and neck like a pillar of the temple.

So he stood at watch, his eyes alone moving, until the white disturber of the lead team was quelled to meek submission, until the driver had begun to install a new rein from the tool box. The show being over Tommy had turned, blurring the picture which he was unconsciously making against the hillside, when he was startled into new immobility by a woman's voice addressing him.

"Young man," said the voice, "would you mind bringing me some of those flowers?"

Then for the first time he noticed the stagecoach itself. From the open window section above the door a woman's head was leaning. He was aware of a bonnet whose red roses made a splash in the shadows of the coach door, of a yellow kid glove as tight over the hand as the skin of a sausage, of an aura of city ways, before he saw that a plump and middle-aged but pleasing countenance was smiling out at him.

"Oh, yes," he replied after just a moment of embarrassed hesitation. And then: "I'm afraid they won't last."

As he set himself carefully to pluck the nearest stalks with his stubby fingers he became conscious that there was another woman inside; a colloquy in feminine tones, the words indistinguishable, came softly, thrillingly to his ears. He lifted his bunch of flowers carefully; but as he advanced to the window a shower of white petals strewed his way.

"Only two or three of them stuck, ma'am," he said as he handed them carefully over. Then again he froze momentarily into stillness at what he saw in the seat beyond the

middle-aged woman. At first it was only the eyes—big and deep brown, and fixed on his face candidly yet with a curiously intent expression. He felt somewhere within his brain a little shock like a hammer blow, a focus of sensation from which thrills and shivers, disturbing but delicious, coursed through his nerves. Then, as though his sight were growing accustomed to a strong sudden light, the young face which framed those eyes became clear to his vision.

With that olive skin, with those eyes, it should have been oval. It started out to be oval, too; but at about the point where a wisp of her fine, wavy, blue-black hair escaped from the confines of her fashionable bonnet it changed intention and moved downward to a kind of delicious, piquant squareness. Her lips were the color of roses overlaid by a morning mist. He was about to catalogue her nose when ——

"Thanks," said the elder woman. "Didn't many of them last, just as you said."

The words brought him to action with a jerk. I am not sure but that for his coat of tan you might have observed that Tommy was blushing. He handed over the flowers with a slight awkwardness, and the last of the petals sprinkled themselves among their own leaves.

"Why, the idea—gone already!" exclaimed the older woman. But as she took them she looked down; and Tommy boldly ventured another glance at the girl. She was still looking innocently, intently, on his face. He formulated to himself, this time, her expression. It held something sweetly familiar; only long afterward was he to realize that his young mother used to bend upon him the same look. And now she spoke for the first time—spoke in a soft low voice with an accent a little unfamiliar to his Western ears. The syllables, indeed, came out slightly but deliciously blurred, thereby betraying, had Tommy only known it, her youth.

"What a dreadful pity!" said the girl. "It's almost a shame we picked them." Tommy liked that "we." "And they looked so beautiful, growing there!"

For the first time the flicker of a smile trembled upon her lips, faded into her expression of sweet seriousness.

Tommy deprived himself for a moment of that feast for his eyes to note that the driver, having put in the spare rein, was going over the harness on suspicion of further damage; that there would be a little more time.

"I'll try again!" he said shortly in the big bass rumble of his masculine voice.

His accents, like the girl's, were unformed. He was aware then that it was the first time he had spoken to the girl, and again unaccountably he blushed.

"I can't see that it's any use," said the older woman.

Tommy turned away, nevertheless, registering with his last glance that she had the same dark hair, the same piquant squareness of countenance as the girl; that they must be mother and daughter. Most carefully now he broke off just three stalks of columbine, carried them back with the intentness of movement and face of a juggler balancing a pole. But when he reached the window he did not put them into the outstretched gloved hands of the older woman. With that same intent eye upon his job he passed them into the dim recesses of the coach. The girl gave just a little start, as one wakened from reverie, reached out and took them.

"Careful, Nellie!" said her mother.

The girl's ten ungloved fingers, flower stalks themselves of an untold whiteness and pinkness, closed gently about the stalks of their sister flowers. She sat straight upright now, her navy-blue jersey of the eighties defining a waist which needed no corset to make it slender, her young bosom curving delicately upward into a line of beauty. The petals had not yet fallen. Scarcely breathing, she held the stalks upright like a scepter; and Tommy thought of an old sacred picture he had seen in the cathedral at Albuquerque. Then the girl gave the very shadow of a start, as though remembering her manners.

"Thank you!" she said, her grave brown eyes turning on his and again illuminating a lamp within his soul.

The words seemed to have been produced on an intake of her breath; and Tommy was aware of a faint delicious odor. Then she spoke more openly and naturally, but still with that young blurring of the syllables.

"Oh, I hope I can keep them all the way to Carbonado," she said. "They would look so pretty in our rooms at the Marlborough!"

At this the older woman turned and shot one swift glance at the younger. She was looking, however, at the columbines, from which one pure bell nodded toward her profile, bringing out by resemblance its flowerlike delicacy of line, by contrast its creamy richness of tone.

Just then the stage driver, who had clambered back to the box, sprang his regular joke, without which the Cottonwood stage could not possibly have run.

"All aboard—all who can't get a board get a shingle," he called.

The white disturber, at the emphatic crack of leather by his ear, threw himself into the collar. The stage lurched forward. A shower of petals fell from the stalks to the girl's lap; but that one virgin sister of hers still remained true to its stem, still made obeisance to higher beauty. The coach door jerked abruptly from Tommy's range of vision.

"Thanks—good-by!" said the older woman.

"She's a Lulu!" said Tommy to Himself, to the Mountains, to the Columbines

"You're welcome—good-by!" called Tommy; and he fancied that he heard from within a faint echo of his own last word. The coach was gone.

Someone else was gone, had Tommy only possessed the clairvoyant sense to see the invisible—someone trailing rosy vapors from white wings as he coursed over the peaks. The Lord of Life, having laid carefully and true those plots to which he gives his personal attention, never trifles with details. He leaves them to human will and ingenuity—mostly, mark you, to the will and ingenuity of his favored sex, woman.

Besides, he was very busy that morning. An Indian rajah, temporarily much bored with life, would in five minutes more pass the doorway of a house from which, in the torchlight, he would glimpse the black eyes of a high-caste maiden shining behind a loosened hookah veil. That needed further arrangement. Ten minutes hence a young gentleman of France would be taking a one-horse shay to make his formal proposal for an arranged marriage. He must be impelled to change his course so as to pass a garden of Tours where a daughter of destiny was at that moment training a vine. A young man in the coffee business, just returned from ten years of Brazil, was now strolling northward on Broadway, atingle with the sights of home. Southward on Broadway walked a freshling school-teacher, toward her boarding house and luncheon. Somewhere in the region of Grace Church their ways would cross. To baffle those odd conventionalities by which humanity feebly tries to beat his purposes the Lord of Life must manage a street accident.

These were only the very special cases to which he gives his personal attention, the perfect instances worthy of a connoisseur. The rest he leaves sometimes to his assistants, but mostly to those forces which he implanted in the beginning, when the first cell in the primal slum crept to its pulpy mate.

Tommy walked dreamily back up the flower-dotted hillside and along the crest of sparse dwarf pines, to the mouth of his tunnel about the cañon. He had completely forgotten the spirit level he had gone to borrow. His eyes were looking far away, so that he stumbled upon the loose rocks along the trail. And once the softened expression about his eyes expressed itself in articulate speech.

"She's a lulu!" said Tommy to himself, to the mountains, to the columbines.

Only that; but the tone held the sweetness of all the love sonnets ever sung.

At about the same moment Mrs. Amanda Bates, widow, unpacking her valises and carpetbag in the best chamber of the Hotel Marlborough, spoke sharply to her daughter.

"For goodness and all," said Mrs. Bates, "what ever are you doing, with all these things to unpack and the trunks still downstairs and yourself to dress up and Mr. Sabin calling at noon?"

"Nothing, mother," replied her daughter. And she put down, slyly and rather hastily, the paper-covered volume of Molly Bawn, by The Duchess, in which she had just pressed a blossom of blue-and-white columbine.

II

IN THOSE days there were forty-niners still in the land. Old fellows of grizzled heads and knotted hands, the failures of that immortal company, they were still clumping along the trails with burro and pack, still following new paths to the fortune which ever eluded them. They had the cynicism born of failure, but they enjoyed in the community the tolerant respect justly due to experience. Such was Marty McGuire, chief partner of the three who were driving on a grubstake the Big Hope Tunnel above the Lone Grave Cañon.

Under the flickering glare of their miner's lamps Marty was at this moment pounding a drill held by Jim Tewson, third partner on the grubstake.

"Tommy seems to be gone some time," said Jim, turning the drill.

Marty dropped a stroke accurate and true upon the drill head, and let his breath explode in a grunt before he said: "Got his excuse, I guess."

"Well," said Jim, turning the drill head again, "it ought to be a good one. He's a nice hard-working kid."

"H'm!" exclaimed Marty cynically at the end of his next blow and grunt.

As though this bit of conversation were working up to a stage entrance a shadow blotted the distant spot of light made by the tunnel mouth, and a miner's lamp became visible, bobbing larger and larger as it approached. Marty pounded and grunted explosively, Jim turned mechanically, until Tommy himself stood beside them, the lamp on his cap no brighter than his excited eye.

"I want to get off to go to Carbonado," said Tommy without further ado.

His partners regarded him for a moment in silence, Marty with the sledge held back ready for a strike, Jim gripping the drill in place. Then the sledge dropped from Marty's nerveless, disgusted hands.

"You want to go to Carbonado, do you? You want to go to Carbonado! What fur?" His tone expressed the righteous disgust of a judge sentencing a felon for some especially low crime. "To git biled?"

"Sho, Marty," put in the tolerant Jim, "you know the kid's too young to be goin' after that stuff!"

"Hell he is!" replied Marty, looking over the offender with an eye that gleamed cynically, skeptically, in the triple lamplight. "Last week he split a new pick handle, didn't he? And he's gittin' old enough to vote, ain't he?" Now he addressed Tommy again. "What fur?" he repeated. "And how long? What fur?"

Tommy dropped his gaze.

"Nothin'!" he said.

"Didn't I tell you?" roared Marty. "Somethin' he's plumb ashamed of, that's what!"

"Now look here!" put in Jim. "It's all right goin' away once in a while. I have to git in my bust myself. But right now it's summer, and we ain't got but three or four months before she begins to freeze up—and not a streak showin' yet. Can't you put it off?"

"I want to go to Carbonado," replied Tommy stubbornly. His lower lip had the expression of a naughty child.

"All right," said Marty. "All right allrighty. And John W. Sabin will see you there swellin' round in your store clothes, an' he'll think he knows what we're doin' with the cash he put up for this here grubstake. You don't expect this claim is goin' to back your little bust, do you?"

Tommy momentarily took the offensive.

"I've got two hundred dollars in the bank that I made working in the General Longstreet last winter," he said. "Guess I can do what I want to with it, can't I?"

"It's once out, always out, on this claim," said Marty, with baneful foreboding in his voice. "You go to Carbonado now and you go for good."

"All right!" said Tommy, his voice giving the effect of one who is impersonating heavy defiance. "All right!"

Jim said nothing; but when the kid's lamp was only an intermittent spark, already dimming in the light of the tunnel mouth, he rested a moment from pouring water into the drill hole and remarked, "I bet it's a girl!"

"Sure it's a girl," said Marty. "Ain't I been married three times, not to mention Injuns?"

"He'll come back," said Jim.

"He will," said Marty. "An' I'll be just fool enough when he shows up to let him in on this grubstake again."

The good-natured Jim, who had been waiting to learn just this, said nothing, but only smiled down on the drill head.

Out at the log cabin over the tunnel mouth Tommy had already pushed back the door of gunny sacking, was tearing open the buttons of his blue working shirt. With a haste almost unseemly he opened his valise and proceeded to shave—no great job—and to array himself in his store clothes with his new blue necktie. He finished by shining his fashionable square-cut shoes from the blacking box under Jim's bed. When these sartorial cares were done he did not, like a young man sincerely intending to quit the job, pack all his belongings. He merely gathered up and

threw helter-skelter into the valise such objects as he needed to make a proper fashionable appearance in Carbonado—as three clean shirts, his extra neckties and half a dozen collars. His working clothes, his books, his accordion and his rifle he left as they were, thus proving that he, young though he was, assessed Marty's threats at their proper value. He did, however, complete the costume appropriate to a gentleman in that region and period by slipping a double-action .38 into the appropriate pocket. Then he clumped up the trail, carefully picking the way to preserve the shine of his shoes. Where the trail met the Carbonado road he hailed a passing freighter and borrowed a ride into town on the box.

He had drawn his two hundred dollars from the First National Bank; he had registered at the Marlborough, agreeing to pay ten dollars a day, American plan; he had been installed in a luxurious twelve-by-fourteen room on the second floor; he was washing off the dust of travel—before he woke as from a trance and wondered what on earth he was doing there. From the moment when he handed a bunch of columbines to that dim vision in the shadows of the Cottonwood stage he had moved more like an automaton than like a reasoning human being with a free will. Looking back he could not even tell at what moment he had absorbed or acquired the conviction that he must go to the Marlborough. But there he was; and of course down in the depths of his heart he knew why. What astonished him, now that he had awakened from his trance, was the speed and certainty with which he had acted. He felt a kind of emptiness of purpose, a vague speculation as to the next move. He blushed as he wondered if Marty and Jim would ever guess what a fool he was making of himself.

The clang of a gong, resounding through the corridors and echoing in the upper hallways of the Marlborough, roused him from these solitary meditations. It was dinnertime, and Tommy's attack of love, malignant though it was, had not yet dulled in him the wolfish hunger bred from work, fresh air and twenty years. He finished his washing hastily, descended, joined the crowd of tourists and ore buyers trooping into the dining room. He had finished a plate of oyster soup and the biscuit shooter was arraying the rest of the menu about him in little platters of thick white crockery and birds' bathtubs when a kind of hush in the general conversation made him pause with a fork poised and become aware of his external surroundings.

Tommy had to look down a moment to conceal his sudden flush. When he dared look up again he could almost have reached out and touched the hem of her skirt. Escorted with pomp and ceremony by the white-clad head waitress, she had reached the next table to his—she, of all the world, she. Now she was sinking into her seat, her head and shoulders and bust rising from a white and Nile-green foam created by billow on billow of organdie over her bustle. Her hands began to flutter over a napkin no whiter than they. The rest of the guests got along with small Turkey-red napkins; and even these were a recent touch of Eastern luxury. But the napkins at the special table of John W. Sabin, owner of the hotel and of almost everything else worth owning in Carbonado, were of white linen.

In the rush of surprise and perplexity Tommy registered this fact. She was a guest at John W. Sabin's table.

She was speaking now; and Tommy, following the direction of her eyes, saw that she had not entered alone, that the elder woman of the meeting by the ford, very stiff in jet-trimmed garnet surah silk, was seating herself with her back toward him. Then, the range of vision widening as the first dazzle of her died away from his eyes, he beheld what confirmed his fears and ruined the perfection of the moment. There was a third member of the party. Between mother and daughter appeared the hawklike profile, the drooping grizzled mustache, the seamed tanned skin of John W. Sabin, magnate of the camp, upon whose grubstake Tommy was at that moment loafing.

The rush of blood which was making flashes across Tommy's vision seemed to have affected his hearing. Though he sat at the next table he caught at first no word of their conversation. He was aware, though, that John W. Sabin was addressing the girl; that the mother, whose pose of back indicated an intense interest in the conversation, was taking no part in it; that the girl was smiling demurely but with reserve. Then her eyes traveled for a moment past Mr. Sabin and caught Tommy's. He fancied that she gave the very shade of a start. The prettiest tangle, as of perplexity, agitated the smooth strip of forehead below her black, delicate film of bang, to be succeeded by a faint light of recognition. Demurely and with the proper reserve, she bowed; and Tommy managed an awkward bob of his head. John W. Sabin, with his own simple native directness, turned, looked Tommy squarely over; but fortunately his face held no look of recognition. The mother threw a glance across her shoulder; then she, too, gave a bow, which made a light tinkling among the jet ornaments of her corsage; but it was stiff, formal and impersonal. Tommy heard a word or two passed in undertones; doubtless they were identifying him. He felt somehow a quick spurt of injury.

Now, as he methodically took his time about eating, he could catch the conversation here and there.

"She's a permanent camp, all right," Mr. Sabin was saying to the girl. "Denver won't be a patch on her when we get her where she ought to be. We're goin' to be the state capital before we get through."

"It's very picturesque. I just adore it!" said the girl.

"Oh, 'tain't much now," said Mr. Sabin, "but you wait till we git the railroad through. We're goin' to have three new brick blocks a-buildin' before the first engine has stopped tooting. Yes, sir, and our congressman has got orders to rush an appropriation for a hundred-thousand-dollar post office. And next will be an operay house."

The mother murmured her appreciation. "They tell me you've done wonders for the town already," Tommy heard her say.

"Oh, not very much," said Mr. Sabin; "but pretty good, I guess, for an old busted prospector who had just one burro and one shirt to his back when he staked out the first claim in Carbonado three years ago."

"Only three years!" exclaimed the mother.

"Three years the tenth of July, Mrs. Bates," said Mr. Sabin.

That was her name, then—Bates. Nellie Bates—he had the surname already. Nellie Bates! The divine music of it!

"That's the day for the housewarming of the new shack," said Mr. Sabin. "I couldn't wait for the railroad. When that comes in and we can get bricks I'm going to have a regular house with a furnace and a bathroom and this here tapestry wall paper that I saw in Denver. Then I can sell the shack that I'm building now. We're going to start a blaze under sassiety in Carbonado with a Firemen's Ball next Friday night. You've got to come! We're going to get the band of the Little Casino for a regular ball. Say! What's the matter with one of you ladies leading the grand march with me? That's the ticket! We'll start her off with a regular grand march."

The girl was at that moment looking down upon her plate. She raised her liquid eyes not at first toward Mr. Sabin but toward her mother. Tommy saw a moment of hesitation, could fancy that some signaling glance had passed between the two women, before the girl turned her eyes upon Mr. Sabin and said, "I'm sure we'd be delighted."

Mrs. Bates took up the conversation then, Tommy eavesdropping without shame, while eating by pure animal instinct. He could catch only an occasional word, however, though once or twice John W. Sabin laughed immoderately. When the conversation again became audible Mr. Sabin was talking, in a booming voice and an accent which cut like steel, about his matched two-twenty road team. It cost him, he seemed willing to tell the world, two thousand dollars.

"How interesting!" commented the girl.

"You're all goin' for a spin behind 'em this afternoon, too," said Mr. Sabin. "They sure do eat up road. Tell you what you do; you come out with me right after dinner to look over the mines."

"We'll be delighted," murmured Mrs. Bates.

But the girl, when Mr. Sabin turned to her, hesitated. She spoke at last, and more distinctly than usual.

"I think the altitude has affected me a little," she said. "Would you mind if I napped for an hour or so? Then, if you and Mr. Sabin aren't back by three o'clock, I might take a little walk round town."

"Alone?" queried her mother.

"Well, why not?" queried Mr. Sabin, with a touch of resentment in his tone. "A lady's as safe in the streets of this camp as she would be in any ballroom in the land."

By now the head waitress, attending personally to the wants of the Marlborough's eminent owner, had removed the fringes of small dishes about the plates and was with great ceremony laying out Indian pudding in saucers. Their dinner was soon to end; and Tommy, who had already finished, could see no excuse for lingering. He rose, therefore; and the motion brought a glance

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"Don't You Just Detest People Who Say You Can't Understand Things Because You're Too Young?"

Why the United States Needs a Big Navy—By Josephus Daniels

THE United States should have a navy equal to any that sails the seas. That is the goal to which our naval authorities have long aspired, which statesmen of vision have recognized as a national need—the policy set forth by the General Board of the Navy years ago, which found its concrete expression in the Naval Appropriation Act of 1916, authorizing the building of 157 fighting ships within three years.

Nothing but the exigency of the World War delayed their construction. When this country entered the conflict our capital-ship building program was displaced because the immediate demand was for antisubmarine craft. It was in that field that we could render the most effective service, and without a moment's hesitation we discontinued work on these big ships, which had already been contracted for, and concentrated on the production of destroyers, submarine chasers, mine layers and patrol boats.

This was quite as much in our own interest as in that of our Allies, for ruthless U-boat warfare threatened all commerce, and had it not been put down we could not have transported troops or supplies overseas. All the other Allied navies, as well as our own, were exerting every effort, and our forces were combined to overcome this menace. But the fact remains that when the war ended the United States was left, so far as capital ships were concerned, in much the same position it was in at the beginning. The battleships and battle cruisers authorized in 1916, which would give us the equality set forth as our naval policy, were still to be completed.

Claims to Supremacy Waived

THERE were two theories in the United States as to its Navy before, in 1915, I directed the General Board to prepare a program of construction that would place our Navy on an equal footing with that of any other nation. There was an element contending that the United States should confine itself to building a few ships and be content with a navy second in rank, thereby recognizing that some other nation should be accorded first place in sea power. The other element, led by the General Board, took the firm stand that the only wise and safe policy of the United States was to maintain a navy unsurpassed by that of any other country. This national purpose was thus expressed by the General Board:

> The Navy of the United States should ultimately be equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation of the world. It should be gradually increased to this point by such a rate of development, year by year, as may be permitted by the facilities of the country, but the limit above defined should be attained not later than 1925.

That doctrine is as sound since the war as it was when it was first penned and approved. It is, too, unaffected by the discussion whether the world will go on building competitive navies or by international agreement reduce armament. If the United States elects to be a hermit nation, to live unto itself and enter into no association with other countries, then it must continue to build, so as to be prepared to defend itself against any nations with which it may have disagreement. If, however, some wise and honorable way shall be found—whether it is called a league or an association or a concert—for our entrance into an agreement to safeguard the peace of the world, then the United States should furnish as large a proportion as any other nation of the naval force required to maintain peace.

In the event of arbitration and peace by reason, the amity and permanence of the association would be best preserved if no nation had a dominating force in the joint policing of the seas. I do not mean to imply that if the United States or Great Britain or Japan should furnish a superior force, any one of these would wish to enforce its will upon the world. Far from it. But if any one country was powerful enough to dominate, it might cause resentment among nations having smaller fleets. Although the United States excels in wealth and resources, and could better afford to maintain a great naval force than any other land, we would not invite even remote suspicion or jealousy by claiming the right to have the first naval power. By the same reasoning we could not with good grace consent for any other nation to claim as its right that position in the world.

The Friendship of Equals

IT IS not dominance we seek, but equality in sea power; and that is all that the First Lord of the British Admiralty now asks for his country. In a recent statement Mr. Walter Long said: "Great Britain has had different standards; our strength was at one time superior to the three next strongest Powers; then to the two; now all that we are suggesting is that our strength be equal to the next Power"; and he asks, "Is not this proof of our desire for general reduction of armament?"

It is, in fact, identical with our position that no nation ought to ask to have commanding power. Our country should be content with neither more nor less than that maintained by the next Power. Between individuals it has been said that perfect friendship exists only between equals. It is the same with nations, and is particularly true with regard to sea power in any league or association. Those who feel that we could afford to be satisfied with second or third place must believe the millennium has already arrived.

I hope it is on its way, and I earnestly believe in hastening it by associated agreement for reduction of armament, but as we look toward the better day it is well enough to await at least its dawn before accepting an inferior place either on the sea or at the council table.

That we do need a big navy the incoming and outgoing Presidents agree. "There is no other navy in the world that has to cover so great an area of defense as the American Navy, and it ought, in my judgment, to be incomparably the most adequate navy in

U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH

A Famous Old Sailing Ship, the U. S. S. "Hartford," Admiral Farragut's Flagship

the world," President Wilson declared in his address at St. Louis, February 3, 1916, and he has held consistently to this policy.

In his first important public utterance after his election, at Norfolk, December 4, 1920, President-elect Harding declared: "I want to acclaim the day when America is the most eminent of maritime nations. A big navy and a big merchant marine are necessary to the future of the country. I believe in partial but not permanent disarmament, and I see a time when this will be realized. But until that day comes America must have the biggest and most powerful navy afloat."

President Roosevelt in his first message to Congress, in 1901, pointed out that we must have a thoroughly trained navy of adequate size "or else be prepared definitely and for all time to abandon the idea that our nation is among those whose sons go down to the sea in ships."

When civil war came it was the Navy which enabled the Federal Government to blockade the Southern ports, to cut off outside sources of supply, and which eventually starved out the Confederacy. And during the war, under Abraham Lincoln, with Gideon Welles as Secretary of the Navy, the largest navy in the world was built up.

Yet that navy was allowed to decline until within twenty years it had all but vanished, and we had no navy worthy of the name. No new vessels were built, some that had been begun were allowed to rot on the stocks, and the appropriations scarcely sufficed to keep the old ships afloat. And this occurred despite the warnings of President Grant, who pointed out that "this policy must, of course, gradually but surely destroy the Navy," and said: "It can hardly be wise statesmanship in a government which represents a country with over five thousand miles of coast line on both oceans, exclusive of Alaska, and containing forty millions of progressive people, with relations of every nature with almost every foreign country, to rest with such inadequate means of enforcing any foreign policy either of protection or redress. Separated by the ocean from the nations of the eastern continent, our Navy is our only means of direct protection to our citizens abroad, or for the enforcement of any foreign policy."

President and Mrs. Wilson and Secretary Daniels Going Aboard the U. S. S. Oregon From Which the President Reviewed the Pacific Fleet

Lessons From the Past

WE ARE facing to-day a decision in regard to our Navy more momentous than that which followed the Civil War. Shall we make the same mistake that was made then?

When at last the country, after long years of naval decline, awakened to its plight, it had to begin at the bottom and build a new navy from the keel up. This was begun by William E. Chandler, who was Secretary of the Navy under Arthur, and only those who enjoyed the confidence of that far-sighted leader could know the difficulties under which he and his successor, the able and brilliant William C. Whitney, labored in inaugurating, enlarging and carrying out that undertaking. It was a struggle at every step, for they had to create the public sentiment which made possible the appropriations for the beginning of the new types of fighting ships. Fifteen years were spent, under Arthur and Cleveland and Harrison, in building up the navy we had at the outbreak of the Spanish War. And, even after the energy and effort that had been put forth by Chandler and Whitney, Tracy, Herbert and Long, by able constructors and officers, it was only a third-rate navy then. But if we had not had it, if the Navy had been in the same condition it was ten or twenty years before, we could not have challenged Spain. It was the victory of Dewey at Manila Bay and the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago which broke the Spanish power. If Spain had possessed even a second-rate navy that war might have been measured in years, instead of months. Had we engaged a first-rate naval power the results might have been disastrous.

Germany Cut Off

THE events of the World War are too fresh in our minds to need recounting. History records no more striking exemplification of the effectiveness of sea power or the futility of a navy less than adequate. Vast and well trained as were her armies, Germany could not win because she could not gain control of the sea. Her commerce swept from the ocean, her ports closed, she was practically cut off from the outside world. The great High Seas Fleet she had built up at such enormous cost was penned up in its harbors. The daring exploits of her commerce raiders, the success of Admiral von Spee at Coronel, were mere flashes without decisive result. She was at last dependent solely on her submarines, which were effective only because they operated as pirates, violating the laws of God and man. And in the end they failed, failed ignominiously, and long lines of them followed the proud High Seas Fleet in surrender, the most inglorious end in naval history.

There is no discouragement to belligerency so potent as superior power, and the country that possesses it does not often have to use it. Great Britain has had, for more than a century, except for a brief interval at the end of our Civil War, the greatest of navies, and yet until the Battle of Jutland her main fleet had not been in a major engagement for a hundred years. Her armies were insignificant compared with those of Germany and Austria, France and Russia. She had colonies all over the earth, merchant ships on every sea, and interests in every clime that often conflicted with those of other countries. Yet she was exempt from successful attack while that mighty fleet was in existence. She did not stop building ships whenever wars ended, or wait to build them until conflict was imminent. She steadily pursued the policy of maintaining a navy as large as

Battleships in a Heavy Sea

those of any two other nations combined; and its mere existence protected the whole British Empire. It prevented more wars than were ever fought.

A great navy in the possession of a people who have no selfish ends to serve is a power for peace. Theodore Roosevelt declared that:

"So far from being in any way a provocation to war, an adequate and highly trained navy is the best guaranty against war, the cheapest and most effective peace insurance. The cost of building and maintaining such a navy represents the very lightest premium for insuring peace which this nation can possibly pay."

"Probably no other great nation in the world is so anxious for peace as we are," said President Roosevelt. "There is not a single civilized power that has anything whatever to fear from aggressiveness on our part. All we want is peace; and toward this end we wish to be able to secure the same respect for our rights from others which we are eager and anxious to extend to their rights in return, to insure fair treatment to us commercially, and to guarantee the safety of the American people."

Whether power is a menace or a blessing to the world depends upon the country that possesses it.

O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

America can be trusted with power, with the confidence that it will never be exercised save in a righteous cause. We will never invade the rights of other nations, and we do not intend that they shall invade ours. Germany could not be so trusted. Her great fleet, her military power, were created for aggression and were a menace to humanity. They had to be destroyed before the world could be made safe.

Profitable Destruction

WHEN I was in Paris during the peace conference the question of the disposition of the surrendered German vessels was under consideration. Discussing the matter with Premier Lloyd George I remarked that in my opinion the best thing that could be done was to take them out into the Atlantic and sink the whole lot as a warning and example to the world that any nation which built a fleet for conquest and aggression would meet with a similar fate. That was his own idea, he said; they should be sunk in midocean to the music of the national airs—"Ostentatiously!" he exclaimed, pounding out the word with ringing emphasis, with the evident thought that it would be a proceeding so impressive that it would never be forgotten.

The Germans not long afterward saved us the trouble, so far as most of them were concerned, scuttling and sinking battleships and cruisers in Scapa Flow, leaving the Teuton fleet as little more than memory.

Most British and American naval experts agreed that these ships could not be added to existing fleets except with costly changes. They were big, they were powerful; but their guns were of different calibers, we had no ammunition to fit them, and their engines and machinery differed radically from ours. The many points involved were carefully studied, and our naval experts came to the conclusion that the German ships would require so many changes to make them component parts of our fleets that they would cost at least as much as they were worth.

Admitting this, some representatives of other nations were opposed, on other grounds, to sinking them. One distinguished European said: "Ours are a thrifty people and they would hold up their hands in holy horror to see ships costing so many millions of dollars destroyed." On the same day an admiral of the same nationality agreed with me that these ships would prove not an asset but a liability to his government, but he added that naval experts were not permitted to determine their disposition. "The people of my country," he said, "expect Germany to pay many billions of indemnity. Indeed, some of our public men have pledged that they would make Germany pay the entire cost of the war. They know now that all the wealth of Germany could not pay it, and that, little by little, the people must understand that the cash indemnity cannot be as large as was expected. This will be a great disappointment, and some of our statesmen are advocating taking a portion of the German fleet so that when they come to tell their people how much they have received as indemnity they can say that we have received so much cash and so many millions of dollars in German ships."

I really believe that but for that state of mind, which existed in more than one country, there would have been unanimity in the proposition to sink "ostentatiously" that mighty fleet. Destruction is sometimes profitable. The tearing down of "forts of folly," the sinking of giant agents of destruction, conceived and built for world dominion, pay larger dividends than we can estimate.

Imperialistic aims and national ambitions are not confined to Germany. There are still international rivalries, disputes over boundaries, territory and indemnities, strivings for commercial and political advantage. Even at the peace conference greed lifted its ugly head and thrust forth its grasping paws.

I was in Paris for a short time during the peace conference, where the representatives of all nations and lands were gathered. Leaving America in the glow of faith in the new-born altruism of a nation grateful for peace after war, it seemed to me that the only thought that could be uppermost in the minds of men would be to perpetuate that peace by any and every sacrifice. The war had given a baptism of real religion and brotherhood, a regeneration which I hoped would endure. But I had not been in Paris many hours before I learned, to my disillusion, that the topics mainly discussed were not how to perpetuate peace but how to strengthen this country or that, how to form boundaries that would add to national prestige and power.

Outside the circle of "idealists," as they were even then sneeringly called, who were planning for safe reduction of armament, the vast majority of those gathered in Paris from all parts of the globe were concerned almost wholly with readjustments, indemnities, reparations, trade and like questions. They did not speak the same language as President Wilson and other leaders who had the vision to see that world prosperity waited upon the undergirding of world peace. These choice spirits had the vision splendid, and their voice prevailed in the written terms of the treaty drafted.

The League of Nations was founded, the solemn covenant was signed. It was not all its advocates had hoped for; but it was a noble beginning, it did link nations together in a body where their differences could be discussed and many of them settled; and if some such international agreement had not been arrived at before the Paris conference adjourned, conditions would have been more chaotic in the months that have followed the armistice.

Victors in War Defeated in Peace

FOR this was a trying period, more so in some respects than war itself—and it is by no means ended. There has been a general descent from the high level reached during the war, when governments and people were drawn closer together, facing a common danger and fighting in a common cause. Here in America, as in Europe, men who during the war had ascended the mountain top, had been caught up into the heavens and seen things beyond the ken of the material mind, had descended in their thought not merely to the plains but had fallen into lack of faith in anything but the old alliances based on military strength which had proved broken reeds. It was a tragedy to see men, unafraid and valiant in war, lacking faith to win the greater victory of peace.

Some of those in Paris who did not dare directly oppose a league sought to discredit it, predicting that it would

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Night Firing at Sea From a Battleship's Secondary Batteries

THE SHUTDOWN

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

MY TOWN has only two thousand inhabitants. But we are only twenty-two miles from X, with a cement road halfway and a good gravel road the other half. There are an interurban trolley and a steam railroad. So we are pretty familiar with X, which had fifty-five thousand inhabitants by the last Federal census.

About as far back as I can remember—fifty years back anyway—there was a buggy factory in X. It used to be one of the leading industries, or maybe the leading industry. Automobiles came along and the future seemed sort of dubious for buggies. Finally the buggy company decided to go into the automobile business. They didn't make automobiles, but made only the bodies and wheels and bought the other parts. To begin with, they hired an automobile engineer; but he turned out to be the wrong one. Sort of a scientific Bolshevist, I reckon. Seemed he got everything wrong about an automobile that could be got wrong except the bodies and wheels. I know, for I had one.

That automobile business ran into money very fast, piling up a lot of live liabilities on one hand and a lot of dead assets in the shape of no-account cars on the other hand. First thing anybody knew the old buggy company was busted higher than Gilderoy's kite. The creditors got about sixty cents on the dollar. The stockholders lost every cent of their investment.

One of my neighbors had a hundred and fifty shares of the stock that he had paid par for. He and I grew up together, went to school together, and so on. In our town we called him a right-well-to-do man, worth fifty thousand dollars at that time, I should say. But the buggy failure nicked him for fifteen thousand, and a thirty per cent loss is pretty serious for anybody.

There were the superintendent of the buggy company and another young man who had been studying the automobile business and figuring out a scheme for making wheels on a different plan. The long and short of it is, they got the old buggy plant and some cash and started making wheels. My neighbor went in with them—sold his stock in the First National Bank that I am now vice president of to raise the money. Putting in ten thousand dollars new money after he had lost fifteen thousand was a pretty stiff proposition. At one time I thought he'd get his mustache all chewed off before he made up his mind. But he believed in the superintendent and in automobiles and in the wheel scheme, so he went in.

Mary Attacks the Corporations

IT WAS a good scheme. There was hard sledding for a while. Then the wheels caught on and the company began making money fast. By 1914 it was bigger than the old buggy company had been in its palmiest days, and my neighbor had his fifteen thousand back with some to spare. During the war they were busier than ever, and by the spring of 1920 they were twice as big as they had been in 1914.

My neighbor has a daughter about the same age as my second son. I have jiggled both of them on my knees when neither could navigate from the chair to the lounge without taking to all fours. I suppose I am as fond of her as a respectable man has any right to be of a grown-up young female who doesn't belong to his own household. She is in trouble now, and comes to me with it more than she goes to her own father. I guess that is natural enough. I've noticed that a daughter of marriageable age, especially if she is very good to look at and popular with the boys, is such a ticklish proposition to some fathers that they can't be reasonable and good-natured about it. Father acts like a man in slippery shoes walking over smooth ice with a pail of milk in one hand and a basket of eggs in the other. His mind is so bent on not slipping up that any little distraction irritates him.

So Mary—as I may as well call her—talks to me a good deal about her trouble. At the state university she got smattered some with economics. In her junior year, which was 1917, as a practical exercise in that science, she and three of her classmates made what they call a survey of X. That is a scientific term used by economists nowadays. It means tabulating the misery in a town and leaving out the rest.

I browse round in economic literature more or less myself, so I have come across quite a number of such surveys. Mary's followed the standard pattern. The nub of it was that the surveyors, by consulting other surveys and by first-hand inquiry, estimated the cost of decent living for an average workingman's family of five persons in X—so much for rent, so much for food, clothing and so on. They examined reports of the state labor bureau, and factory pay rolls where they could get at them, and took the statements of typical workmen. From such materials they made an estimate of workingmen's incomes in X, and they concluded that even in 1917, although wages had been advanced repeatedly, more than a third of the wage-earning population of X wasn't earning enough in a year to maintain an average family of five persons decently.

By that time her father was drawing highly satisfactory dividends from the wheel company, which employed some of this indecently paid labor. By that time also labor shortage and expanding industry—especially the wheel company—had drawn many foreign workmen, Italians and the like, to X. Mary had seen how some of those foreign families lived. Her eyes shone with tears when she told me about certain children.

For which, albeit my record for church attendance is somewhat spotty, I say thank God! And when she told me what the careless and busy president of the wheel company, who was formerly the superintendent of the buggy concern, said to her, she turned a very pretty pink with indignation. I'm willing to thank God for that, too. As I look at it, if there's ever human degradation without women like Mary to weep and get indignant over it we'll be a mighty sight worse off than we are now.

Well, that trouble stayed with Mary. Wages went up after that—with a whoop finally—but she said the cost of living was going up about as fast. She became more concerned with that cost of living than with anything else. If only prices would drop! Early last fall prices began to drop. They dropped faster and faster, like a sled going downhill. Then the week before Christmas the wheel factory shut down. Cost of living was falling in a very satisfactory way, but the workmen had no wages. Mary was indignant about that.

"Who's striking now?" she asked, as though she had me lashed to the mast. "You remember the coal strike and the steel strike. Workmen stopped production then. The attorney general got out injunctions. The courts threatened to put them in jail. Government did all it knew to drive them back to work and open the mills again. Now capitalists are striking all over the country, shutting up mills and stopping production. Why don't you put them in jail?"

"I will," said I, "if you'll fetch 'em here. But the president of the wheel company tells me he shut down because he couldn't sell wheels. He can't sell wheels because about half the automobile companies just now are shut down or running on part time. They're shut down because they can't sell cars. The woolen mills shut down because they couldn't sell wool and the cotton mills because they couldn't sell cotton and the steel mills because they couldn't sell steel. Probably the corporations are running this country. Phillips says they are"—I don't exactly like that young man, although Mary appears to—"but they don't seem to have a good grip on the job. They can't make people buy goods when people are disinclined to."

"It all comes out of the workmen," Mary declared. "Capitalists get themselves into a mess by borrowing too much money and being too greedy for profits. The banks call a halt. People get frightened and stop buying. Then Mister Capitalist says coolly, 'Very well, we'll have to shut down and wait for a process of readjustment.' He sits with his feet on the table, smoking a cigar, waiting for this readjustment; but workmen tramp the streets and starve. The corporations aren't starving. The wheel company isn't worrying about to-morrow's dinner."

I had to admit that was true.

Where the Profits Went

"I'M AFRAID," said I, "the wheel company is in excellent condition. I've seen its statements, and I fear it can stand quite a siege. Back in 1914 it was paying out nearly half its net profits in dividends to its stockholders. A couple of years later the war boom came along and net profits doubled, but it increased its dividends only twenty-five per cent.

"In the boom years, instead of paying out about half its net profits in dividends, it paid out only about a third in dividends. The other two-thirds was saved up as surplus. That's why it is in excellent condition now."

There is at least one good thing about corporations—we can keep tolerably close tab on them. Practically every one of them, big and little, has to make a sworn statement to the Treasury Department for income tax and excess-profits tax. So the corporations make their own survey as they go along. We can tell pretty accurately what their income is and what they do with it. I happened to have at hand a little table giving net income of manufacturing and mining corporations for a series of years. It showed that in 1911, '12 and '13, which were pretty good average years, sixty-five per cent of net profits, after taxes, depreciation and so on, was paid out in dividends—spent, as you might say—and thirty-five per cent was laid by as surplus. But 1914 was a lean year. That year these corporations, taken all together, spent about seventy-five per cent of net incomes in dividends and laid by only twenty-five per cent as surplus. Then the boom came along. Profits soared. But in the boom year 1916 the corporations were spending only forty per cent of net income in dividends and putting by sixty per cent as surplus. Next year profits were even bigger. They spent only thirty-eight per cent in dividends and put by sixty-two per cent as surplus.

(Continued on Page 58)

Allie Rebsoll's Better Self

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY PAY

ALLIE REBSOLL'S spirit winced. His material eye, however, became more fondly deliquescent than before, and he leaned a little farther across Table Twenty-one, barely conscious now of the jazzed syncopations of an industrious unit of Musicians' Union Number Eighty-six, of the proximity and pressure of several hundred negligible millionaires and clothing buyers and brokers' clerks and their womankind. In another second, he knew, he'd have to tell her. Nothing could save him now. He was going down for the final, fatal third time.

A watchful waiter seized his opportunity to remove four-fifths of a *filet mignon* and substitute two hearts of lettuce generously besmeared with Russian dressing. From a remote, incredible distance Allie Rebsoll's better self observed with bitterness that Emma's *filet* had been efficiently removed before the intervention of the waiter. Emma could always do at least two things at once, provided one of them was eating. He made a morose mental note of the phrase. Maywald would appreciate that; it was exactly the sort of thing Maywald himself would have thought.

Emma Looked at Him—Emma, Clad in Some Blue Thing That Matched Her Eyes

Nevertheless he was grateful to the scuttling Swiss for intruding just at this taut crisis. It simply wasn't possible, even for the baser Allie Rebsoll, to tell Emma Black that he loved her while the waiter hovered hopefully between. Another second and he would have told her then and there. He wondered whether some obscure subdepartmental clerk of Providence had prompted that timely irruption. Did destiny mean, after all, to save him from himself?

He did not know that the waiter was a physiognomist of parts, in spite of never having taken Professor Thorndyke's course in Faces and Their Meaning. He did not guess that his condition was transparently evident to the servitor, or that the waiter differed from proverbial humanity in that he violently detested all lovers—they ate so slowly. It could not have occurred to him—even to that enlightened, cynical, sophisticated better self—that the waiter interfered because he knew that otherwise he stood a wretched chance of pouching more than two tips to-night from Table Twenty-one.

Thus as he caught his breath and toiled back from the brink of disaster it came to Allie Rebsoll that he had one tenuous, last hope of escape. If he got away now he might yet keep his freedom and the respect of his better self. He contrived to detach his eyes from Emma's. Desperately he swept the room for a familiar face. If he could only get away from the table long enough to pull his last shreds of resistance together he might control his speech for what remained of the evening.

But he saw no one he knew. All about him, heartless and unheeding, men and women ate and drank and danced and laughed exactly as if there were no tragedy before them. He felt the tug of Emma's eyes drawing his own back to them. A last gleam of intelligence was vouchsafed to him. He stumbled to his feet, bowing at an imaginary person behind Emma.

"Excuse me just a moment," he said. "One of the firm wants me. Be right back."

He saw her eyes change slightly. The suggestion of a groove appeared between them. He thought bitterly that she was more insidious when she scowled than when she laughed.

"I'm pretty far gone," he told himself. But hope lived again in him. "Be right back," he mumbled. "Sorry."

An angle in the side wall permitted him to carry out his escape without revealing its fictitious pretext to Emma's pursuing glance. In a dim corridor he found his handkerchief and rubbed his face.

"Another breath and I'd have done it," he told himself. "I'm getting worse and worse. Pretty soon the subway won't be any safer than a taxi."

He waited while his nerves and pulses steadied and his mind cleared. He'd have to find some way out of the rest of to-night's propinquity. A man who was ready to propose in the middle of Ellwanger's Cabaret de Luxe wasn't to be trusted in the infinitely more propitious semiprivacy of the movies. He'd have to get out of it somehow. If he went back there and looked at Emma without some definite scheme of salvation in his mind it would be all over but the orange blossoms. He found a telephone near the check room and called up Fred Black.

"Say, Fred, I hate to ask you, but I've got Emma down here at Ellwanger's, and they've just called me from the office. Have to work all night on a new big contract. Could you come down here on the jump and see that Emma gets home? I feel like a dog to go, but ——."

"Sure! I get you, Steve!" Fred Black conservatively adopted the slang of a previous decade. "I'm comin' a-runnin'."

Allie renewed his brow swabbings and made his way back to the table, where he resolutely kept his eyes two inches above Emma's while he repeated and elaborated the invention which might even now preserve his better self.

"Of course!" Emma was instantly sympathetic. "Business before pleasure always. We can go to the movies any night, but you don't have a chance to write copy for a new account so often."

She issued this manifesto in a voice which shivered deliciously up and down Allie Rebsoll's vertebræ, while his better self jeered at him.

"Bromide!" yammered this other Allie Rebsoll. "Are you going to fall for old stuff like that?"

Allie wasn't and didn't—but, oh, if he could have! There were moments when he regretted that he'd ever discovered his better self, when he wished that he were still that single-souled Allie Rebsoll who would have been utterly unaware of a bromide, who could have enjoyed whatever Emma Black said, simply because she said it. Of course he rebuked himself for these lapses. The original Allie Rebsoll had been an impossible person who wore detachable cuffs and believed in marriage and suspenders and baked beans and democracy and flannel underwear. A fellow might as well wish he'd been born in the old Stone Age and be done with it!

"I think it's perfectly wonderful the way you get on," he heard Emma saying. He allowed himself to encounter her eyes, and the blue reverence in them intoxicated him almost as destructively as ever. Only the happy thought of pulling out his watch enabled him to break the hypnosis of that look. "It's a mystery to me how you do it—just making things up out of your own mind—things nobody ever told you! I'd give anything if I could do that."

Even Allie Rebsoll's better self melted a little under this. It required a terrible effort to remember that all women said such things. If Allie Rebsoll's trade had involved the collection and resale of junk Emma would have found it wonderful, and said so in just that tone, with just that swimming, reverent look. Still, it was rather a fine thing to write copy the way Allie wrote it. He conceded this impartially as he studied the watch.

Let's see—if Fred had started at once, and caught an express, he'd be here in twelve minutes or so. It might take fifteen. And fifteen minutes opposite Emma, well, if he could keep from looking at her—he instantly looked and felt his eyes sink as into sucking quicksands out of which he toiled with a mighty effort. If she'd keep on talking, and he didn't look, Fred might come in time.

"I think it's wonderful to live nowadays," said Emma. "Just think of the new forces at work in the world!" She mentioned the movies approvingly, while Allie Rebsoll's better self squirmed, and the old Allie Rebsoll agreed with her. She referred again to his profession, alleging that advertising, too, was a great educational influence. Allie thought of his day's work—the slogan for a new garter. The original Allie subscribed to Emma's doctrine, but the better self made loud mock of him. He clutched the edge of the table tightly. Only eight minutes more—seven perhaps. He risked another ocular contact and seemed to sink into profundities of blue light. Far away he could hear the frantic protests of the new, better Allie Rebsoll. Falling in love, like any cowherd, like a ribbon clerk or a shoe salesman! Falling for the old bait strung on the old hook! Falling, when he knew what he was doing; when he knew that Emma's eyes were no bluer than those of twenty or fifty million other girls; when he was perfectly aware that there was nothing in the least miraculous about the way the light seemed to break in her hair into billions of tiny glinting motes of radiance; when he had no illusions whatever about the ephemeral quality of the soft peachblow tint of her cheek, the smooth, round slenderness of her arm.

And he was falling! That was the worst of it. It was all wasted. Fred would come too late. He could feel the muscles of larynx and tongue preparing themselves for the climactic speech.

In anticipation he could even hear it, and he knew unerringly that Emma would remark upon its suddenness, before the inevitable consent. He could hear her telling Fred, "Such a won-der-ful surprise for you!" And Fred, congratulating Allie with his boisterous back-slappings and his year-before-last slang. "Mitt me, kid! I'll say you're some speed wizard!"

Beyond these immediate ordeals he looked down through an interminable corridor of years. Emma, enlarging to the amplitudes of the crayon portraits he had seen of the late Mrs. Black; thousands of dinners with Emma, telling him about the cook and the neighbors and the progress of mothers' clubs; and—yes, kids, of course—dozens of 'em probably. The original Allie here interposed a stout defense—he liked the idea. It was only his better self who disapproved of children, and the better self was distinctly on the run now. Another minute and he would go down and out, while the old Allie plunged across his prostrate figure to the fate that waited for men of the old Allie's sort.

He leaned forward again, immersed in Emma's eyes—eyes deeper and softer and warmer than he had ever seen them before. He was drowning in them, and he wanted to drown so. The new Allie had already given up the fight.

"Emma, I—I ——"

A tremendous thump between his shoulders saved him in midspeech. Dimly, from far spaces, he heard Fred's booming tones

"Who said Speed wasn't my middle name? Eleven minutes from home to here isn't so dusty, huh?"

Allie struggled back to sanity. He shook hands; he paid a check; he emerged, spent and shaken, to a street of noise and jostlings, a street where not even the old Allie Rebsoll could make of himself the monumental ass he craved to be. At first the impetus of his disingenuous evasion carried him toward the office. He realized with a start that there was no need of completing the bus ride on which he had mechanically set out. He hopped to the street without waiting for the lumbering chariot to pause, a sense of hopelessness renewed within him.

He was safe, but only for the moment. Already that baser self was in rebellion: already the old Allie demanded to be taken back to Emma; already the old Allie had begun to catalogue her perfections—to remember the way her chin dimpled when she tried to be solemn, the red curve of her lower lip, the unfathomable blue of her gaze. The old Allie's arms ached horribly for that surrendered chance to inclose the most utterly desirable armful under heaven, and the better self knew his weakness. A few hours of this and Allie Rebsoll would go back. They had fought it out too often. The old Allie always won.

"It's no use," said Allie Rebsoll. "I might as well give in now and be done with it. You can't make a thinker out of a born mudhead and there's no sense in trying."

"Why, here's Thirty-eighth Street!" said the better self. "Let's go and see Maywald."

"All right!" The old Allie was willing. "But if he says anything against Emma I'm apt to punch him on the nose, Maywald or no Maywald!"

On these terms it was settled. Allie Rebsoll rode up to the top floor—a house sharply divided against itself. Maywald was the creator and ally of the better self, but the old Allie belligerently discounted his counsels in advance. It didn't matter what Maywald said. He'd better not butt in on this thing if he knew what was good for him!

II

ALLIE REBSOLL'S better self might have been traced back to the moment when Allie came upon the advertisement and felt uplift lay hands upon him.

"Be an advertising man!" admonished the black capitals. "Why stick in the rut when success is yours for the taking?" argued the bold-face type below. "Our graduates earn from one to three thousand a year," boasted the concluding line of display type.

And Allie read and yielded. At the behest of the final six-point exhortation he filled out the coupon with a sense that his Rubicon was crossed. For three months he spent his evenings on process-typewritten lessons. He hung his framed diploma on the wall of his fourth-floor bedroom with an awed conviction that it marked the crest of the Great Divide.

He did not dream of doubting the complete responsibility of the correspondence school for what ensued. That there might have been in that Allie Rebsoll, who had earned fifteen a week as bill clerk in a wholesale hardware firm, any native ability on which to superpose those mimeographed instructions was a theory which he distrusted, even in the days of his enlightenment. His signed testimonial, with the photograph taken specially for the purpose, still adorns the persuasive literature of the long-distance university. For from the day he earned his diploma Allie Rebsoll vindicated the promise of the advertisement. His first application secured a place in the expanding agency of Messrs. McVitty & Hartshorne, where he ran errands, filed magazines, wrapped up electrotypes and answered the telephone. Here in a period of stress he rose to a temporary job in the copy department, and instantly his talent flowered. McVitty, exhibiting his first endeavor to the harried Hartshorne, declared that Allie was a born copy writer.

"Look out, he'll hear you!" said Hartshorne. "Their heads swell fast enough without any help."

Allie's head, however, did not swell. He was too happy. From nine till five, five days a week, and from nine till one on the sixth, he was permitted to write advertising which, duly interpreted in display type, made fat women feel twenty pounds lighter at the mere idea of owning one of the pictured corsets. He was allowed to describe tooth paste in terms which brought more than one discouraged dentist to the edge of suicide. He discovered qualities in soap which lent to cleanliness the allure of a vice.

Into these compositions he flung all his soul. He believed everything he wrote. He would carry home a fat portfolio and prolong his joyous tasks deep into his nights. Other agencies came to observe and admire his achievements, and McVitty & Hartshorne were constrained reluctantly to meet rival offers for his services. He acquired a bank account, and from writing copy concerning clothes he developed a new, conservative interest in his appearance. But he remained, through all these successes, the original Allie Rebsoll. His better self still slumbered.

And then he met Maywald. The occasion was remarkably unspectacular. Allie never knew just what errand brought Maywald into Hartshorne's office, but it was there that the encounter took place. Hartshorne, a person to whom a primrose by the river's brim was one-twelfth dozen primroses and nothing more, performed the introduction benignantly.

"Rebsoll, you ought to know Maywald. He's a writer too."

Even to the Allie Rebsoll of that period there was something subtly complimentary in this classification. He regarded his profession with a certain reverence, but he was aware of strata higher than his own, in some men's estimate at least. He shook hands with Maywald as with an equal whom he might be proud to acknowledge, but he really felt that as a writer Maywald was in some respects a superior.

He surveyed the man with interest—Maywald's distinction was manifest to even a casual glance. He was a man of rather less than middle height, very straight, very slim, very dark, with clear, amused eyes and a mouth which seemed to deny their good nature. Almost a sullen mouth, Allie thought. He liked the way Maywald's black hair was brushed smoothly back; he admired the effect of extraordinary self-control which Maywald seemed to radiate. Allie felt that here was a man who governed not only his muscular reactions but his thoughts as well.

He had read some of Maywald's writings, printed in magazines which the agency received gratis, and which, because their advertising columns were of no interest to McVitty & Hartshorne, were not filed with the others. Such magazines Allie was free to take home with him, and because he rather liked the look of them on his table he had dropped into a habit of availing himself of the privilege. Sometimes he even glanced through them, although their key impressed him unpleasantly. They were smart magazines, he thought—cynical, bilious publications which poked fun at a number of things which to the old Allie Rebsoll were almost sacred.

Maywald's contributions were in this key always. Allie read them dubiously, impressed by their finish. He was already enough of a craftsman to admire this, wherever he found it—the gift of putting the right word in the right place, of sifting out those which were superfluous. He disagreed with Maywald's philosophy, so far as his works revealed it, but there was an undeniable impressiveness in the way Maywald referred to authorities.

Allie wondered sometimes how one man could have found time enough to read and remember so many ponderous books.

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He Sought Safety in Numbers—Crowds in Restaurants and Theaters and Daylit Streets

Q. E. D.

By Gerald Mygatt and Garret Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Are You Suggesting," the Little Man Inquired, "That I Go to Work as a Mechanic in a Garage?"

IF THERE was one thing in the world that Ed McCarty disliked more than anything else—and Mr. McCarty's likes and dislikes had always been well codified—it was delivering ice to the houses on Gordon Street. Delivering ice! As he pulled up his team for the corner Mr. McCarty laughed scornfully at the conceit.

There were reasons for Mr. McCarty's somewhat profound distaste—reasons numerous and obvious. In the first place the Gordon Streeters were hot-weather icers exclusively, clamorously coming forth to demand service upon those very days of all days when the mere lugging of a chunk up the sun-scorched walks became less a matter of business than a case of perspiring philanthropy on Mr. McCarty's part. A fellow didn't mind so much when it was for a customer that gave him steady trade, with commissions building themselves up every week in the year. That was something worth while. But these Gordon Streeters made Mr. McCarty tired.

It wasn't that they were hard up. The folks along Railroad Avenue were hot-weather icers, too, but a guy didn't mind serving them. They did the best they could and they let you know it. The Gordon Street people were simply pikers. Most of them were connected up at the college—professors or teachers or however the highbrows titled themselves—and they'd squeeze their last nickel this week to give a big, swell dinner party the next. Mr. McCarty knew them, all right. He knew them considerably better than they knew him.

That was another thing too. All of 'em were so darned superior—trying to be pleasant, of course, but superior just the same. Yet their women did their own work at that. It wasn't like Railroad Avenue, where folks were glad to see you, or even like Hillcrest Heights, where there was always some social interest centering about the kitchen door. Up there on the Heights—well, if the cook was grouchy about your tracking up the floor you could get some wholesome satisfaction out of telling her where to get off, and if she was good-looking and young, which she generally was, there were naturally all sorts of latent and pleasant possibilities.

Gordon Street was just a misfit, a constant thorn in Mr. McCarty's otherwise untroubled side. It was nothing more than a double row of unimpressive brown cottages, each so like its neighbor that you had to watch the tin numbers on the front steps to make sure whose house you were pulling up at. It was, in fact, a mere short cut between avenues housing a citizenry of real quality, people who bought full-size chunks right through the year, regardless. To serve such with full weight and obsequiousness was a pleasure—a pleasure not unconnected with certain holiday perquisites. Even beyond these avenues of quality, where lay a fringe of lesser but still eminent respectability, a fringe comprising the homes of the regular twice-a-weekers, with extra in hot weather, a fellow could feel like being decently civil. But in Gordon Street—not a chance!

Mr. McCarty jerked his team to a stop with a vicious grunt. From the window of the second house on the left an ice card was flaunting itself, so to speak, in his very face. H'm! Second house—Professor Colton's.

"Huh!" growled Mr. McCarty as he flung the reins about the whip and prepared to make his descent to this unhallowed ground. "Wonder what that little runt wants ice for on a cool day like this? Musta got a raise up at the college, which ain't likely these days, or givin' another blow-out. Well, I'll cut him a hunk."

Mr. McCarty, who realized full well that in delivering ice at all to any Gordon Streeter he was according a favor almost princely, made his way to the step at the open back of his yellow covered wagon and proceeded to chip and hack with masterly precision. Presently he dragged forth with his tongs a piece of ice not far enough under weight to arouse well-founded suspicion. This he dangled negligently at his side and strode up the concrete walk to the door of the inclosed kitchen porch, where he now thumped imperiously, making a strident announcement consisting of the single word "Ice!"

Being unanswered he set down his burden and once more openly advertised its character. Then he listened. A clattering tumult of iron beating upon iron greeted him from the other side of the grape trellis.

"Hey!" intoned Mr. McCarty, reckless of the possibility that this, too, might be taken as an announcement of wares. Then he jerked his shoulders impatiently and impetuously headed for the source of the hammering.

He found it directly, so directly that he had to step back to keep from stumbling over it. The thing was nothing more than the rusty carcass of a worn automobile that squatted patiently on the lawn back of the trellis, an automobile of a type and vintage such as newspaper artists have long since immortalized in Sunday comics. From its nethermost invisible parts came the challenging clank of hammer blows. Mr. McCarty suppressed a smile. Then as he caught sight of a pair of protruding legs, sheathed in somewhat soiled black trousers which by their braiding might perhaps have put in less active days as the lower or more essential half of a dress suit, he permitted his laughter to burst forth.

"Hey, Jack," he called, "where's somebody?"

The hammering stopped. The trousers moved, wriggled, jerked. Then inch by inch a human body dragged itself forth, dusted off its hands and rose to its feet. Mr. McCarty beheld a slight little man of youngish countenance, who peered at him with friendly inquisitiveness through a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles that seemed to be a size too large for him.

"Were you addressing me?" the spectacled one inquired with a confident smile.

"Ice," said Mr. McCarty, projecting his jaw.

"Oh, yes! Yes, yes—ice! To be sure! Just a moment. Mrs. Colton is—ah—occupied. I'll open the door." He turned eagerly toward the house.

"You the professor?" Mr. McCarty wanted to know, pacing beside him.

"Oh, yes—that is, assistant professor. Not full professor, you understand. The title, you know—custom, I suppose."

"I getcha," said Mr. McCarty, to whom the subject was, to say the least, of minor importance. "I thought at first you was a guy from the garage."

The professor halted at the porch steps, smiled even more broadly and gazed down pleasurably at his attire.

"I suppose I do appear rather rough-and-ready," he said.

"Not so rough," replied Mr. McCarty. "But I'll say you look ready—ready for a wash!"

Whereupon Mr. McCarty threw back his head and laughed without dignity. At this moment only one thing served to spoil his wholesome cheer—the butt of this jest, unfamiliar apparently with the rules of applied humor, was joining heartily in the laughter. Mr. McCarty glowered as the back door was opened, then picked up his dripping and waning burden and slammed it into the refrigerator with a significant thud.

"Twenty cents!" he announced.

"Twenty cents? Oh, yes—to be sure—for the ice! Of course—just a moment." The little man darted through the kitchen door and was gone.

Mr. McCarty shook his head wearily and abstracted a pack of cigarettes from his left-hand trousers pocket. One of these he selected and lit, flipping the match negligently through the doorway to the center of the kitchen floor.

"Bet he hasn't got twenty cents," he mused. "In about five minutes he'll come down with a stall. I know these near-highbrows, all right. Well, I should worry! It's all in the day's work."

Assistant Professor Colton was upstairs now, pausing, as he always liked to pause, at the open doorway of the bedroom which Sylvia had fixed up with such taste and charm. There on the far edge of the bed sat Sylvia herself, exactly as he had known she would be sitting, dark head bent in pretty concentration, fingers flying in feminine industry. A half-fatuous smile wreathed the little man's features He had never grown tired of looking at his wife. This, although he had never stopped to analyze it, was partly because Sylvia was not difficult to look at, partly because he had somehow managed—novels, magazine stories and movies to the contrary—to grow more and more fond of her through each of the six years of their married life. To Franklyn B. Colton, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., Sylvia Colton was an endlessly recurring thrill—a mild thrill perhaps, but a thrill nevertheless. And she was much more than that. One evening he had diffidently tried to put it into words.

"Snips," he had said—Snips being a form of address supposed to have had its vague origin in her passion for scissors and needle and thread—"Snips, you know, after thinking the matter over I have come to the conclusion that you are actually more essential to me than my glasses." She had glanced up at him, her brown eyes twinkling. "I mean," he added hastily, "that it would, as you know, be utterly impossible for me to go through a day without my spectacles, and what I am trying to say is ——"

She had come over to him swiftly and put a soft arm about his slim shoulders.

"Frank," she said, "the only thing that surprises me is that it has taken you so long to discover this terrible truth. Hasn't it ever occurred to you that it was the one and only reason why I married you?"

"By Jove," he murmured, "I really believe it was! Still, I'm glad you had some motive. Otherwise ——"

"You're a dear," said Sylvia, "and you're particularly a dear because you don't know it." Then she had kissed him.

Assistant Professor Colton was still standing in the doorway. Now at last he entered the room and spoke.

"Poor old dress!" he said. "I should think it would be nothing but a mass of needle holes, like a sieve."

His wife shot a smile over her shoulder.

"It is," she said. "It's a silk rag. But when you get the book done, Frank, just think of all the gowns we'll be able to buy!"

His eyes lit up.

"That's true, Snips. Not many gowns perhaps, but a new one anyway, and that will be something. I'm sure I'll be able to get at it this summer. My notes are in splendid shape. I was going over them this noon."

"I thought you'd been working on the car, dear. Didn't I hear you?"

He smiled sheepishly.

"Yes, I must confess I did leave my notes for the car. It needs a little more tinkering, Snips—quite a little more, I'm afraid. But I'll have it in perfect condition before we know it."

"It'll be wonderful to have our own car at last," she breathed in the manner of one rehearsing a charm. But abruptly she cocked her head.

"Hey!" came a raucous voice from regions below. "Where's that twenty cents?"

"By Jove," said the professor, "I actually forgot! It's the ice man, Sylvie. I came up here for twenty cents for a cake of ice, you know. He has been waiting. Have you got twenty cents, Snips? I find I have only a nickel."

His wife laid aside her sewing, shook her dress and stepped over to the bureau, from which after some rummaging she finally drew forth a purse. This she investigated with a forefinger.

"I have a dollar," she announced, "but that is for the ice cream. They won't leave it unless we pay them on the spot. Remember we tried it once before? And we've got to have the ice cream, dear. Aside from that, I have ten—no, eleven cents. You have a nickel, you say? See if he won't take sixteen cents—or perhaps he'll trust us till next time. Here!" She held out a dime and a one-cent piece, which her husband dutifully and doubtfully took into his custody.

"I'll try," he said, and turned toward the head of the stairs.

He found Mr. McCarty out by the trellis casting unstudied contempt upon the battered car

"Ain't that the old bout Professor Jacobs used to drive?" the bringer of ice inquired.

"Yes, that's the car," the smaller man assented. "It needs a little readjusting of course, but it is essentially intact."

"I'll say it needs a coroner more than anything else," observed Mr. McCarty. "You oughta see my new bug—Lenhard Six. Some bus, I'll tell the world!" This statement, Mr. McCarty knew, was all that was needed to establish the fundamental difference in level between his own circle and that of his listener. "By the way," he added professionally, "got that coin? I got to be beating it."

The little man reddened behind his spectacles.

"I'll tell you," he said quickly. "We happen, for some reason, to be just out of change around the house to-day. If the next time you come by ——"

"I can make change," warned Mr. McCarty, shoving his hand into his pocket and jingling a mass of silver.

"I'm afraid," said the professor, "that I shall have to ask you to—er—trust us. It's merely for a day or two, I assure you"

Mr. McCarty peered at him from narrowed lids.

"I certainly won't fall dead to-day!" he presently proclaimed.

The eyes behind the spectacles opened mildly.

"I'd fall dead, all right, if I ever found a nickel's worth of ready cash on this street," was Mr. McCarty's explanation.

"I've got sixteen cents," the little man retorted.

"Sure!" said the vender of ice with fine unconcern. "Well, the chunk's in and I'm not going to drag it out again. See you have it, though, next time I come by—day after to-morrow, understand?"

"I'm sure we appreciate it," said the little man with radiant relief. "Everything's so high nowadays," he added conversationally. "There never seems to be anything left, you know"

Mr. McCarty had wheeled to depart, but he halted himself in his tracks. To show a Gordon Streeter his place in the cosmos had long been his ambition, and here in one afternoon was his second opportunity.

"You highbrows," he stated pleasantly—"you highbrows give me a pain where pains don't usually grow. The trouble with you is you got the wrong dope."

"How do you mean?"

(Continued on Page 99)

When Sylvia Came in Ten Minutes Later She Found Him Frantically Busy With Pencil and Paper

BAD BOYS OF FORTY

By An Old Trainer

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

LESS than a month ago the head of a fashionable dressmaking establishment—a man—came up to my place for a short course in physical training. This was right after the Dempsey and Brennan fight. I always prepare for new customers after a big sporting event, and they always come. Deep down in their hearts all men want to be a Dempsey, a Brennan or a Babe Ruth.

Along with some other new patients, I had sent this man to the gym to report to the rubber and get some working togs. They were all standing in line when I walked in to give them their first talk. Each one of them wanted to tell me privately of his particular qualifications. Every man, you know, thinks he is different from the average. All are eager to make an impression.

"You see, doc," the dressmaking man said to me as he bent and twisted, "I'm already in pretty good shape." He exhibited the muscles of his biceps and took several deep breaths to show the chest expansion. "But I discovered the other day that I am having trouble in touching my fingers to the floor without bending my knees. I don't understand that. I'm sure you can put me in shape. Look!"

He made a strong effort, but his fingers were still six inches from the floor.

"That's the only trouble," he said.

"What is your business?" I inquired.

"Office work; head of big dressmaking establishment."

"Well," I remarked with perhaps a bit of irony, "will you tell me why in the devil you want to put your fingers on the floor? What do you suppose the Lord put knees and knuckles on your legs for?"

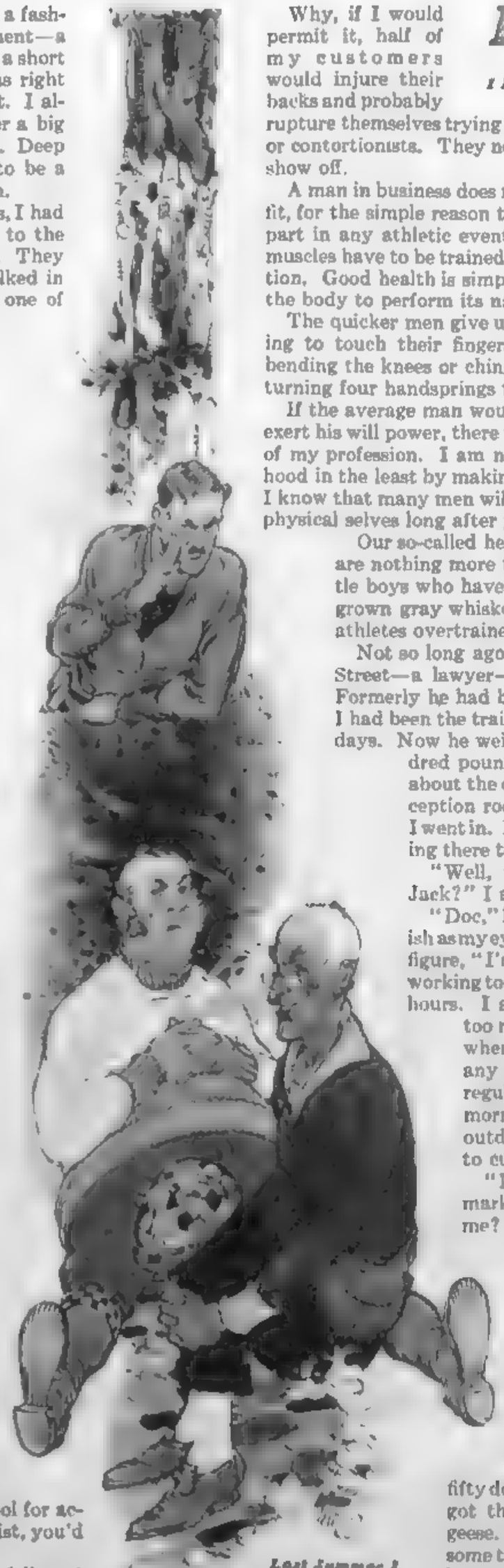
He sputtered a little, the others laughing.

"Now let me tell you something," I proceeded. "There isn't one of you who isn't forty years old or more. You are nothing more than small boys with old make-ups on. If you'll tell me just one good reason why a man of your age should go round keeping his knees stiff and putting his fingers to the floor, I'll attempt to make you do it. If not you'll go round here like sensible men of your age and get health in a natural way. God put those knees on you to help you get to the ground without a strain. I want you to use them."

"But I thought ——" he started to interrupt.

"Yes, I know," I told him. "You thought you might learn that trick so as to show off around the store. Now I want you all to understand that this is a health resort, not a school for acrobats. If you want to be a contortionist, you'd better join a circus."

At a sign from me they all meekly followed the assistant and took a walk in the woods—what they needed.



Last Summer I Caught a Judge of the Superior Court and an Aged Construction Engineer Out Behind the Garden Hedge Smoking Cigarettes

Kindergartens for Graybeards

I AM not so rough as it sounds, but always I have to talk to newcomers that way. With me it is a stock in trade. Men like to be disciplined so that they can go away and talk about how hard it was. As I said, they are just like little boys.

I was a trainer of professional athletes for ten years, and I have been a trainer of men who never will be athletes for fifteen years. In that time I have had a very good opportunity to study human nature. The greatest truth that I have discovered is that ninety-nine men out of a hundred do not know that there is a difference between a state of athletic fitness and one of ordinary good health.

Why, if I would permit it, half of my customers would injure their backs and probably rupture themselves trying to be flying-trapeze artists or contortionists. They never get over the desire to show off.

A man in business does not have to be athletically fit, for the simple reason that he is not going to take part in any athletic event. In the case of athletes muscles have to be trained to perform a certain function. Good health is simply the result of permitting the body to perform its natural functions.

The quicker men give up such fool notions as trying to touch their fingers to the ground without bending the knees or chinning a bar fifteen times or turning four handsprings the better.

If the average man would use common sense and exert his will power, there would be no place for men of my profession. I am not endangering my livelihood in the least by making this confession, because I know that many men will be darn fools about their physical selves long after you and I are gone.

Our so-called health institutions, after all, are nothing more than kindergartens for little boys who have made a pile of money and grown gray whiskers; men who are mental athletes overtrained.

Not so long ago a friend of mine in Wall Street—a lawyer—came to me for advice. Formerly he had been a football player, and I had been the trainer of his squad in the old days. Now he weighed upward of two hundred pounds and was getting puffy about the eyes. He waited in my reception room nearly an hour before I went in. I purposely kept him waiting there to make him docile.

"Well, what can I do for you, Jack?" I asked bluntly.

"Doc," he declared, looking sheepish as my eye traveled over his bloated figure, "I'm all run down. I've been working too hard and keeping too late hours. I also know I have smoked too much, because I always do when I am concentrated on any subject. I need to sleep regularly, get up early in the mornings and take some light outdoor exercise. I also need to cut down my food."

"If you know all that," I remarked, "why do you come to me? That's all I know."

"Why," he replied, "because I thought maybe you would make me do it. What's the fee this year?"

"Jack"—I still considered myself his trainer in football—"you have come here, in other words, to pay me two hundred and fifty dollars because you haven't got the sense that God gave geese. All right, get yourself some togs and report to the rubber out in the bathhouse. I'll see you to-morrow."

He went to his task as eagerly as a schoolboy just released from a scolding. He was happy at the chance of being bossed. And, mind you, that man has a brain that earns fifty thousand dollars a year! By the use of plain common sense—and a little will power—he could have been taking the necessary health course at home and earning the fifty thousand at the same time.

Any man can keep in good health if he wants to. There is no trick to it. An hour in the morning for getting the blood circulating, followed by regular hours and regular habits, will do it. Still, if every man did what he knows he ought to do there would be no living for such as myself.

The reason the average man does not take care of himself, I have come to the conclusion, is because his success in being physically sound does not attract public attention. There is no excitement about it. If he works hard and puts over a big project in a business way, everybody talks about it and he feels glorified. He wants his reward. If he is simply healthy the attitude of the public is "Well, what of it?"

The American likes to show off. He is not content with the mere self-satisfaction of feeling physically fit. He wants to do something that will make others marvel; would like to see his picture in the papers—preferably the sporting page.

They Must Have Their Sleep

DID you ever notice how a man who has sworn off from drinking likes to boast about it, even likes to write about it in the papers? Just before prohibition came I had doped out a plan of giving a gold medal to men who had become teetotalers. Yes—don't think I'm joking—I'll bet a lot of prosperous citizens would have worn them with pride!

The man past forty is just as keen about getting his visible reward for a virtuous deed as the boy who gets a medal for regular attendance at Sunday school. There is no way of convincing him that he hasn't the same physical qualifications as a man of thirty.

For two years during the war I was associated with the Army in America and in France as a welfare man, a helper in keeping the men comforted and entertained. You may judge from that that I am past the fifty-year mark. Yes, and I flatter myself that I can do anything a soldier can do—except one. I cannot do without sleep. You can't, either, you men of forty-five or more. After tramping round France with the boys for nearly a year, I can easily understand why most men of forty-five were barred from the service.

I don't care how strong you may think you are or how active you may have been in the past, you've got to have your sleep and you cannot stand irregular hours. I will go even further than the army authorities and say you can't do much of it after forty.

Don't josh yourself into thinking that you are different from the average man. You are not. The law of averages is a mighty hard proposition to beat. The insurance people got onto that a long time ago. You may improve your physical machinery and keep it up to a certain mark of efficiency, but if you are past forty you are not going to get your picture in the papers as a boxer, a ball player, a wrestler or a tight-rope walker. You are not going to be much of a soldier. Of course you may be a high-ranking officer, but they'll print your picture then because of your knowledge and experience, your mental attainments and your bravery, not for what you can do physically.

If you are sensible, which most of you are not—I'm talking to men over forty now—you are going to look after your physical well-being so as to give your mental machinery a helping hand.

Being a physical trainer and instructor by profession, I am expected in this article, naturally, to give those seeking health a lot of information and advice. I am going to try, and I have started by aiming at the men of forty and over, because they need it worse than anybody; because they are supposed to have more intelligence and, as a matter of fact, have less—about their physical selves.

As to advice, I can qualify. I have done nothing for twenty-five years but give advice, and I have learned to present it in a way so attractively mysterious as to get big fees for it. But I am getting down to cases with you and talking straight from the shoulder.

As to information, my stock is a little shy. I venture the assertion that there isn't a man who reads this who doesn't know just as well as I do what he ought to do to keep in physical condition. He also understands just as well as I do the necessity of it. But he doesn't follow the urge of his mind—as to his body. He'll invest a million, if he has it, backing his judgment on a financial project. He won't invest one hour a day in doing the most important thing in the world—preserving his health and lengthening his life. It seems incredible, but it's true.

You know that you ought to walk to your office, or somewhere, every morning and afternoon to get your blood circulating. You know that you ought not to drink excessively of alcoholic liquors. You know that you should not be intemperate in the use of tobacco. You know that you ought to eat very moderately of rich foods. You know that you should have regular hours for eating, sleeping, working and playing. You know what you have to suffer from loss of sleep. You know you will work better in your office if you feel good. Of course you do. You know all that just as well as I do. If you came to my office with a hundred-dollar fee in your hand, asking for professional advice on how to keep in good shape, I could not tell you any more than you knew before.

Another Two-Hundred-and-Fifty-Pound Financier Is Just as Proud and Arrogant Over an Ability to Put His Head and Rub His Stomach at the Same Time

The trouble with you is that you are lacking in will power and courage. Just like the little boy, you won't let the hammer and nails alone until you get your finger mashed, and then run to mamma.

Oh, don't think I don't know! I've mamma'd a lot of them in my twenty-five years.

And I'm not setting myself up as a know-it-all, either. Only last week my wife gave me such a scolding about not putting on my woolen underwear that, boylike, I tried sheepishly to lie out of it by claiming that I had tried to find the suit and that she must have misplaced it.

His One Accomplishment

WHAT she said to me is exactly the line of talk that I have to give to you old birds who come up to my place whimpering about your indigestion and your aching backs and trying to put the blame where it does not belong.

We physical trainers come next to the women and the doctors in being on to the ordinary man. I have never run across one yet who was willing to be classed or treated as average. They'll do anything to stand out.

Up at my health resort there is right now a dignified old broker who at the dinner table excites the admiration and envy of the other patients—lawyers, brokers, publishers and what not—by his accomplishment of being able to wiggle his ears like a jackass. He never overlooks an opportunity to give an exhibition, either. Another two-hundred-and-fifty-pound financier is just as proud and arrogant over an ability to pat his head and rub his stomach at the same time.

You see, they feel like small boys when they get up there, and want to show off. That is what prompted the dressmaking man's desire to be trained to touch his fingers to the floor without bending his knees. I haven't a patient who can do that, and he knew it. The old fellows even want to break the rules—and do—just for the sake, and adventure, of breaking them.

Last summer I caught a judge of the superior court and an aged construction engineer out behind the garden hedge smoking cigarettes. I had known for some time that they had been doing it, but I wanted to catch them red-handed and make an example of them for the rest of the little boys—none under fifty.

I punished these culprits by putting them on bread and water for two meals and making them eat it in the presence of the others. Do you know that they are now so proud of that distinction that they will talk about it all winter—and will come back next summer?

I have to take advantage of such boyish outcroppings to put them through their paces and get them in shape. I know that they are not going to keep in good shape, but if I make the course attractive and adventurous they'll all come back. In that way I hope to add some years to their lives—even if they haven't got sense enough to take care of themselves.

I give you this little insight to health-resort methods just to show you that the whole thing is theoretically unnecessary—if men would only use their brains. They could do all their training just as well at home. The only thing they would miss is the companionship. The old man is just like a boy when it comes to loving his gang; he doesn't work well when he goes it alone in single harness.

Very likely you would take a long walk or some other exercise every morning if you had somebody to do it with you.

I once dismissed a patient and told him that all he needed to do in the future was to put up a weight-pulling machine in his bathroom and work it for a half hour before breakfast every morning. The following fall he was back for treatment.

"What's the matter?" I asked, simulating surprise. "Didn't you put up that machine like I told you?"

"I did, doc," he confessed, shuffling on his well-shod feet, "but what's the use? I can't get anybody to pull with me, and it's so darn lonesome."

In half an hour I found him in the gym with several old cronies, pulling merrily away at the weights and trying to impress a newcomer with the hardships that were to come.

These so-called hardships are all bunk. We have a lot of tricks such as pulling machines, medicine balls, handball, flying rings, and so on, but the main idea is a brisk morning walk, a bath and rubdown, another walk in the afternoon, plain food and plenty of regular sleep.

That is absolutely all there is to it. Our main job is to invent artifices by which we can persuade men to follow those very simple rules—a routine. You can do all of it at home just as well as you can at a health resort, and attend to your business at the same time. And your business will get better attention too.

I find that nearly all men intellectually active are lazy physically. The physical laziness, in fact, is due to their intellects. A subconscious line of reasoning tells a man of brains that there is no use in exerting and developing muscles that he will never have to employ. On the other hand, the man who labors physically knows that he cannot make a good living unless he hustles and keeps his muscles active.

Both are right. It is not necessary for the intellectual man to be an athlete or to rack his frame with exercises that are nothing more than torture. But Nature demands something. Nature decrees that the blood must circulate so as to feed the brain. Did you ever stop to think what a wonderful piece of muscular machinery the brain really is? It works practically all the time and rarely tires. In all fairness it is entitled to its share of rest. It gets it by sleep. And if it is cheated out of that sleep too often, it will rebel. Some mornings you will find it missing on at least one cylinder.

A Dollar for Folded Arms

I AM not a doctor, but I can tell you one thing: It is not the muscles themselves that suffer from their lack of use; it is the stomach and the digestion. If you stuff yourself with more food than is required to furnish blood and heat, the muscles are called in to work it off. That's why a longshoreman can eat more—or should eat more—than a lawyer. His muscular activity takes care of the surplus. If you don't work it off, Nature, an old-fashioned old lady, stores it up in the shape of fat for future use. And Nature is a tightwad. She hates to give up that store. Once fat begins hoarding itself up you have to work harder than ever to get rid of it. If you do considerable drinking on the side the alcohol only adds to the store of heat.

Obviously the only way to get rid of the fat is to cut down your food, quit drinking and work your muscles. The muscles will complain at this at first, because they will say: "What's the use of treating us this way? If he was going to lay us off and let us get used to a lazy life, why did he want to be a darn fool and eat more than he needed? Oh, well! Heigh-ho!" And they step out and give you the devil.

The main idea for a man of forty is to keep from getting into poor physical shape. It is very simple. As I said before, take a little exercise in the morning— walking will do nicely—to get the blood circulating, then eat moderately and sleep regularly. That's all.

Erectness is a great help to blood circulation. So try to remember always to stand erect. In my place we have a rule, enforced by the patients, that if a man is caught standing with his arms folded across his chest he is fined one dollar. The fund goes to entertainment. Every patient is a detective.

Nothing encourages slovenliness so much as folding the arms across the chest while standing. I got that idea from West Point and

(Continued on Page 65)

The Average Boy Can Think Up More Forms of Exercise in One Afternoon Than My Mature Mind Could Think Up for Him in a Month

OLD-TIMER

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

XII

The Great Brown Bear Moved Into the Road and Reared to His Full Height

WHEN the ice went out in the spring and the grass showed green between the drifts the civilian scouts had been reorganized and were working at their old-time standard of efficiency. Their numbers were few, but everyone on the rolls was an experienced hillman. It was estimated that something over eight hundred head of elk had been killed for their teeth in the last year within the limits of the Yellowstone; but in the past few months at least half of the tusk hunters participating in this slaughter had been tracked down. The colonel summoned his chief scout for a conference.

"Things are running better now," he said. "We're picking up the most of them and driving the fear into the rest. Now since that's ironed out we'll tackle the next. How many elk are left out here?"

"Round ninety thousand head, even since the big loss a year ago," Woodson estimated. "Not all right inside, but the big part of them and the rest within a few miles outside the line."

"Now how are we going to handle them? Can you outline a practical constructive plan for keeping those herds intact?"

"Not all of them. I used to think it could be done but I see it different now. But I can show you how to save a big percentage without relying on protection outside the park."

"You tell me," the officer instructed. "You outline a practical plan and I'll put the measure through."

"We'll have to wait till along sometime in the summer," Woodson said. "Then I can show you what I mean and prove my point as we go along—if you'll take a swing through the park with me."

"That's a long time," the colonel objected, "but we'll wait if you think best. In the meantime I want you to go out with me on a few short trips right now. This is my time of year."

It must be that Nature in sustaining that intricate balance that is so apparent throughout all her works, however varied, has even diffused the tastes of men, apportioning their interests so that none of her moods or her creations might be entirely slighted. It is given to some men to love best the sea that others loathe. Some are in love with the spell of the plains, while the hearts of others expand to the lure of the hills. Some thrill to the screech of the storm which depresses those who are content only when the skies are fair. There are those who love the winter months, their tonic, the sting of frost. And the colonel, a soldier by profession but by inclination a dabbler in botany, loved the spring.

On this first spring season in the Yellowstone he reveled in a variety of flowers unfolding in such wonderful profusion as might be expected only in the tropics. Woodson knew them all and together they took a ten-mile jaunt in search of possible new specimens. Toward the close of the day they sat on a down log at the edge of the timber and looked out across a meadow.

"Nature didn't overlook one thing when she made the Yellowstone," the colonel said. "She even finished it off with a carpet of flowers from the bottoms to the peaks."

In one day they had seen banks upon banks of blossoms tinged with every shade known to man. Out above the timber line, in every opening between the drifts, the blue of the forget-me-nots contrasted with the pure gold of the alpine buttercup and the purple of the clematis. The columbine and the harebell lifted shy heads in the timber, the crimson of Indian paintbrush flaming in relief against the silvery aspen trunks at the fringe of open parks; jungles of wild rose in the sheltered bottoms, and sidehills massed with goldenrod; heavy-headed clusters of bee plant at the timber's edge; rose mallow and shooting star. Dainty fringed gentians lifted from the meadows where purple banks of lupine and pale lemon seas of the mountain parsley were broken only by the splashes of color where a hundred other flowers raised their faces to the sun. The colonel drank in every detail of the spring riot unrolling before his eyes.

"And if the stockmen have their way we'll soon see that color cut off beneath the grass roots and trampled flat into the ground," Woodson observed. The colonel roused from his abstraction with a start.

"How's that?" he queried.

"For the last ten years stockmen have been bringing every pressure to bear to have the park thrown open for cows and sheep," Woodson stated. "I'd hate to see that measure pass."

"Yes," the colonel agreed. "I'd rather dislike that myself; but it isn't likely they'll let them in."

"Isn't it?" Woodson asked. "They've let them graze other places. As near as I can find out this is about the only national park in the United States that isn't open to grazing now. It breaks a sheepman's heart to go through here and see this feed. It spoils a cowman's trip. There's no beauty here for them without a band of woollies feeding on every sidehill or a bunch of range cows bedded in every meadow and open park. They'll never rest till they get across the line."

"Maybe," the officer admitted. "It's a question of development—of added production. We have to look at that side too. They think that the grass is theirs to graze as they see fit—free grass, more cows; that's their argument. Of course if you look at it like that ——"

"Why, then you've got to look at it like this," Woodson said—"that with free trees there's more lumber. If a sheepman can run his sheep on the grass in here that belongs to a hundred million souls, then why can't some lumberman throw a logging crew in here and start lumbering in the park? Or a man that wants to trap come here and make a catch of mink and fox? Or hunt for elk and bear? Why can't some equally free citizen stake out his claim on Lewis Lake and fence it off for his private fishing pond?"

"But their point is that the best grass country in the hills is being withheld from them," the colonel pointed out. "And it certainly is a better feed country here than that outside."

"Did it ever occur to you to wonder why the grass grows here and there's no grass outside?" the old scout inquired. "Does it strike you as queer that Nature covered the hills with grass right up to an imaginary line that constitutes the boundary of the park—while all outside on the north and west there's nothing much but bare dirt and gravel left?"

"I know it's a fact, but I don't know why," the officer confessed. "Suppose you tell me."

"I've seen these whole hills covered with feed," Woodson said. "It was all grass country then; lots of it far better than the park itself is to-day. The stockmen wouldn't put just enough stuff on the range to stock it to capacity. Each one had to throw out a bunch to try and feed off a certain locality and beat his neighbors to it. You never saw a cow country where range quarrels weren't the topic of the times. Every man crowds the range with every last hoof he can shove onto it. Down in the low country, where it's more or less solid grassland, the range stood overstocking after a fashion. Up here in the hills it's different again. There's steep slopes, gravel and looser soil, and the grass grows scattering in place of heavy sod land. The roots come out along with the tops when it's grubbed too close. The hoofs churn up the gravel on the slopes. In my day I've seen five million acres of hills absolutely ruined by overstocking—just because they threw out a few head more stuff in every locality than there was grass to feed."

"It surely can't be that all that bare country outside once had grass the same as we have in here," the officer dissented.

An Ancient Buffalo Bull Had Left the Herd on the Lamar and Drifted Down to the Flat

"Better," Woodson insisted. "The park isn't a real grass country—only by comparison. I'm telling you just what I've seen myself. There's hills that you look at now, with hardly enough soil to hold the gravel on the slopes; and you say: 'There never was any grass grew there. There's not even soil for a root hold.' But grass did grow there. I saw it; on every hill that looks bleak and barren to you now. They threw out too many head of stock and they had to grub for the last spear of grass, right down into the ground, and loosened the roots. There was nothing to hold down the thin surface soil. The wind whittled it off and the gravel started to slide. That's why there's no grass outside. And you can keep every hoof of stock off lots of it now and it'll take fifteen years to reseed itself and get back to where it was ten years ago."

"Still, while that may all be true, the stockmen in the hills are hard pressed," the colonel said. "They suffer losses every year. They actually do need more range."

"What they actually need," Woodson stubbornly contested, "is less cows for what range they've got, and more winter feed. It's coming to that. They suffer losses from overstocking what range they have left. Then they go into the winter with half enough feed and suffer a percentage of winter-kills. They have to throw out too early in the spring—and the larkspur gets some cows. Then they send out a cry that range is being held back from them and causing them loss. People who live in cities and way off from here have no way to know the facts. They think it's true. In a hill country like this, where it's eight months winter, what they do need is not more range for the four open months but twice as much hay for the other eight."

"But they claim that this grass is going to waste," the colonel explained. "That's their main hold. They sent a delegation in here and took officials through to point out that the bottoms aren't touched by the game. They rode for miles in the open meadows without seeing a hundred head of elk all told, showing that the grass in the bottoms was going to waste when it might be turned into mutton and beef."

"I know," Woodson said wearily. "I know. And a while back they did the same thing with officials outside, down in the Teton Game Preserve toward Jackson Hole. Buffalo Fork and Pacific Creek were closed to grazing—that much grass set aside for the elk. The stock interests invited officials in to pass on the case. They piloted them through the meadows in the middle of the day. Most of the elk were back in the peaks for the summer. What few were down had naturally bedded in the timber during the heat of the day. They didn't see any elk. Those officials couldn't read sign—wouldn't know the tracks of a thousand elk from the trail of a lone coyote. It wasn't natural that they should. Their training has run to other things. They left, fully satisfied that that grass wasn't used by the elk. That's why the grass grows knee-deep inside the park on Slough and Hellroaring Creeks and is bare as a table outside, cut off clear under the roots by those sharp little cutting hoofs where the sheepmen threw out just a few too many bands of sheep for what grass there was.

"How can the officials that come through here get the truth? It's easy to make fallacies stand out like facts. If they'd bring them here in late fall—which they never will—they'd see that that grass in the bottoms is used by the elk. They come down a stage at a time as the snow crowds them out of the peaks. That bottom feed keeps them for two months—sometimes three. Feed that out and they'll starve. But the people don't know. They hear only one side. One day they'll let sheep and cows come in here. Then thousands of part owners, who summer up here every year, will have to drive steers off every bend of every trail instead of seeing elk and deer. At night, instead of the tang of pine and balsam they'll inhale the smell of sheep.

"Instead of the night sounds of the hills they'll listen to the blat of ten thousand woollies on the bed ground. There'll be mud wallows where there's meadows now, and gravel where there's grass. A few men will have made a profit, and a hundred million easy-going, good-natured folks will have been bunked."

The colonel smiled at the old hillman's positiveness

"I take it you don't care much for cows and sheep," he said.

"You take it wrong," Woodson assured him. "I'm a lover of stock myself. And I don't blame the stockmen for a second. They're mostly broad-gauge men. The reason they're successful in their line is because their stock comes first with them. This country would actually be more beautiful to them with a bunch of cows or sheep—according to their respective occupations—feeding in sight of them at every turn. They're sincere in that. I'd be the last to censure the stockmen themselves if they get in here. I'd keep on doing the best I could, as I always have, and help 'em apportion the range. No, I wouldn't blame them for doing what's next their hearts—I'd blame all those other millions for not showing an equal interest in what is next to theirs and keeping out the stock if they don't want it in." His former positive manner had departed. "Sometimes I'm sorry I didn't fall on the stockmen's side to start," he said reflectively. "At least I'd be associated with folks that know what they want and try to get it. The side I've been working for—all the millions of joint owners of this park—haven't figured out just what they do want and don't care much whether or not they get it."

This impartiality surprised the colonel and he sensed that Woodson had spent a lifetime playing his own hand with but little encouragement.

"But the bulk of the people are veering to your side," he said. "Most of them are beginning to view things the way you have seen them all along. Every year there is an increasing popular demand to set aside national parks. On all sides you hear of conservation of game—conservation of trees. Ten years ago you never glanced at a newspaper without seeing a column devoted to the exploitation of some natural resources. Now you can't find one without some reference to conservation. It's been a long time coming but it's here and growing stronger every day. You'll come into your own at last."

(Continued on Page 83)

FIFTY-FIFTY

"Then We Got Away From That There Train in the Most Restlittle Kind o' Way. We Was Truly Bounced"

By George Allan England

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

LIFE is a whirling wheel. Sometimes it spins us up into the sunshine. Sometimes it crushes us down into the mire. Hearken my tale!

A drizzle of October rain. Scant coin in the pockets and no prospects in the vision of two outcast gentlemen-adventurers at large. The shuffle of their aimless boots down muddy Railroad Avenue, Slackville, Pennsylvania. Get the picture clearly.

The gentlemen-adventurers are Pod Slattery and Doc Pittsburgh Bender. Not long ago they occupied mahogany-furnished offices in Broad Street, New York City. And had an apartment on Central Park West. Also a limousine. These blessings satisfied them, eh?

Unfortunately, no.

"Ain't this hell an' repeat?" grumbled the obese Slattery. He shoved his hamlike hands deeper into his trousers pockets and hunched his big shoulders so as to bring his upturned coat collar more round his ears.

"You've got no call to roar about it!" snapped the doctor. "If you'd been satisfied to let well enough alone, and if you hadn't tried to Ponzify our real estate and brokerage biz, we'd still be bringing in the sheaves. As it is, lucky we didn't land in stir for a five-year bit. Lucky to lose nothing but all we had, and get a turn-out."

"Gimme a smoke!" growled Pod.

"Unfortunately, my dear fellow," the thin, dark Bender retorted, "smokes cost cash, which is practically *non est*. With a total capital of but one dollar and sixty-eight cents, we are not going to indulge in tobacco—thanks to your highly intelligent financial methods."

Pod grunted sourly. His once good-humored and expansive countenance now wore a frown, beneath the brim of his low-pulled, dripping felt hat. His other-time cleanly razored pink jowls now showed a sallow hue, peppered with bristles. Aimlessly his boots slopped through puddles. He looked—and was—once more a bo, as in days so long past as almost to be forgotten.

"Aw, well, what's the diff?" he queried. "I'm sick o' New York, anyhow. That indoor work gives me the willies. Pushin' pebbles is all right, if we was only South. I s'pose we'll strike Florida sometime, if we push enough. A hundred bucks would take us there. Lordy, if we only had that hundred!"

"Why not?" smiled the Doc, stopping in his stride. His slight figure straightened, for all its being drenched. Something of its former trimness seemed to return as inspiration thrilled him. He pointed an eager finger.

"Pipe that, will you?" the Doc exclaimed.

"Huh? What?"

"That sign!"

Slattery read, painted in conspicuous letters on a board nailed to a vacant dwelling a little back from the street:

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR EVIDENCE
LEADING TO THE ARREST
AND CONVICTION OF ANY PERSON
DAMAGING THIS PROPERTY

SLACKVILLE NATIONAL BANK

"I don't get you, Doc," the big fellow puzzled. "What's the idea?"

"It's not to be expected that you would get me," answered Doc mordantly. "Getting people—or coin—hasn't been your specialty of late. You've only been expert in getting wallops. Nevertheless, even you must perceive the glimmer of possibilities in yon glad invitation to law-breaking. If that isn't a doormat for the friendless, with WELCOME stenciled all over it, I never saw one."

"Meanin' how?"

"A house," cogitated Bender. "Glass windows in said house. Paint on said walls. A street. Rocks in said street, also mud. And you ask me how! Slats, I'm ashamed of you. I blush for you!"

"By gum!"

"No, old pal. By mud—and rocks!"

"Mitt me, Doc! Mitt me! I'm there!" Their handclasp had all the warmth of its old-time understanding.

"The Stakes I'm Playing for Now, Baldy McShane," Doc Retorted With a Steely Eye, "Make Five Hundred Look Like Birdseed!"

A ray of sunshine seemed to pierce their clouds of dank despair. For Destiny herself had manifestly beckoned them, and all was well.

II

THEIR gladness faded a little as they discussed details under cover of a friendly coal shed that skirted the all but deserted street. For now the question of martyrdom arose. In the immortal words of Gilbert:

The delicate question, which
Of us two goes to the pot, arose,
And we argued it out, as sich.
For I loved that cook like a brother, I did,
And the cook, he worshipped me;
But we'd each be blowed if we'd be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see!

"It ain't right," protested Slattery. "I'd do anything in the world for you but that. The coop don't agree with my constitution, a-tall. I don't sleep good on them narrow bunks. You're only a sliver, an' your appetite's slim too. You fit anywhere. I'm willin' to suffer anythin' in reason for a pal, but I draw the dead line at the hoosegow!"

"Hold on there, hold on!" the Doc argued. "It's your natural-born rôle to handle the rough end, while I take the smooth. You look by nature and habit as much like a bum as I do like a silk-stocking guy." Reminiscently he adjusted his gold-rimmed pince-nez and stroked his slight beard. "Damaging property in a coarse manner fits you like the fur-lined overcoat on an impresario. As for me, my proper part is the slick stuff, furnishing the convicting evidence, collecting the mazu, and sliding you half. The legal aspects of the case, so to speak."

"Yes, but ——"

"Listen! With your fifty you can live high, in the cooler, while doing the thirty days that the chauffeur we've just pumped told us was the maximum in this town for ordinary defacement of property. Thirty days, at fifty bucks, comes to a dollar sixty-six and two-thirds cents per diem. You'll have a month of ease and comfort in a jug known and acknowledged to have few equals and no superiors east of St. Louis. No work, and three squares daily, plus what you care to buy with your dollar sixty-six and two-thirds cents. I promise to slide in a box of smokes to you. There'll be complete immunity from rain and cold. And ——"

"I know. It listens pretty fair, but ——"

"What about me?" the Doc went on with eloquence. "I'll be on the outside, minus even an overcoat, facing all kinds of inclemency, judicial and meteorological. I'll be up against all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!"

"Meanin' how?"

"Well, I've got to board and room myself, old man. And with my fifty—or what'll be left of it—I've got to frame up something that will bear a hundredfold. So that by the time you get your turn-out, late in November, we'll have enough iron men to skid us through to the South where the real-estate biz can be started on a shoe string and where tourists stand in line to be skun. If you think that's a cinch in a burg like this that's never been pried loose from anything even with a can opener, roll over and wake up!"

"I dunno but you're right, at that," admitted Pod, and scratched a stubbly chin—or rather, the second of his three chins. "I didn't quite get you at first. But now I see. If that's the lay you've framed up ——"

"That's the exact lay," Bender assured him. "You stand for a pinch and do thirty, and I'll handle all the rest of it. I guarantee that when you emerge, a free man,

there'll be a nestful of eggs ready for you that will gladden your optics. It'll be an omelet, and then some. What's crabbed us so far is that we beat it out of Manhattan in such unseemly haste that we took only the clothes we stood in. We didn't have time for either staff or scrip. Especially the scrip. Without scrip, it's n-i-x, nix, on the frame-ups. With it—you know me, Al."

"O. K., then," agreed Pod. "But no rough stuff. I won't stand for bein' battered by no bull."

"Go along easy, then, when they make the pinch, and don't express your opinion about the law or its minions. Confine your remarks to a few generalizations about being nuts on the idle rich—especially banks—and about wanting to demonstrate it by a little artillery practice with anything at hand. Then you won't get any haymakers. Savvy?"

"I sure do! When does this festive ball open?"

"Right now, Podsy. As soon as the first cop looms over the skyline. And you'll see what a wonder of a whirl this game's going to be! You know what a trusty ——"

"Sh-h! Don't say that. 'Trusty' listens bad to me!"

" friend I've always been! Buck into it, Pod, and go through!"

Slattery put forth a hand that trembled fatly with emotion.

"You're a right guy!" he huskily murmured. "Good ole Doc! A man that wouldn't heave a few rocks an' handfuls o' mud for a pal like you would be some inferior fish!"

"Sh-h! Can it, Pod!" cautioned the Doc. "There's a bull now, four or five blocks up the street. We mustn't be piped together. Lucky we haven't been, so far. We've got to play this as two lone hands, or it'll be collusion and conspiracy to do an illegal act, and we'll both get it in the neck."

"Sure it's a bull?" queried Pod, with a squint round the corner of the coal shed.

"Positive! I'll beat it out this side and down to the next corner. See, he's coming this way already. When he comes inside a block get busy. Then I'll close in, and zowie! Remember, you never saw me before—don't know me from Adam. Got it all?"

"Sure have!" growled the big fellow. His hand clasped the Doc's a moment, then let go. "Skid away now!"

"Here's where we gather in a few sheaves, and show this hick burg something!" predicted Ben, and vanished.

Pod, with watchful eyes that blinked out from wattled rolls of fat, kept tabs on the approach of the Law.

Thus endeth Chapter Two in this veridical narration.

III

THE pinch proved swift, substantial, satisfactory. It followed inside of three minutes after Doc Bender had overtaken the cop—who had turned down another street—with the succinct information: "Officer! There's a hobo damaging property in Railroad Avenue. He's breaking windows in a house there, and throwing mud all over the place!"

"Oh, he is, is he?" growled the cop, stiffening into resentful energy. "Wait till I git my hands on him!" Four or five charges of incompetence, for having failed to stop wicked little boys from smashing electric-light globes along his beat, had rendered him as sensitive as the well-known boil. "Jest wait!"

Doctor Bender drifted along on his trail, in time to see Pod Slattery receive a clout on the occiput that wasn't in the program at all—a clout, indeed, that the Doc had guaranteed should not be Pod's portion. But Pod remained heroic. He did not blow the game.

"Whassa matter o' you, anyhow?" interrogated the Law. "Bustin' them winders an' slingin' that mud?"

"T' hell with the idle rich!" retorted Pod. "Specially banks! This here house belongs to a bank, an' I'm sore on banks!"

"Another lunch fer the squirrels," opined the bull. "It's the wagon fer you!"

He conducted Pod through the drizzle to the nearest box, in a nimbus of boys and idlers. Doc Bender followed.

"Don't be too hard on the poor chap, officer," he pleaded, toying with his pince-nez as the cop rang for the wagon. "I'm a physician, and I know his symptoms. A man of your intelligence, too, can see he's not mentally responsible."

The cop puffed with pride, but stood firm ground.

"He'll go up, jest the same! An', say, I'll want you fer the witness. What's your name an' address?"

"Surely you don't mean to press a vandalism charge against this poor homeless fellow? You can easily see he's of low mentality!"

Pod cast an irate glance at the Doc, but remained silent as he leaned against the telegraph pole that supported the box.

"That don't make any odds," said the cop. This pinch was going to help his record, and he simply had to have it. "The bank's sore on anybody touchin' their property, an' they'll shove him to the limit."

"No!"

"But I Don't Want to Escape!" He Objected. "It's Warm in Here, an' I Get Good Chow"

"You're darned hootin', they will! You'll testify too. You gotta!"

"Why—h'm!—I don't know. Have I? I've got nothing against this poor fellow. I'm a physician, on a walking tour through the state. I'm a humane man, and as such ——"

"Don't matter!" snapped the officer, who saw his case possibly slipping. With one good witness it would be cinched. "You gotta go into court. I'll hold you as a material witness!"

"Pray consider!" entreated Ben, as the clang-clang of the approaching motor Maria sounded from afar.

"Consider nothin'! I ain't takin' no chances. Will you come along easy, an' spill the beans to the judge, or have I got to pinch you too?"

"Oh, in that case—why, certainly I'll come!"

Thus the pals enjoyed a ride in a really handsome motor car that wet October day. Far from each other, in opposite corners of the van, they held their peace. And Fate, meanwhile, was weaving many a strange pattern on her mystic loom.

The court proceedings went through at once with all the ease of the justly famed grease-anointed pachyderm through the pursuing multitude. The police-court judge, bored after having turned off the matutinal bunch of jakey drunks, and sent a weeping boy home to his mother, welcomed this case. For hobos were scarce in these days of high wages, and a conviction assured at least one more thirty-day inmate in the lockup.

Inmates had been rather few of recent days, and the political gang whereof President McShane, of the Slackville National Bank, was leader had been making some talk of curtailing the jail's personnel. Now the judge's son was warden there. Also, it wouldn't be bad policy to please McShane by convicting a defacer of bank property. Quite a neat little ring, eh? Ergo, Q. E. D.

The policeman's word, plus that of the vacationing physician Dr. Wilfred L. Harris, of New Haven, according to his initial statement—sealed the victim's fate. The victim refused to give his name, but that didn't in the least matter. He could be handled all right as John Doe. And the judge was glad the victim had no thirty dollars as an alternative fine. A penniless John Doe in a jail fills a satisfactory space and helps make a good showing. So the judge rushed John right through, before anything could slip.

By noon John was comfortably "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," and with considerable gusto was devouring the first real set-down he had confronted in more than a week. As John thrust his feet under the clean-scoured jail table and dipped his tin spoon into the tin plate full of hot Irish stew he pitied the impoverished Doc Bender.

Doc had nothing but their joint capital of one dollar and sixty-eight cents, which is only a slight shield against a hard-hearted world. I know, because I've tried it more than once.

With contentment John listened to the drive of the autumnal rain against the barred windows. He enjoyed the driving of the sere leaves from the jail elms as they flicked past his range of vision in the chilling blasts. He smiled contentedly and speared a hunk of bread with his fork.

"Not so worse," thought he, with a glance at the three or four human derelicts likewise thankfully punishing the stew "Thirty days o' this, seasoned with fifty bones' worth of my own chow, ain't so awful worse. It's the Doc I'm sorry for, not me. Good ole Doc! All the time he'll be framin' a deal on the outside, so we'll be on velvet when the turn-out comes. I've rode on the rods an' I've toured in Pullmans. I've bunked in stir an' I've slep' on Park West. Chicken to-day an' feathers to-morrow—that's me. Feathers ain't the hardest things in the world to lay on. Pretty soft this is, I calls it!"

He supped his chicory coffee, and with a ruminative hand stirred the sugar at the bottom of the tin cup.

"I gotta hand it to the Doc, after all," he concluded. "As a bean, he's got some bean. Good ole Doc!"

The good old Doc, meantime, was faithfully carrying on. To what unexpected end, those who read shall know.

Remembering always that "Man proposes, but ——" You understand.

IV

THE Doc's first move after he had seen his pal safely landed behind grated windows for thirty days was to approach the problem of collecting in the most plausible and dignified manner possible the hundred bucks now indubitably coming to him. On a total capital of one dollar and sixty-eight cents, this was none too easy. The ingenious Doc, however, nobly met the situation.

Seventy-five cents procured for him a room on the top floor, back, of the Keystone Hotel, on Main Street. Modest room, indeed; but it afforded him "a local habitation

(Continued on Page 50)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $3.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $6.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 19, 1921

Preparing for Peace

IN THIS issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the former Secretary of the Navy very ably and clearly sets forth the case for the big battleship and a big navy. These tremendous preparations for war, like all similar programs of the past generation, are presented, and sincerely so, as preparations for peace.

The proponents of the armed-to-the-teeth idea for maintaining the peace of the world are incurable optimists. After each failure they set about raising larger armies and building bigger navies, on the theory, apparently, that their past peace preparations were not thorough enough. It almost seems as if the time had come to call a halt, temporarily at least, on the biggest-ever program and to sound our neighbors on the possibility of keeping out of war and out of bankruptcy by reducing armies and armaments.

If, however, war and bankruptcy must be our portion, let us be certain that we are going to war and going broke in the deadliest and most thorough manner possible. There are grave doubts expressed by high authorities as to the efficiency of the battleship under present conditions. There is a strong probability that it will be forty million dollars' worth of junk in a few years. Give any invention the flying start that the airplane has, with the keenest engineering brains in the world focused on the problem of realizing its possibilities, and it is more than probable that it will quickly be developed to a point where any warship that escapes it must operate far below the surface of the sea, and Mr. Daniels intimates as much in another of his articles. Poison gas on land, the submarine underseas and the airplane over all is, we believe, the true 1921 program for the armed peacemaker. But we are far from convinced that another and a better way is not possible, provided the powers will attack the problem of peace as wholeheartedly as they set about preparing for war.

More Light

"THE greater part of the discord and contention which exists throughout society to-day is due to misstatements about matters of fact, when the truth ought to be made known beyond the possibility of controversy."

This is the deliberate assertion of the retiring president of the American Statistical Association, the most important national organization of experts in this field. He insists that it is possible for the public to have authoritative information, supplied without prejudice about most of the matters concerning which debate is warmest. Who receives and enjoys most of the country's income, capitalists or laborers? Do coal operators make exorbitant profits? Have the wholesalers and retailers in coal profiteered? Exactly what are the practices of the packers which are complained of? Are the unions of clothing workers seeking to establish a soviet form of government? Exactly what are the respective benefits of the closed and the open shop? Do the grain exchanges depress prices of grain to the farmer? Is the soviet government of Russia better or worse than it is commonly depicted? Was the interchurch report on the steel strike tainted with radicalism?

Consider the interchurch report on the steel strike, so noteworthy or notorious, according to the point of view. By one section of public opinion it is bitterly denounced as being radical, as having been written by radicals and as overlooking the radical features of the steel strike. By another section of public opinion it is just as vigorously championed because it minces no words in describing the steel industry as oppressive and despotic.

But why should the public have to depend upon a possibly biased private inquiry to get at the facts concerning labor conditions in the steel industry? What is the Federal Department of Labor for except to tell the truth about such questions? Or if the manufacturers are afraid of the possible slant of the Department of Labor, why should not a report on the disputed labor questions in the steel industry be made through the joint action of the Departments of Labor, Commerce and the Interior, together with the Federal Trade Commission?

There is no end of subjects regarding which it should be possible to present simple, clear, essential, intelligible and noncontroversial material. Newspapers make many impartial investigations and tell the truth as the writers see it, reaching in this way millions of readers. But some of these subjects are too intricate for the comparatively hurried work inherent in the very nature of newspaper publishing. With the best will in the world a newspaper cannot cover every burning subject. Nor does even the most widely read newspaper reach the entire public.

The Government alone has the time, the means, the command upon all sources of information and the total impartiality, in theory at least, which are necessary to secure the completely authoritative facts. Washington is literally overcrowded with bureaus and departments constantly engaged in the work of investigation. Volumes upon volumes have been published regarding almost every subject which has yet arisen.

The packers, the grain exchanges, the coal operators, the trusts—all have been inquired into again and again. Why then this demand for more facts? Well, for one thing there is no central government bureau of information. There is no coördination, little or no comparison of information, a tremendous duplication and working at cross purposes. Vast accumulations of information are not used, digested, compared or presented to the public in intelligible form.

One department of the Government recently issued a scathing denunciation of a certain industry, a careful analysis of which showed that one of the practices most severely criticized was forced upon the industry by the direct orders of another government department.

If one department desires information concerning a given subject it starts an original field investigation of its own instead of calling upon the data already secured by other agencies of the Government. Each department or bureau acts not only as if there were no others in existence but as if the public welfare depended upon its activities alone.

Now when we find such a subject as the marketing of grain or cotton investigated and written up extensively by various committees of the Senate and House, by one or more bureaus of the Department of Agriculture and by the Federal Trade Commission, with possibly varying viewpoints, objects and conclusions, the editor or other student seeking to get at the truth is puzzled and overwhelmed by the mass of material. With conflicting voices, no one knows whom to believe, and few are the men who have time to study every report. Unless every government inquiry is free from the slightest suggestion of political or sectional prejudice, the state of bewilderment of the public mind is greater than if there were no government investigations at all.

Opinions on broad questions of policy are, of course, sure to vary. No matter how simply, intelligibly and authoritatively the facts concerning the coal industry or the packers are spread before the public, there will always be those who do not agree on the best way to handle either industry. What may seem reasonable profits to one man will look like extortion to another. As long as we are allowed to think and express our thoughts, and as long as we have unlike temperaments, dispositions and characteristics, we will fail to see eye to eye, and it is well that we should. But there is no good reason why at least we shouldn't start with the same facts.

It has been suspected, perhaps incorrectly, that as regards questions of policy toward soviet Russia, and certainly as regards the treatment in this country of revolutionary agitators, there have been differences of opinion as among the Departments of State, Justice and Labor. Such differences of opinion on matters of policy are inevitable, but when it comes to a question like that of the deportation of undesirable aliens there should be no suspicion in the public mind that different departments are operating on different sets of facts. Not only should the same facts be the common working instruments of different departments, but in abbreviated form at least all departments should agree on a common set of facts to go before the public.

It may be that every one of the scores of commissions and bureaus in Washington is necessary. Nor can all public officials be expected to hold the same views. But why is it necessary for four or five different agencies to investigate the same subject and then leave the public as much in the dark as ever regarding the essential points of these controversial questions? If the taxpayer must support all these activities he at least has the right to demand a degree of coördination which will result in a clear, simple statement of facts, carrying the weight not of this or that biased political point of view, but of the Government itself.

Real Books

THE high prices of new books will prove a blessing in disguise if only they have the effect of setting people to reading some of the old ones. There has not been a time within the last forty years when the buyer of new books got so little for his money as he gets to-day. Many serious books, so called, though not large in bulk, cost from four to six dollars; and not a few of them are so hastily thrown together, are so unscholarly, so lacking in anything like real authority or utility that they would be dear at any price. In the field of fiction so many popular authors are writing with one eye on the movies and the other on the speakies that the reader often gets mighty lean pickings for his two dollars.

There are social groups all over the land in which it is thought to be a sign of intellectual inferiority not to have read the newest novel, though no odium attaches to the profoundest ignorance of the larger part of the really great fiction of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In these pseudo-intellectual circles every young matron is expected to have a glib opinion of the immaturest cockney writer of corduroy verse; but no one even thinks of chiding her for never having read twenty consecutive pages of that noble company of singers who are the pick and flower of six hundred years of English song.

Fiction, poetry and the essay are not the only kinds of reading that have a just claim upon our interest. Certain Americans need Americanization almost as much as the swarthy immigrants who are swarming in at Ellis Island. Very few of us know nearly as much as we should of the history of our own country, of the beginnings and growth of its institutions or of the lives of the sturdy statesmen, soldiers and pioneers who made thirteen straggling, thinly settled colonies into a vigorous young nation with a mighty destiny before it. These matters are well worth reading about, whether in the pages of Bancroft, John Fiske, George Otto Trevelyan and former Senator Beveridge or in those of dozens of less familiar authors.

AGAIN — By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

JUST before the holidays I went down to the financial district. I did not wish to gloat over the big losses, or even to sermonize on the folly of 99 per cent of humanity, but merely to see a friend who happens to be in Wall Street but is not of it. He is a modest, retiring sort of chap who is paid to express his opinions before men who are not at all modest and not at all retiring. He pulls down yearly what is equivalent to the legal rate of interest on an investment of $500,000, that being his own capitalization of the inside of his cranium. All he does when his employers seek him is to listen and at the end to say, "I wouldn't do that," or else, "I wouldn't put it just that way."

He has long ago ceased giving reasons to the clients to whom he gives advice. He is not a lawyer, and his value lies precisely in the fact that his point of view is never that of a lawyer. He has discovered one of the eternal verities of Wall Street, which is: People who possess millions do not wish advice, wisdom or praise, but merely more millions. Yet they pay him his $30,000 a year regularly, and quite as regularly disregard his counsel. Then when the storm breaks they foam at the mouth and call people crooks or yellow journalists or notoriety seekers. They do not call my friend anything, but pay him the compliment of promising to listen—the next time. It is always well to have a man on tap who is right when others are wrong. And so he keeps on separating them from $2500 a month and wasting wisdom twice a week. It was to see this man that I went to Wall Street. But I did not get to his office as soon as I intended.

Everybody knows Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I know four. They certainly are Doctor Jekylls at their clubs, and three of them even at their own breakfast tables. But below Fulton Street they are Mr. Hydes, all four of them.

Of course you hear that Fulton Street is no longer the crooks' dead line that Inspector Byrnes established years ago. In the old days every professional crook was liable to arrest if found south of Fulton Street. He might be twirling his thumbs at the corner of Liberty Street or piously reading the epitaphs in Trinity Churchyard, but he was a crook, and there was money in the banks belonging to honest people, and so he was pinched, without being accused of anything, not even of evil intentions. But new crooks and new cops are with us these days, and you meet all sorts of people in Wall Street.

As I emerged from the stairs of the Subway that New York's smartest capitalists were not smart enough to wish to build even with city money, thereby losing a chance to make about $50,000,000 net, I paused for a moment before the entrance of Trinity Church.

I did! Really! But the reason was that one of my four Jekyll-Hydes was coming toward me. The moment I saw him I knew something was wrong. He wore his Doctor Jekyll face. I never before had noticed it on him in the ticker zone.

When a banker no longer looks like a banker you may be certain of one thing—he has lost money. If you don't believe it, wait until you hear that some banking friend of yours has lost money. Find him and you will notice that he may look angry, sorry, resentful, pained, dejected or even indignant—that is, have a distinctly human look. Then remember how he looked when he was making money out of your money. Why, he wasn't even glad of it!

I had not seen this particular and suddenly humanized banker since early spring, and here it was Christmas week. He saw me and quickened his steps, approaching me with a friendly smile. I held up my hand, that he might not shake it before he explained. Abruptly checked in one of his generous impulses, he looked at me with a subtle fear, which I translated into the average banker's usual query about the nature of the collateral. But I merely asked him: "Do you mean to tell me that they trimmed you too?"

"What do you mean by that?"

He frowned uncertainly, ready to smile in case his sense of humor were attacked by name.

"Well," I explained, "you've got your Doctor Jekyll face on and I naturally concluded that your better nature was asserting itself as the result of having lost money."

He looked at me, still more human than banker, and I felt that they must have taken a big bite out of him. But he said coldly: "Did anybody ever tell you that you were quite—er—fresh?"

"Not since I got gray," I assured him earnestly. "They call it my chronic grouch now and lump it with other infirmities of old age. It is one of the compensations of capillary senescence."

"Well, I don't think it's funny myself."

"No banker ever lived who had a sense of humor," I observed pleasantly. "The two cannot coexist. The sense of humor brings with it a sense of proportion. But

The Bride's Home-Coming

that in turn would interfere with the legitimate profits of a business that — -"

"I don't know why you waste such brilliancy on me," he said, intending, alas, to be sarcastic.

"Well," I informed him mildly, "whenever I see a violation of zoölogical precedents I always break into speech. Men who make a living out of the study of the higher order of mammals ——"

But he interrupted me to say crushingly, "Zoölogy! From the Greek, *zoon*, an animal, and *logia*, from *logos*, word or discourse. In short, the science of animals."

"Exactly," I assented. "The science of animals. That tells us that dog does not eat dog. According to the science of animals from the Greek, banker should not eat banker; and yet here you are, not only acting and looking but even talking like a loser."

"As a matter of fact ——" he began frigidly.

But I pursued severely: "That is no way to play your game. I have always assumed that banking was one of the exact sciences."

"What?" he almost shrieked.

During one whole year that man had a mania for hearing lectures at Columbia to keep posted on how to make money scientifically.

"Certainly! The exactest of sciences—heads I win, tails you lose. How you came to lose, unless it was by the exercise of almost superhuman folly and recklessness, I cannot understand."

"Oh, it wasn't that I myself lost," he said with much dignity. "Of course, we have had trying days." He paused in order to glare at me.

"I don't see why you should look at me like that," I remonstrated. "Exactly a year ago I wrote an article in which I called attention to the inevitableness of what has happened."

"Some people know everything, especially if they write for a living. That's why all authors are so rich."

"Sarcasm," I reminded him, "is essentially the weapon of the cultured man."

The Plot

HE FLUSHED and said angrily: "No man, I don't care who he is, could have anticipated the violence of the shrinkage in the price of commodities. It has been unprecedented."

"Nothing is unprecedented," I said.

"Well, just you show me one instance in the past to match it."

"I haven't time, but I can tell you that it has happened before. That's certain."

"When did it happen?"

"'The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun.' And now, once more assuring you of my regret that two bankers at times will eat one banker, I proceed on my way to our mutual friend Thomas."

"Oh, I saw him. I showed him a telegram that my son sent me and asked him how he would answer it. He told me. It would interest you. In fact you ought to write a story about it."

"Some day when I can afford it I'll make you a present of an office building, $1,000,000 in gold, two 100-carat diamonds and the most valuable thing in the world."

"The what?"

"The most valuable thing in the world—the plot of the Wall Street story that you have just threatened to give me."

"Of course I am not forcing my stories on you," he said, obviously offended. "I thought it would interest you. It concerns my son."

"Did he also get stung?" I asked.

But he wasn't angry. He simply said: "Come to my office. If you don't say it's a corker I'll eat my hat."

"The sight of you in the act of devouring your own derby cannot unsay your words or give me back my lost time. However, I will listen and lose."

"Come on," he said forgivingly, Doctor Jekyll to the last.

Losing money had done wonders for him. He did not even look as if he blamed anyone. The moment he entered his own office he frowned. It was obviously from force of banking habit. Men who say no a hundred times for each yes frown, as it were, on general principles. He pushed a button on his desk. A girl appeared. I'll do him the justice to say that she was very pretty.

"My personal letter file."

She turned on her heel and left the room. She did not say a word. She did not even give me a chance to see if they were blue or gray. Her complexion was positively marvelous. In less than a minute the office grew bright again as she returned with a letter file. She placed it on the desk and waited. She was looking at her employer.

The Curb Market

"Thank you," said the banker dismissingly.

She turned to go away, and happened to look at me. I therefore also said "Thank you."

I thought she smiled, the veriest ghost of a smile. But her lips were so beautiful that it is just as well she did not use all her might.

Life has its compensations, even in a banker's office in Wall Street while a man prepares to listen to a story that he knows he is not going to sell.

"You know my son, I think," he began dubiously.

To spare him the fatigue of a comprehensive biography I said with decision, "A nice boy."

"But careless. Damn it, where has the sense of responsibility gone? Nobody in the United States under sixty seems to have any. Even take the men who won citations and military medals in France. They seem to side-step it as quickly as the slackers. All they think of is a good time and no obligation."

"I also have sons," I interrupted, "and, moreover, employ domestic help."

"Well, I was just saying ——"

"You were. Are you going to show me his letters, or yours, or both?"

"Both."

"Very well," I said resignedly, "but without philosophical comments."

"Perhaps they will bore you," he observed with the cold politeness of a turning worm.

"Do you really fear that?" I asked him sternly.

I had called his bluff, for he said, as though urged by me, "Here's the first."

He gave me a telegram. It was from his son in Vermont:

Send me a thousand. DAN.

I nodded sympathetically and held out my hand for the answer. He shook his head. I arched my eyebrows. He again shook his head. Like all unimaginative people I fell back on speech.

"How much did you send him?"

"Nothing!"

"What did you write him?"

"Nothing!"

"What did you telegraph?" I persisted.

"Nothing!"

His pride in his silence made me say in what you might call a narsty voice, "I assume you behaved as usual then."

"No, it was the first time in my life—and his."

Dad and Dan

HIS pleasure over his own victory annoyed me. I said, "Second chapter, please." Then I sighed ostentatiously.

He handed me another telegram. It read:

Telegraphed you yesterday. Urgently need money. DAN.

"And what," I inquired, "was the masterly reply to that?"

He gave me a carbon copy of a telegram.

You can t. DAD.

"I suppose it is the privilege of a Christian father to contradict his son, but unless I miss my guess Dan came back. Pass it over without side remarks."

He obeyed.

I can, because I do. DAN.

"And then," I said, "you squelched him, eh?"

"Well," he admitted, "I sent him this," and he gave me the carbon.

You can't need what you do not know. You do not know money. You therefore cannot need it. DAD.

"That," I observed, "is a perfectly silly message to send to anybody. I wish I had heard Dan's remarks when he got it. He probably toned them down by the time he answered it."

"This is what he sent me," said the banker unsmilingly, and I read the reply:

You are right. I do not need money. What I need is eleven hundred fifty-six dollars to pay my bills. DAN.

The banker handed me a copy of his next. It said:

Do you know what kind of dollars you think you need? DAD.

Dan came back at him as follows:

Yes. American. The kind your bank takes at par. DAN.

"That should have held you for a while," I said. But Dan's father silently handed me this:

There are several kind of American dollars that my bank takes at par. DAD.

Dan evidently decided to play safe, for his next read:

Send me a little of each kind, enough to foot up twelve hundred dollars. Urgent. Unless you remit at once I must leave for home in the dark by free freight. DAN.

"What did you, as a Spartan father," I said, "reply to that only-son threat?"

"I replied 'Do so.'" The banker paused to frown. Then he smiled and read from a telegram:

Have drawn on you for fifteen hundred dollars. If you do not honor it, address me at state prison, Brattleboro, Vermont. Am anxious to return home to take a course in economics. Shall I start? DAN.

"Then what did you do?"

(Continued on Page 26)

EAT A GOOD SOUP EVERY DAY

I can't send this message astray
It fits all the world the same way
It's true, every letter
You couldn't do better
Than eat Campbell's Soup every day.

For You!

A plate of good soup every day—do you know what that means to you in health and enjoyment? Soup is rich, nourishing food. It gives you an appetite, makes your meal taste good and digest easily. The delightful zest and savor put a sparkle into your whole disposition.

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Luscious, vine-ripened tomatoes, gathered fresh on farms where they grow large and sweet from specially selected seed, are at once made into a puree and blended with sugar, creamery butter and tasty seasonings. Nature's tonic appetizingly prepared for your table.

With milk or cream, as a Cream of Tomato, this soup is even more delicious and nourishing.

A new Campbell's "kind"

Campbell's Bean Soup, an old favorite—a delicious soup that everybody likes—has been added to Campbell's famous 21 "kinds." Ask your grocer for it.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 24)

"I told him to come home. When he got here I gave him a lecture on the financial situation."

He paused and looked at me with an expectant air. But all I did was to ask impatiently: "Well, where's my story?"

"Why, I've told it to you! Don't you see? This boy was a banker's son. He wanted money and did not know what money was. After I talked with him a little he asked me if I was poorer than I was a year ago. And when I told him no he could not understand why I did not have as much money to-day as I had then. He did not know what a bank is or what a bank does. He knew from hearsay that the Federal Reserve Bank was an institution designed to obviate somehow some of the unnecessary hardships of the past, but he did not know why the Federal Reserve Bank enables us to do so much more business with each gold dollar. Bank credits meant nothing to him. I gave him fits for not knowing. He listened. I could see him getting hot, then cold and determined. After I got through he just said to me: 'To-morrow night at this time you will hear something from me that will surprise you.' He left the room, frowning. I wondered what I would hear. He did not look vindictive enough to alarm me."

"He is a nice boy," I murmured.

"Well, the next evening after dinner he said to me: 'You bawled me out for my ignorance. That was wrong, because it was a perfectly natural ignorance. Why should I know anything about money and credits and Federal Reserve Banks or any of that junk? I am only a nonproducer who had brains enough to pick out a father with a roll. But all day to-day I went around calling on everybody I knew in business that knew you. I also stopped at shops, and asked all the people I met if they could tell me how many kinds of money a bank kept. When they answered gold and silver and legal tender and Federal Reserve notes and national bank notes I laughed like a professor and told them that they were thinking of currency and not of the philosophical concept of money.

"'I also asked them if they knew what the Federal Reserve Bank did, and why and how, and most of them confessed that they only had a vague, general notion. But some of them said they knew, and then I looked stern and said: "I mean, do you know the precise function of the Federal Reserve Bank and how it has operated to augment the volume of credits while the amount of gold remains stationary?" And all of them, excepting Mr. Winterbottom, said no, and he started on a long-winded explanation of how it was Senator Aldrich that really began the work, and not the Wilson Administration. Now if business men, merchants and manufacturers and all the bunch of money-makers don't know what they're making because they don't know what money is, what's the sense of me bothering when I've got a father who is so wise and generous and youthful looking? So I don't feel so ashamed as I did—and say, dad, I would like to know if you could temporarily loan me a couple of hundred to buy Christmas presents for our relatives with.' Well, I looked at Dan as if I were preparing to squelch him, but he came up to me and whispered confidentially: 'I was afraid to touch you for five hundred, not knowing whether you were sore over my ignorance; but now that we're friends again, I'd rather make it five hundred dollars. It's easier to remember.'"

Rich Victims of Wall Street

THE banker ceased talking and smiled. Then he asked, "What do you think of the story?"

"I am much obliged to Dan," I answered. "That was precisely what was the matter with the stock market on the last slump."

"He never said a word about the stock market."

"Well," I said, "you know my theory that nobody can beat the game down here. Everybody that sticks at it gets it in the neck sooner or later. If it isn't one thing it's another, but something always happens to incinerate the paper profits. This last time a kindly Providence saw to it that the millions were lost not by the public but by the millionaires, and the reason the millionaires lost was exactly what Dan said."

"I don't understand you," said Dan's father, who, as you know, is a banker.

"The men that lost the millions this time knew no more about money than your son did. There's some excuse for his not knowing, but imagine the heads of the Ordnance Department of the United States Army not knowing anything about munitions! As a rule, the sucker who loses money in Wall Street is the little sucker. This time it was the millionaire sucker, and the millionaire who is a sucker is the biggest sucker of all, particularly when he tries to beat the Wall Street game. You see how that is absolutely true, don't you?"

"Well, there is something in ——-" he began.

"That means that you don't see," I interrupted. "A man goes to Wall Street in order to make easy money. The millionaire has enough money. He does not need to play the game there for money. The little sucker allows his greed, his hopes, his desires or his ignorance to keep him from cashing in his profits. The mastodonic suckers of November and December, 1920, thought they couldn't be hurt because they had established the proper banking relations—which, by the way, really meant improper relations with bankers.

"Now, what I said about Dan is true. The big losers this year lost because they ignored all the bear tips any white man could ask for. They felt strong enough to ignore them. In other words, the game did not beat them—they beat themselves. It was the old sucker play, and no excuse. That's the story that I see. I'll make it plain in my article that it was Dan who suggested the moral to be drawn from this latest version of the old, old story. Thank him for me."

"Don't mention names," he exhorted, a banker to the last.

"No danger! Believe me, dear friend, I am much less likely to give you free advertising than you are to chuck a fit over seeing yourself called a great banker in print. But when you read about a Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde it means you. Give my love to poor Dan." And I left him.

The Ink or the Sand?

I LEFT the banker and called on my friend, the man who gets paid for giving advice that is never taken. He once confessed to me that it used to worry him at first to feel that he was not earning his $30,000 a year, but that when he saw how much money his millionaire clients wasted elsewhere he felt like striking for a 100 per cent raise.

He knew the banker and the banker's son. I told him what the banker had told me. I also gave him the plot of the wonderful Wall Street story.

"Specialists in wholesale money-making," observed my friend, "seldom know money. They develop a theory that if they can control a bank or two the necessary ammunition will always be forthcoming. Their notion of bank credits is so vague that it has bred a sort of caste—a caste of sure-thing gamblers, who often play things that are not sure. It is dangerous gambling by reason of the mental attitude. In the old days John W. Gates, a very able business man, typically American, very bold and amazingly resourceful, besides very rich, used to say that all he asked was to be right six out of ten times. And yet the stock market beat him, took millions from him that he earned in promoting or in the development of industrial properties. When it comes to the stock market, being right six out of ten times might bust the Bank of England if the four wrong times came in succession after the six perfect guesses."

"This time there was no guessing about it," I said. "Everybody had all the warnings in the world. They were disregarded, and that led to the most expensive luxury of all—being helped financially by your fellow men. The losses were pretty heavy, I should say."

"From all I have been told, I am inclined to think the 1920 crop of paper millionaires has passed out of existence. I have heard, of course, a lot of gossip; but even allowing a liberal discount, I suspect that there is nothing in the past to compare with the sums personally dropped by individual plungers in the stock market during the last few weeks of 1920. Of course much of it was paper, but some of the paper was paying dividends, and it gave to the owners all that actual money ever gives them."

"I have a theory," I reminded him, "that nobody, rich or poor, can beat the game of stock speculation, and I think it is demonstrable that nobody ever has."

"I know. I read THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and, besides, I agree with you. I could give you lots of corroborative points that you have never used in your articles. Of course there are different reasons for losing, as well as different sorts of losers. The latest victims were highly satisfactory to the philosopher because they not only were very rich men but very able men."

"The able men who try to beat it cease to be able men and become men trying to beat an unbeatable game, and able men don't do that," I said. "They don't beat the game because the first thing they do is to beat themselves. That being the case, it does not make much difference whether they have brains and money. In this instance they did not understand what money was bound to do."

"It is never easy," observed my friend magnanimously, "to think of money intelligently or accurately. I happened last week to be at a resort on the coast. There is a very wealthy woman there who owns a vacant lot covering an entire block. It fronts the ocean and is the last available site for a big hotel. She has regularly refused to sell it, and she is regarded as the brokers' terror. A syndicate was formed last fall to buy the lot and put up a huge hotel. They were willing to pay more than a million for the land. Knowing the owner's prejudices against brokers, they very cleverly employed a woman who knew the owner socially.

"This camouflaged agent was told to show the old lady a certified check for $25,000, which was to pay for a thirty-day option. They argued that the owner, like old Russell Sage, would not let that much cash get away from her after she had it in her clutches. But the old woman scarcely glanced at the check, and told the syndicate's agent, 'I don't want to swap.' Her friend retorted, 'But I am not offering to swap. I want to buy for cash.'

"The owner shook her head and insisted, 'It's a swap just the same.'

"The amateur real-estate broker retorted, 'I certainly don't call it a swap to pay more than $1,000,000 for a little over an acre of sand.'

"The owner then told her earnestly, 'It's a swap, and nothing else. I can see that lot. I like to see it. It is there to-day, and to-morrow it will still be there for me to look at. It gives me pleasure to think it is mine. Lots of people want it for one reason or another, but what I ask you is, why should I swap that acre and a half of sand for a drop and a half of ink?'

"Her friend, the camouflaged broker, could only say, 'What do you mean?'

"Whereupon the owner explained: 'If I sell it, and it ceases to be mine, I end one of my daily pleasures. In return you will give me a check. I'll take it to my bank. A bookkeeper there will write a line on the ledger that won't even use up the drop and a half of ink. Can I see the million? No! Can I sit on that line in the ledger as I can in my lot, where no one has the power to tell me to get up? No! Am I sure the million will be there in the same line in the same book next year? I guess I'll keep my sand and you can keep your ink.'"

My friend looked at me meditatively. Then he said:

"I should think you could write a lot of articles on money that is not money, and why. In the case of this last shrinkage of individual fortunes in the stock market you will have to explain what happened to the banks that made them act as they did. Do you remember a conversation we had the other day when we tried to dissect the situation and get down to the polished bones? Well, that's all that happened. It wasn't hard times or bear cliques or any of the stock reasons. One of the several wheels stuck, and there wasn't any individual powerful enough to make the banking machine work to save the paper profits from oozing away."

A Primer of Banking

NOTHING is so difficult to visualize as what bankers are pleased to call the delicate mechanism of the money market. As a matter of fact, there are several machines that operate in what is called the money market. What Wall Street had chiefly to do with was what is called commercial banking. The whole process of commercial banking is in its essence bookkeeping, tempered by the ever-present possibility of a demand for cash payments. If it were not for this possibility it would be merely a matter of drops of ink, as the old lady of the sand lot figured it out. The process takes the form of the creation of deposits by loans and of the payment of loans by what practically amounts to the cancellation of deposits.

It is perfectly plain that at any given time the loan accounts of the banks represent three main processes. For purposes of reference later on we will classify them as A, B and C. They are as follows:

A. The carrying of new enterprises—that is, enterprises in course of construction—trolley lines, electric light and power plants, factories, hotels, and so on, which must be carried by bank loans obtained by the promoters pending the final financing of the enterprises. The final financing, of course, consists of the issue of securities which represent the completed enterprise.

B. The carrying of securities of all kinds by distributors of securities, as well as by speculators pending their final sale—that is, up to the time when the investor buys them and puts them away in his strong box, so that the banks do not have any carrying to do.

C. The carrying of all kinds of commodities in course of manufacture and distribution—clothes, foodstuffs, shoes, hats, and the like—pending their purchase by the actual consumer. This carrying consists of the loans made to retailers, jobbers and manufacturers of such goods.

Those are the three kinds of bank loans to consider, and it would help if the reader remembered, both broadly and in detail.

At any given time the deposit account of banks also consists of three main classes—for example, as follows:

A. Surplus capital awaiting investment.

B. Working capital. That is to say, capital which passes from account to account as construction enterprises progress or as commodities move through the various stages of manufacture and distribution.

C. Income awaiting expenditure for commodities, services, and so on. That means your salary deposited in the bank from which you pay the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker.

It is obvious that when the business and financial cycle is working smoothly there is a natural liquidation of the loan account through the deposit account. Thus, money borrowed in the first place for construction expenditures will be finally expressed in the form of securities. These will be underwritten by dealers in such securities, by

(Continued on Page 71)

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Priced from 2 *for* 25c *to* 25c *straight*

Have you tried one lately?

A new, individual value —in a new, individual size— Perfecto

Carrying out its promise to provide at all times the fullest possible value, the General Cigar Co., Inc. now offers new value in the new-size Robt. Burns *Perfecto*. Priced at 2 for 25c.

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Robt. Burns *Perfecto* has the full Perfecto shape that modern smokers like. There are longer 2 for 25c cigars than *Perfecto*—*but not of Robt. Burns quality.*

Lose no time in getting acquainted with this new, individual size of mild Robt. Burns.

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

The New Day of Paint

Testing Paints on Panels at a Research Laboratory in Washington

THERE are practices and materials that have been common for centuries, and yet we are only beginning to discover their possibilities. The progress of science is opening new fields and resulting in the discovery of new uses for age-old commodities. Of all our everyday necessities that are entering upon a widened sphere of human service, none is more important or has greater potentialities than paint. For years many people looked upon paint as a sort of necessary evil whose chief purpose was to please the eye. Now we have come to know that this interesting and varied preparation is an agent of thrift, an aid to health and an auxiliary to illumination.

Someone has said of paint making that it was "first an art, then a trick, and now it has become a science." We speak of the war paint of the Indian, and yet we find that the colors and patterns employed in decorating his person and his wigwam possessed a serious and even religious symbolism. Present-day science was unknown to the early savage races, and consequently they called upon Nature to provide the colors they used in painting. The abundant outcrops of iron oxides gave them red and yellow, while other colors were obtained from the juices of plants, the black soot from smoking fires, and the colored earths and bitumens of all kinds.

The caves of Europe have revealed historical records in color of the life of ancient peoples, while excavations in Egypt have uncovered numerous relics showing that color played an important rôle in the civilization of centuries ago. Contrary to general impression, the Greeks did not confine their art to cold white marble, but made free use of color. The buried statues lost their colors in the earth. Remains of original colors have been found on the frieze of the Parthenon. Many such facts might be supplied to show that paint has been closely associated with the progress of human civilization.

Practically all science has contributed to the production of paint, and there is hardly a region on the earth that has not furnished some ingredient. The Western ranchman who paints his house uses a product of the flax from his own fields. The Southern farmer who colors his barn red only brings into service elements obtained from the pine forest near by. The hardy miner living at the fringe of civilization paints his lean-to with a product of an adjacent mine.

Linseed oil is the liquid ingredient most frequently employed in the manufacture of paint. This oil is obtained from the seed of the common flax plant, and at present large areas in India, Russia, Argentina, Holland, Canada and the United States are devoted to the culture of flax for its oil for use in paint and varnish making. In the United States alone something like thirty million bushels of flaxseed are consumed annually by the paint industry, and two and a half million acres of soil are required to produce this quantity of seed. The yield of oil is about two and a half gallons a bushel, which indicates that the annual consumption of this particular oil amounts to no less than seventy-five million gallons. In years of a big flax harvest the price of linseed oil reaches a low figure, while in years of poor crop yield the price of the oil advances to a figure four or five times as high.

The black oxide of manganese is mined by the mountaineers of Eastern Europe, and in its voyage to America the mineral passes through Southern Russia, the Black Sea, the Dardanelles, the Mediterranean, and then across the Atlantic. The chalk cliffs of Dover furnish the calcium carbonate used in paint manufacture, and other ingredients of our paints and stains come from regions no less remote.

Recent years have shown great changes in the methods employed in paint making. Real progress dates from the discovery by the French painter, Leclaire, that zinc could be used instead of white lead as a commercial pigment. The use of zinc oxide has continued to increase steadily. However, we are not to take up paint processes, but rather paint uses, and none of the latter are of greater interest than those which have to do with the betterment of interior-lighting conditions.

A recent test showed that the illumination of a room lighted with a tungsten lamp will vary from 12 to 67%, according to the color of paint used on the walls and ceiling of the room. People generally are just beginning to appreciate the value of paint from a lighting standpoint. Office and factory managers have become interested in the matter, and as a consequence much thought is being given to the color and character of the paints used to cover the interior surfaces in business and manufacturing establishments. The experiences of the pioneers in this new scientific development have shown that the proper use of the proper paint will effect large savings in electricity or other illuminants, as well as increase the efficiency of workmen.

Pure-white paints give considerably more light reflection in a room than do cream-colored paints. Tests have shown beyond doubt that the rays from powerful lights, falling upon dark brick or stone walls, give far less light to a room than do the rays from less powerful lights falling upon similar walls that have been painted in light colors with dust-resisting, washable paint. The important problem in this connection is to make an intelligent selection of the wall and ceiling colors best adapted for the purposes in hand. A detailed investigation showed that, contrary to the general idea, the gloss paints give slightly less illumination than the flat paints. This is because of the higher amount of pigment contained in the latter, for the higher the pigment content the greater the reflection. On the other hand, dust is more likely to adhere to the flat paints, so that in a factory in which there is a quantity of dust it may be preferable to use the glossy finish. Moreover, as a general thing gloss paints are more easily washed and stand the wetting better than do most flat paints. One discovery of interest was that aluminum enamel, heretofore considered as possessing high reflecting value, has a lower illuminating power than white paint.

The higher the percentage of pigment in a paint the greater its light-reflecting value, and this explains why flat white paints of high pigment content give greater reflection than white paints of low pigment content. Experiments have shown that it is possible to produce paints of extraordinary whiteness and extremely high light-reflecting values through the use of heavy-bodied oils, cut down with volatile thinners. One expert maintains that through using such an ingredient flat wall paints may be obtained which will show reflecting values 20 to 25% greater than most of the paints now on the market. It has been found that lead-and-oil coatings lose their reflection factor quite rapidly—about 15% a year, independently of dirt accumulations—due entirely to chemical changes in the paint. In the case of calcimines and similar paints the loss in the reflection factor is about the same as with lead-and-oil paints, but it is due to the absorption of dirt into the porous paint rather than to chemical changes in the preparation.

Where tinting is considered necessary it should be remembered that lampblack has an exceedingly low reflection factor, so that even a small portion of it mixed into the paint will reduce the reflection of the paint materially. In cases where tinting is desired it should be obtained in other ways than by the use of lampblack; for instance, a series of grays can be obtained by mixing various red and blue pigments and thinning them out with white. Such grays have a lively appearance and lack the dead quality of the gray obtained by the use of lampblack. They also have a much higher reflection factor than similar tints obtained with lampblack.

Scientific investigators who have made a careful study of the effects of different colored interior surfaces on human temperament suggest that much benefit will result from giving consideration to the mental states induced by the various colors. One experiment conducted by a physician on students placed in rooms decorated with various colors produced the following conclusions: A black interior induced melancholia and decreased capacity for work. Red produced temporary stimulation, which was followed by a reaction accompanied by nervousness and headache. Blue caused a state of calmness and seriousness. Green brought on an increase in vitality and augmented cheerfulness. Yellow also increased vitality and induced amiability. It is recommended that these findings should be given consideration by people who are choosing wall colors for public buildings, stores, libraries and hospitals, as well as private dwellings. The lighter tints of the colors mentioned are suggested as preferable. If darker colors are used they should be employed for borders. A well-known firm which investigated the psychological effect of colors in study rooms at the United States Naval Academy advocated ceilings painted white, slightly tinted with yellow, and light, greenish-yellow walls, which by tungsten light would assume a pleasing green color.

A prominent doctor of the Pacific Coast has advanced what may seem like a startling theory on the decoration of operating rooms in hospitals. The usual conception of such a room is a place of dazzling whiteness. The physician in question, however, maintains that much better results can be obtained for both surgeon and patient in a room the walls of which are painted green to a height of six feet, with white encaustic tiling to the ceiling, and the

(Concluded on Page 30)

EVERYONE seems to agree that in its splendid performance, its rare economy and staying powers, the Hupmobile is unusual and unique.

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Its back curtain has a plate glass window. Doors have outside handles. There is a windshield cleaner, a motometer, and the old, familiar rear lamp by which the Hupmobile is known all over America.

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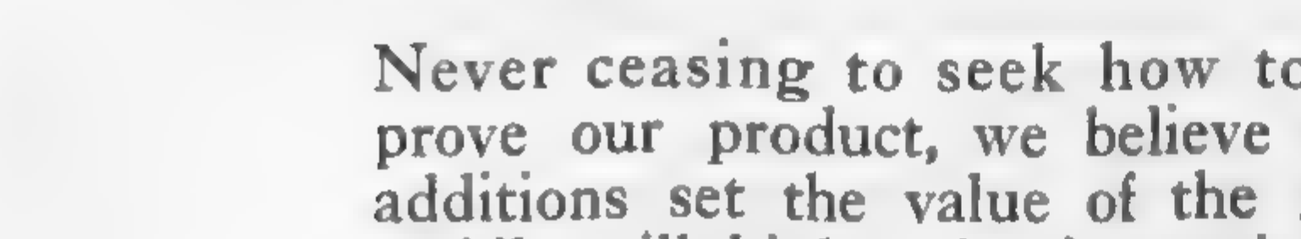

Hupmobile

(Concluded from Page 28)

ceiling painted a bright buff. Many a surgeon has experienced much discomfort when looking up for a moment from the wound he is working on, to encounter a glare of light which rendered his eyes useless for a second or two when he looked back into the less-illuminated wound.

This Western physician as long as ten years ago began to use dark cloths around the mouth of a patient, instead of the ordinary white toweling, when operating for cleft palate. This black environment threw the mouth into the high light instead of the shadow, and the eyes of the operator, not being dominated by the light reflected from the usual white cloths, needed only bright daylight for the operation. A color scheme starting from the red of the blood and tissues was devised, and green, the complementary color to red, was selected for the walls and floor. A bright spinach green, complementary to hæmoglobin, was chosen for the particular shade desired. Above the six-foot green wainscoting the walls were of glazed white. The idea of securing the best possible lighting conditions for the work in hand is carried out to the extent of using black sheets and towels, black gowns for attendants and black coverings for the instrument tables, thus surrounding the whole operating field with a surface from which no light whatever could be reflected. Green cloths were tried first, but these became a dingy gray under sterilization. Afterward dark blue was substituted for somber black, although the surgeon asserts that black as originally employed is far more satisfactory for the purpose.

In this particular hospital the green operating room has become the most popular working place of the surgeons in the institution. The reason is that the color scheme of the room and its equipment provide splendid optical conditions for rapid and effective work. The eyes of the doctors are not compelled to receive light rays from every direction when the only rays desired or necessary are those that come from the wound itself. Under the former conditions of unrelieved white decorations the surgeons' eyes were compelled to try to keep out, by pupil contraction, all the extraneous light, and at the same time try to let in, by pupil dilation, all the light they really wished to get from the wound. This condition caused a definite overstrain of the accommodative and visual capacities of the eye, with the result that the doctors suffered from nerve fatigue. Though dazzling white operating rooms create an impression of perfect sanitation the modern surgeon, realizing the value of time and clear vision, will likely subordinate the mere attractiveness of a hygienic-appearing background to working surroundings that multiply efficiency.

In emphasizing the importance of the painting question one authority tells of a saving of fourteen thousand dollars annually which was effected in one office building alone by proper painting of the interior. This expert recommends a paint capable of being thoroughly cleaned, and suggests that in home, office and factory there should be a fixed policy providing for a twice-a-year cleaning. This is best from the standpoint of economy as well as from that of illumination. Since it is true that a large proportion of the light emitted by lamps is initially received on the ceiling, any reduction of the reflection factor of the ceiling means a corresponding increase in the number of lumens that the lamps must emit. Experience has shown that a change in this reflection factor from 50%, which is the reflection factor of the light buff lead-and-oil paint, to 70%, which is the reflection factor of fresh white lead paint, means an increase in illumination on the working surface in the room of 40%. Many managers now hold the belief that the selection of the wall and ceiling coatings in office and factory is no less important than the selection of the proper type of reflector equipment which it is proposed to use on the lamps.

The scientific application of paint is now receiving attention in many fields where little thought had been given to the subject in the past. Some railroad officials have turned to the use of a high grade of white paint for coating the interior of train sheds. Their contention is that the white surface improves working conditions and decreases the likelihood of accidents. They admit that the smoke from trains will stain the white paints, but claim that even afterward the surface will be lighter and more attractive than an interior painted black.

Shipowners have discovered that white paint greatly increases the light factor in the holds of vessels. Machine-shop foremen have found that the dark color gradually assumed by most machines causes shadows which often result in accidents, and that one solution for the problem is the painting of certain machines a light color. This increases both safety and production. Street commissioners in some of our progressive cities are now employing paint more widely for marking streets in accordance with traffic regulations, and in a few instances paint has also been applied to stone curbings on dark and poorly lighted streets. The idea here in mind is to prevent motor accidents. One student of the subject advocates the practice of painting stones and tree trunks along open highways and boulevards, especially at dangerous corners and beside embankments, so that the white surfaces of the objects so painted will reflect the illumination of the motor-car headlights, thus making night driving safer.

Most everyone is aware of the preservative properties of paint, but these are fully utilized by very few. Microscopic tests show that many building materials will start to decay after only twenty-four hours' exposure to the elements. Although it is several weeks before the erosion becomes visible to the naked eye the agents of decay get busy immediately. Metal surfaces which appear smooth to the naked eye show up porous and rough under the microscope; and this condition is frequently responsible for moisture retention and subsequent corrosion.

The life and usefulness of practically all building materials, including brick, cement and stucco, can be prolonged by the application of suitable paint or varnish. Even high-grade inlaid linoleum is improved and given greater longevity when varnished. Paint applied to brick fills up the pores and produces a water-resisting film. Under constant rainfall for several days a brick building of ordinary size will absorb several tons of water. The ensuing dampness in cold weather can be counteracted only by shoveling more coal into the furnace used to heat the building. It has been estimated that the loss suffered yearly through neglect to keep metal well painted amounts to many millions of dollars here in the United States alone. One investigator claims that the value of most cement buildings may be increased at least 15% by the use of a pore-filling, water-resisting paint. Unpainted wood absorbs moisture, and this promotes fungous growth and fiber abrasion. Paint reduces the absorption of moisture, and the surface of the wood is preserved from attack. The best examples of the value of paint as a preservative are the many frame buildings in New England which, although more than a century old, are still in splendid repair. It is actually true that wood will last indefinitely if kept well painted.

Some of the paints now on the market are designed to prevent the corrosion of metal imbedded in concrete structures. Then there are fire-retardant paints, which are being employed largely to lessen the inflammability of shingled roofs. The use of a high-grade mineral paint upon a shingled roof materially reduces the fire danger. Such a paint, besides being fire-resistant, makes the shingles moisture-proof and adds to the ornamental appearance of the house. One extended investigation made by a disinterested national committee furnished the conclusion that the most effective paint for use on a shingled roof is one that contains a zinc borate pigment. This latter element renders the paint highly fire-resistant. The report also stated that the method of application of a paint is of considerable importance, and the suggestion was made that it is good practice with shingles to apply the paint to approximately three-quarters of both sides before laying the shingle.

One of the problems of the paint industry is to eliminate lead poisoning, which so often occurs through the inhalation of the dust from dry lead pigments or through the careless handling and mixing of lead paints. Such poisoning may be prevented by establishing more cleanly and sanitary working conditions, through observance of the rules of personal hygiene, and by the adoption and use of prepared paint products. Of the products given off by many paints, benzol is most dangerous, while high-boiling-point petroleum spirits is least harmful. With proper ventilation the fumes from drying paints are diluted and dissipated by the atmosphere, so that they become harmless. There is usually some good that goes with the bad in most things, and so in paint, the majority of the preparations, especially the drying oil paints, evolve aldehydes and other germicidal substances in vaporous form. The antiseptic effect of such vapors is pronounced. The application of oil paints is therefore to be considered as one of the most efficient means of rendering living and sleeping rooms thoroughly sanitary.

Right here, while discussing the harmful consequences that may result from the use of paint, it may be appropriate to state the composition of a formula to protect the skin of the hands of any person working with a paint that contains large quantities of volatile solvents such as benzol, acetone and alcohol. The hands of many workers, especially in airplane factories, frequently become incrusted with dried dope, the removal of which requires the use of strong solvents such as acetone and methyl acetate. This latter treatment has often caused skin trouble, accompanied by a swelling of the hands and an eruption. Many workers who have their hands in constant contact with benzine and similar solvents, or with lubricating and cutting oils, experience a similar trouble.

One splendid remedy for the evil is to rub a specially prepared salve into the hands before beginning work. Such a protective compound is made of equal weights of lanolin, petrolatum, stearin and glycerin. When rubbed on the hands this salve prevents solvents from attacking the skin. It is also advisable to rub in a little of the salve after washing up at night.

The research work of recent years has taught much concerning the use of paint that was not known or suspected in times past. We now understand that dark-colored paints absorb not only light rays but heat rays as well. For instance, let us take the case of a suitable coating for oil tanks. These enormous containers may be filled with light distillates which upon becoming warm produce highly expansible vapors. When black or dark-colored paints have been used to coat the tanks a rapid absorption of heat takes place, and considerable losses by evaporation are likely to occur. White or light-colored paint should therefore be used on oil storage tanks if it is desired to prevent such losses. Faintly tinted white paints are to be preferred to pure-white paints, for they absorb no more heat than the latter, and in addition to being more pleasing to the eye are more durable.

In selecting a paint for the home it is well to remember that a similar truth prevails. White paints which have been tinted by grinding into them small percentages of permanent colors are more economical to use, since the wearing value of these tinted paints is 25 to 60% greater than the wearing value of white paints. A house coated with a white paint that has been tinted with 4% of color will probably not require a second painting for five years, while a house covered with a pure-white paint will likely need to be gone over in three years. A house painted in light colors will be cooler in summer than one painted in very dark colors. Never paint in damp weather. A really successful coat of paint can be put on only during clear dry days. Never use ochre as a priming coat. A more enduring job results from the application of a number of thin coats. In interior painting, to prevent discoloration of the surface by resin in the wood, apply a thin coat of white shellac over the priming coat of paint. The summer months cause more rapid wearing of paints than the winter months, and that side of a house facing the sun and the strong prevailing winds is more rapidly affected than the other sides.

The spray machine for painting is the most important development in the industry in a generation. This comparatively new device came into general use during the war, when there was a shortage of labor. Journeyman painters have vigorously opposed the introduction of the spray machine, not realizing that the new device will benefit their trade just as the sewing machine proved to be a boon to journeyman tailors. Already the spraying method has widened the field of painting and developed new markets of great value to the industry. Spray paint tests made in Washington on government buildings yielded results of much interest. Observation showed there was practically no difference in the appearance of the spray and of hand-brush work, with the exception that the former was slightly more opaque.

Among other things it was found that the spray guns caused the painters less fatigue than did the hand brushes. Spraying requires approximately 10% more paint than brushing when the surface being treated is a metal roof. On such a job the brushing requires approximately 200% more labor than spraying. On exterior brick walls spraying required 7% more paint than brushing, while brushing required 109% more labor than spraying. On interior ceilings and walls of plaster spraying required 40% more paint than brushing but gave quite good hiding in one coat. On similar work, brushing required 160% more labor than spraying and gave poor hiding in one coat. Although it has not been possible as yet to arrive at a definite conclusion concerning the relative durability of spray as compared with hand painting, the investigations so far made tend to support the belief that the spray work will last as long, give a heavier coating, and be less marred by streaks. In the matter of speed the new method has all the advantage.

Paint is undoubtedly the greatest preservative agent known to man. Its proper use entails a precautionary expense that returns an astonishingly high rate of interest. Present events indicate that the need of the hour is thrift. There is no practice in the art of saving that excels the plan of conserving the property we already possess. A dollar saved has no less value than a dollar earned. Paint saves by protecting and at the same time it fosters self-respect through enhancing appearances. People who doubt the worth of paint may gain enlightenment through finding out why bankers will lend from 10 to 50% more on land where farm buildings are well painted and kept in good condition than on land where they are not. The banker's action is based not merely on the simple idea that the farmer's houses and barns are likely to last longer through the use of a protective coating, but rather on the truth that the mere fact the man employs paint as a conservator is clear evidence he is wise and thrifty, and therefore a good risk.

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ESSEX MOTORS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

The Passing of Hooch

A STATUTE prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages functions in accordance with the well-known law that persuades a burnt child to fear the fire. The recorded experiences and utterances of John Willis during a period of ten months will show in detail the physical and psychological progress from excessive humidity to absolute and final dryness.

In the month of January, 1920, the first or incredulous month of the era of prohibition, John visited the county seat and purchased from a gentleman who got a living by selling chips and taking toll of jackpots a quart of rye—an ancient and mellow beverage, honestly made and aged and bottled. He paid twenty dollars, but the first drink effaced the memory of the price and he came home content with his bargain and the world.

"They can't get away with it," said he. "Pro'bition is a joke. You can't inter-interfere with the rights of a free people. Long as the world stands, be lots of liquor. Good liquor. Oceans of liquor. Promotes fellowship an' aids digestion. Can't get along without it. Don't have to get along without it. Lots of it. Always will be lots of it."

In late May John visited the county seat a second time. In the meantime the art of evading the Volstead Act had become a trade, and thousands of men had served a brief apprenticeship and blossomed as full-fledged bootleggers. These were by reason of their previous occupations skilled in the technic of crookedness and the psychology of suckers, and they employed in the cheating of patrons the ingenuity that had for years enabled them to cheat the gallows. Under their manipulation one quart of whisky became three or four quarts of a beverage that retained in some measure the odor and taste of the original, and provided a strangely vicious kick in which there was no joy or feeling of affluence but only a consciousness of being drugged. Competition had reduced prices and John got a quart at eight dollars and a half.

The following morning he sat on the curb in front of a drug store and made gloomy comment concerning the state of his health. "I think my liver's out of fix," he said. "I drank a little whisky last night and it didn't set well. I couldn't get happy. Seemed like the more I drank the more I hated everybody. I was plumb downhearted when I went to bed, and this morning I'm shaky all over. A fellow's got no business drinkin' when his system is out of fix. I'm going to take a course of calomel."

The passing weeks restored John's confidence in his liver, and much reflection concerning the reaction of orthodox alcoholic beverages, coupled with avid reading of newspaper stories descriptive of drinking bouts that ended at the morgue, served to shake his confidence in the integrity of bootleggers. He discussed the matter frequently.

"A fellow's got to know who he's dealing with," he would say. "There's plenty of good liquor, and it's cheap enough considering the risk they run, but it won't do to monkey with a stranger. The fellow I bought it from that night said it was bottled-in-bond stuff, but I wouldn't be surprised if he's right smart of a liar. It had a queer sort of farewell."

In October John's thirst overcame his prudence and he drove to the county seat again, resolved to avoid the plausible stranger and patronize some acquaintance who could furnish a guaranty with his wares.

He got home before midnight and two of the neighbors carried him from the buggy to the house and stood awkwardly about the bed while the doctor prepared a stomach pump for action.

John was on his feet again within a week, apparently none the worse for his experience. The good-natured gibes of his neighbors left him unruffled, for his feet were planted in the way of righteousness.

"I'm through," said he. "I like my booze occasionally, but I like livin' better. A bootlegger can't help bein' crooked any more than a snake can help wigglin' when it walks. I'll bet there isn't a hooch peddler in the business who wouldn't poison his grandmother for two bits."

Thus prohibition functions slowly and surely, with ever-increasing effectiveness as the devotees of alcohol make the acquaintance of chemicals and choose between abstinence and absence, and day by day the bootlegger hacks away at the neck of the goose that now lays him golden eggs.

Standards

A CERTAIN man was servant to a fine gentleman. He kept the gentleman's home in order, drew his bath, laid out his garments and served him faithfully in all particulars. His figure was lean and straight, his hair a little white at the temples, his mouth wide and his nose all that a nose should be.

One day the master left town on an errand, and when evening was come the servant felt a strange desire to go adventuring.

Accordingly he invaded his master's wardrobe, arrayed himself in the black-and-white uniform mankind affects at nightfall, selected a silk hat and a stick and set forth upon the street.

Now there was a club in town where fine gentlemen met of an evening to converse and exchange ideas. Thither our adventurer turned his steps, and as he drew near to it a wandering and mischievous zephyr lifted his silk hat from his head and dropped it at the feet of a fine gentleman who stood at the entrance of the club. The fine gentleman stooped to retrieve the hat and, having returned it to the servant and received the thanks that were his due, offered his hand and said: "I am a lonely old bachelor with a fondness for chance acquaintanceships, and if you are free of obligation I hope you will become my guest at dinner. I am Greenfield, the explorer."

The servant hesitated. He desired the privilege of dining in company with the explorer as he had never desired any other thing, but he was an honest man and would not practice deceit to win a pleasure.

"I am Durham, of Walhalla," said he, naming the land of his birth, "and I am a servant."

The explorer smiled.

"It is a proud boast," he said. "I have served in my time, but now I have left the field to younger and better men."

The two men entered the club and the host selected a table.

They talked of books and of men and of nations, and their talk was illumined with ideas. The servant talked simply and well, without arrogance of opinion or reference to his own affairs, and his voice was so clear and his manner so modest that those about him paused to listen and share the explorer's enjoyment.

When the dinner was finished the servant excused himself and went his way. When he was gone one of the fine gentlemen approached the explorer and said, "Greenfield, you are abominably selfish. Who was your distinguished guest?"

"A chance acquaintance," replied the explorer, "whom I had the effrontery to commandeer. A servant of Walhalla, he styled himself. A diplomat, perhaps; at all events a polished gentleman and a person of no mean station. I have met few men of such unaffected simplicity."

Meanwhile the servant continued his quest for adventure. At an intersection of streets he was hailed by a florid person who leaned from a closed car.

"Just a minute, old-timer," said the florid one. "My wife is giving a blow-out to some swell friends to-night, and a duke, or something, who was supposed to furnish the aristocratic atmosphere, has sent his regrets. I'm a plain man and take little stock in this society business, but my wife says she will never again hold up her head if this party falls flat, and so I'm out foragin'. I judge from your appearance that money wouldn't appeal to you, but if you will come with me and let me introduce you as the duke I'll be eternally grateful."

This time the servant did not hesitate, for here was a fellow man in distress.

"I can spare you an hour," said he, and got into the car without further remark.

At the home of the florid one he began to repent of his generosity. The house had been surrendered to decorators whose one care had been to separate the owner from his money. The very walls shrieked of lavish expenditure for a temporary effect. An orchestra of twenty pieces filled one end of the hall. Men in livery passed among the guests, bearing trays, and there was a clamor of loud talk and loose laughter. Turn where he would, his eyes fell upon clusters of glittering gems, and the talk he heard was of money gained and prices paid. He was more than disgusted—he was outraged. He felt that he had been made a party to indecency. And because his heart was hot his tongue was bitter.

He stayed his promised hour, but he held aloof and spoke coldly; and those who essayed familiarity caught the hard gleam in his eyes and retired in stammering confusion.

He stayed his promised hour, and when he had gone his way one of the guests turned to another and voiced the opinion of all: "Wasn't he wonderful? That haughty stare, that supercilious bearing, that air of conscious superiority! He might have been a king! I fear we shall never be able to cultivate such elegance in democratic America."

Complexions

THE word "complexion" is derived from the Latin word *complexio*, meaning "a combination." The combination may be that of fresh air and exercise, or that of ingenuity and cosmetics. The former is a combination in restraint of pills and potions; the latter a mantle of charity. The product of ingenuity and cosmetics is known as a synthetic complexion, so named because of its affinity with the paste diamond. The life ambition of an imitation is to gain recognition as a genuine article. This ambition, when too eagerly cultivated, frequently leads to excesses and thus defeats its own object. When a rich man adorns his person with a glittering stone the public assumes that the stone is genuine; or a man of moderate means may wear a stone of moderate proportions without arousing suspicion. But if one who has small purchasing power appears in public burdened with a stone whose dimensions are best expressed in linear measure the public marvels at the ingenuity of glass makers. So those who would imitate a complexion made beautiful by Nature, being under no other restraint than that imposed by the adhesive qualities of their raw material, frequently take counsel of their enthusiasm and deface the scenery with paint signs. When the white is too white and the red too red the ensemble is said to have the alley motif inspired by a red flannel garment hanging on a whitewashed back fence. Moderation is the better part of a custom-made complexion.

The natural or homemade skin contains color pigment. Persons wholly without color pigment are called albinos; persons possessed of an abundance of pigment are called swart; and in that part of the South known in political parlance as solid, persons having great store of color pigment are called Republicans.

When native modesty or the dilapidated condition of the premises suggests the advisability of hiding the home-grown complexion from the curious eyes of a callous world it is well to study the technic of those skilled in the art. True, the adult male and young persons of either sex who are inspired by an altruistic and wholly commendable desire to dim the luster of a nose that indicates the habitual use of polish, may apply a thin coat of powder and accomplish the purpose without previous instruction or experience. But those who would build a complexion from the ground up should consult the pretty male creatures known in the jargon of the day as lounge lizards, or study the work of the one-night chorus ladies familiar to the world of art as Old Masters.

The first operation in the formation of a synthetic complexion consists in applying to the surface to be treated a coat of cream or grease. Floor finishers and varnishers call this the filler. Its purpose is to fill crevices and serve as a binder for the layers that are to follow. If powder is applied without the use of a filler it tends to drift into the natural depressions and leave the elevated plains exposed like a Dakota landscape after a March thaw. The filler absorbs or dissolves the raw powder, thus forming an opaque surface impervious to moisture and having the subdued and unobtrusive quality affected by our best exterior decorators.

Subsequent coats may be applied at will until the filler has reached the point of saturation. When the background is finished it is customary to add a dash of color to furnish contrast. This is usually applied just outside the six-year molars, but if one has generously upholstered jowls and wishes to simulate an apoplectic condition the color may be applied a little farther south. The hectic flush, so popular among young people who are a little under weight, is placed over the protruding corners of the cheek bones. Slavish imitators of fashion are careful to keep the two spots of color in a horizontal line, but great souls unfettered by custom may arrange to have one cheek blushing on a level with the ear lobe, and the other flaming just beneath the eye.

This arrangement gives a touch of piquancy to an otherwise commonplace countenance.

The eyebrows may be arranged to suit the taste, but are usually placed just above the eyes. The expression "She elevated her eyebrows," frequently met with in fiction, refers to a voluntary contraction of the muscles of the forehead. The action indicates amusement or surprise or a feeling of importance. It is a momentary elevation, however, and is not to be confused with the permanent location of brows in the designing of front elevations.

The synthetic complexion lends itself to individual interpretation and the garments of those who brush against it. It has the charm of variety, but it is too delicate for general culture. For general purposes the only satisfactory complexion is a perennial grown on the premises. Once well started, the perennial or ever-blooming variety requires only air and sunshine, with frequent watering and quiet nights.

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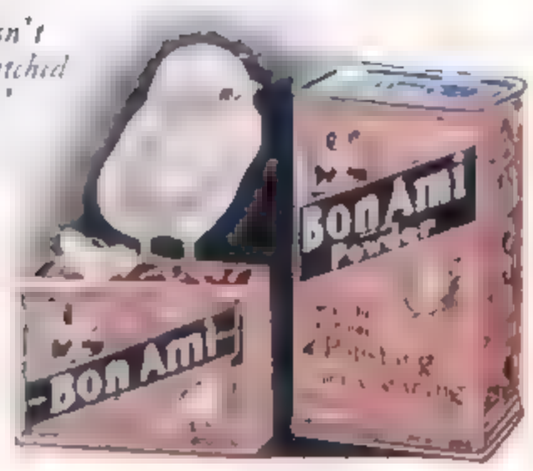

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Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer.

WHY THE UNITED STATES NEEDS A BIG NAVY

(Continued from Page 10)

soon degenerate into a "mere debating society." And this might easily be the case if there were no force behind it, giving weight to its deliberations and making effective its decisions. Any association backed by great governments, united in the determination that right shall rule, must be of tremendous effect. But even the most ardent advocates of international agreement realize that the real test will come when some unruly country breaks out of its boundaries, refuses to submit its contentions to arbitration, and threatens to draw the sword. Then argument is at an end, and force must be invoked to prevent war. That force is of three kinds—moral, economic and military, and the third will be the last resort, to be used only after the others have been invoked in vain. But it must be in existence, for there are times when only guns will bring to reason nations crazed for revenge or bent on conquest.

This force, as was apparent to those who studied the situation, must be largely naval. Warships are the most mobile form of military power and that which can be most promptly exerted, being ready to proceed instantly to distant points. There is no more impressive symbol of majesty and might; nothing so effective in a demonstration of warning. Yet there is none that can be so safely exercised. For navies do not invade countries or hold territory. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, former Chief of Staff of the United States Army, and one of the American peace delegates, in his speech a few months since, advocating limitation of armaments, said we could safely agree that each nation may maintain its navy, as "no navy can conquer and hold foreign territory." Navies are efficient in repelling invasion, strong in defense.

To the European authorities I met abroad I expressed the conviction that until the world recovered from shell shock, as long as disturbed conditions existed in so many quarters of the globe, it was necessary for nations which were determined to preserve peace to maintain navies sufficient to suppress strife and prevent aggression; to act, in effect, as an international force. It seems obvious that our country, possessing such wealth, and earnestly and consistently exerting its influence for peace, should make at least as large a contribution to this mobile police force as any other country, and to render this service it would be our high duty to continue to build up our Navy along the lines laid down before our entrance into the war.

Our Three-Year Program

There were not wanting those who thought the United States ought not to complete the big ships now building, but their attitude seemed to be due largely to the fact that it would result in the United States eventually having a navy equal or superior to any in strength, with more powerful capital ships. It was argued that 43,000-ton battleships and battle cruisers would set a new standard, relegating lesser ships to the second line. The same arguments were made against the dreadnought and the battle cruiser when those types were originated, but it did not prevent their construction, and they are now a vital part of all modern navies. And we were not the first to project 40,000-ton ships. During the war Great Britain built the Hood, 41,500 tons, and laid down three others, though they were not completed. Japan had projected a number of even larger tonnage before the keels of ours were laid.

Perhaps the principal objection among our own people to completing the big program begun in 1916 is the cost involved; and that narrows down to how much more money will be required, in addition to what has already been appropriated or expended. The contracts for these vessels were made before or during the war, and all but two of them are under construction. Quantities of structural steel have already been delivered, and are being produced in various plants. Work is proceeding on all the parts of the huge and complicated engines and machinery. The greater portion of the armor has been completed, and the big guns and other armament are far advanced.

The three-year program, so far as cost is concerned, is nearly half done. The total present estimated cost of construction of hulls and machinery is $643,950,000. Approximately $311,000,000 has already been appropriated for this purpose, and it is estimated that $332,950,000 more will be required. More than two-thirds of the $328,981,837 estimated for armor, armament and ammunition has been expended or provided for, the additional appropriations needed amounting to $102,000,000.

The total cost of completing all the vessels now under contract will be about $435,000,000, extending over a period of three years—that is, about $145,000,000 a year.

These new battleships and battle cruisers under construction will more than double the actual fighting strength of the fleet. Considering dreadnoughts alone, the six 43,200-ton battleships, the six battle cruisers of 43,500 tons, and the five battleships of 32,300 to 32,600 tons nearing completion will add 680,000 tons, as compared with the 435,750 tons of the modern dreadnoughts now in commission, and the 750,000 total tonnage of all our battleships, single or mixed calibers; and a number of the latter will soon be obsolete, not to be classed as fighting ships.

Admiral Dewey's Opinion

A navy that is not adequate is like a gun that has not range enough to reach its target. The General Board has set forth its opinion that "any navy less than adequate is an expense to the nation without being a protection," and that no navy is adequate until it is "strong enough to meet on equal terms the strongest possible adversary."

Germany's navy, strong as it was, was inadequate and, so far as effectiveness against the Allies' navies was concerned, her High Seas Fleet might as well never have been built. Authorities agree that the United States should have an adequate navy, but there is considerable disagreement as to what this means. The General Board—Admiral Dewey was then its head—gave its opinion in 1915, declaring that the United States Navy should be equal to any in the world, saying:

"A navy in firm control of the seas from the outbreak of war is the prime essential to the defense of a country situated as is the United States bordering upon two great oceans. A navy strong enough only to defend our coast from actual invasion will not suffice. Defense from invasion is not the only function of the Navy. It must protect our sea-borne commerce and drive that of the enemy from the sea. The best way to accomplish all of these objects is to find and defeat the hostile fleet or any of its detachments at a distance from our coast sufficiently great to prevent interruption of our normal course of national life."

Congress authorized such an adequate navy in 1916. We are building it, and if construction proceeds it will have been brought up to the desired point within the time fixed by the General Board, 1925.

What will be the result if we stop building now? We have no battle cruisers. Japan has 4, Great Britain 10—6 of the first line, 4 of the second. The United States has 16 first-line battleships; Great Britain, 26; Japan, 6. Of first-line capital ships the tonnage is: Great Britain, 811,050; Japan, 288,320; the United States, 435,750. Considering only the most modern fighting craft, according to late figures prepared in the Navy Department, Great Britain has 538 ships, 1,588,442 tons; the United States, 330 ships, 779,193 tons; Japan, 43 ships, 340,596 tons. The total tonnage is of course much larger, the United States having, exclusive of small craft and auxiliaries, 424 vessels, of 1,181,884 tons; Japan, 75 vessels, 486,252 tons; Great Britain, 717 vessels, 2,412,146 tons. These figures include a number that are regarded as not of fighting effectiveness according to modern standards. If we cease construction now this country will be left a poor second in naval rank.

Let us consider the case if we complete the three-year program. The United States is building a hundred vessels—11 battleships, 421,900 tons; 6 battle cruisers, 261,000; 10 light cruisers, 71,000; 38 destroyers and 43 submarines—a total of 842,109 tons. Great Britain has practically suspended construction of capital ships for the time being, building only a few light cruisers, destroyers, destroyer leaders and large submarines, totaling 36 ships, 76,890 tons. Japan has authorized the building of 41 ships aggregating 328,460 tons, but its naval authorities have proposed the building of 68 more, of 368,370 tons, though these have not yet been authorized. Japan's original building program was known as the "8–8"—that is, 8 battleships and 8 battle cruisers, by 1923. This work has been delayed and can hardly be completed in the time specified. The larger program proposed is for a total of 12 battleships and 12 battle cruisers, to be completed by 1927. Of the battleships included in the 8–8 program 4 are of 33,800 tons, a little larger than our Tennessee; 4 are of over 40,000 tons, comparable with the North Carolina class we are now building. The 8 battle cruisers projected are over 40,000 tons. All the additional 4 battleships and 4 battle cruisers proposed by Japan but not yet authorized or appropriated for are to be of the largest type, above 40,000 tons, probably quite as large as our 43,200-ton battleships and 43,500-ton battle cruisers.

If the construction already authorized or projected by these three countries be completed according to schedule, with no enlargement of programs, the United States will, by 1925, rank first in effective fighting strength, though still exceeded by Great Britain in tonnage. A number of what are now counted as first-line ships will by that time be relegated to the second line. Allowing for this, of first-line battleships the United States will have 21, totaling 722,000 tons; Great Britain, 22, totaling 548,250 tons; Japan, 8, totaling 258,920 tons. This country will have 6 first-line battle cruisers, totaling 261,000 tons; Great Britain, 6, totaling 175,400 tons; Japan, 8, totaling 270,000 tons. The total fighting tonnage will be: Great Britain, 1,665,332; United States, 1,617,282; Japan, 689,656.

If Our Plan is Abandoned

If Japan completes its 12–12 program—12 battle cruisers and 12 dreadnoughts—projected for completion by 1927, this will make a radical difference in comparative effectiveness. Though the 8 additional ships have not yet been authorized it seems altogether probable that they will be begun when the 8–8 schedule is completed, if there is no international agreement to limit construction. If these should be undertaken—and in any consideration of strength that probability cannot be disregarded—and neither Great Britain nor the United States authorizes any further construction, the standing in first-line capital ships in 1923 would be: Great Britain, 28, totaling 723,650 tons; Japan, 24, totaling 848,920 tons; the United States, 27, totaling 983,000 tons.

These comparisons are particularly pertinent at this time in view of the proposal that this Government at once take up with Great Britain and Japan, without waiting for the coöperation of any other nation, the question of coming to an understanding to reduce their naval building programs.

If the proposal is to abandon the present program, to reduce by 50 per cent the number of vessels to be built, it means that the United States will not have a navy "equal to the most powerful maintained by any other nation"; that it will bind itself not to build a navy of the first class; that it will deliberately and finally accept a secondary position among the naval Powers of the world.

Great Britain has nothing to lose but all to gain by such an arrangement. Without the expenditure of a shot or a shilling it confirms the position she has spent billions of money and generations of effort to maintain, that of possessing, without dispute, the most powerful of navies, without a rival on the seas. Japan has little to lose. Great Britain is her ally. Japanese construction is far behind schedule, and even the present appropriations are burdensome.

But this country is in a different situation. Congress long ago authorized the vessels in its program, and they are actually under construction and can be completed in three years. Reduction in naval armaments means a very real sacrifice for us, of both actual and relative power. It would be a sacrifice well worth making if it would prevent war and assure world peace. Recent disarmament proposals, however, merely look to a reduction in navies, but do not propose any limitation on armies, which are the real menace to peace. Any of the

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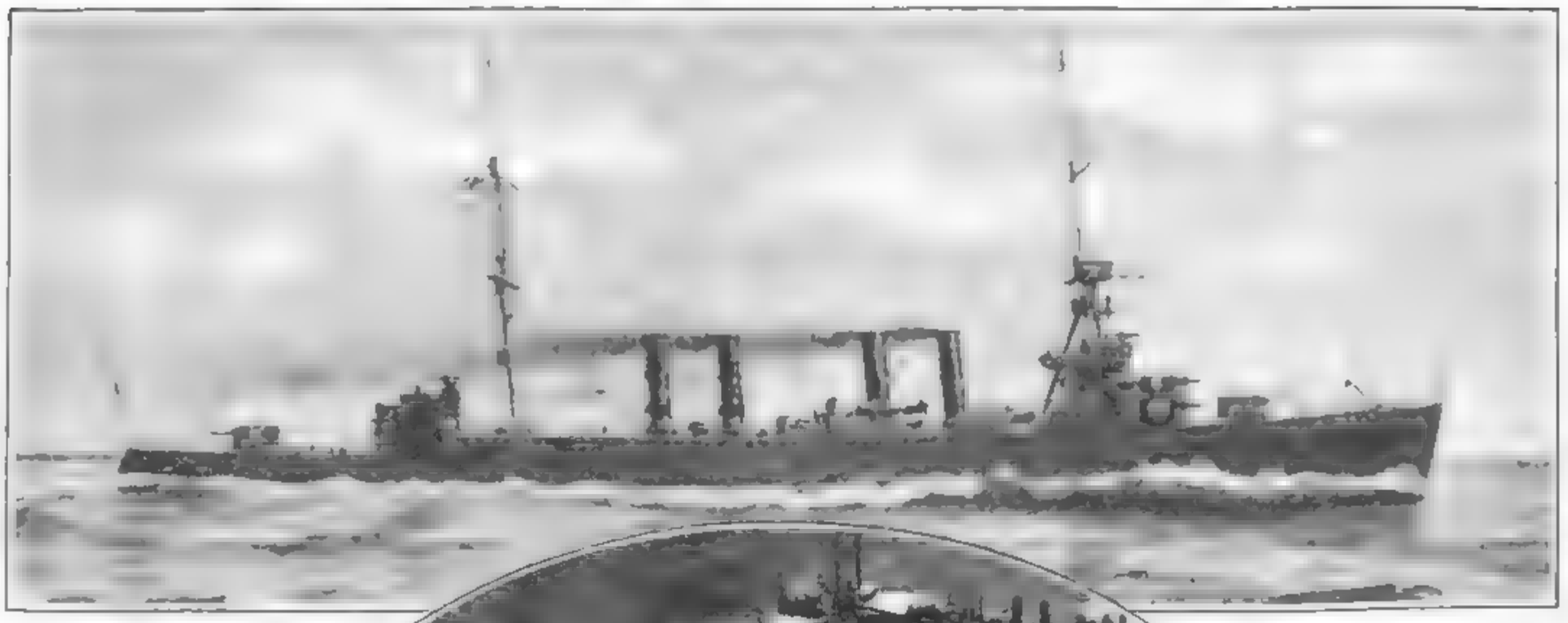

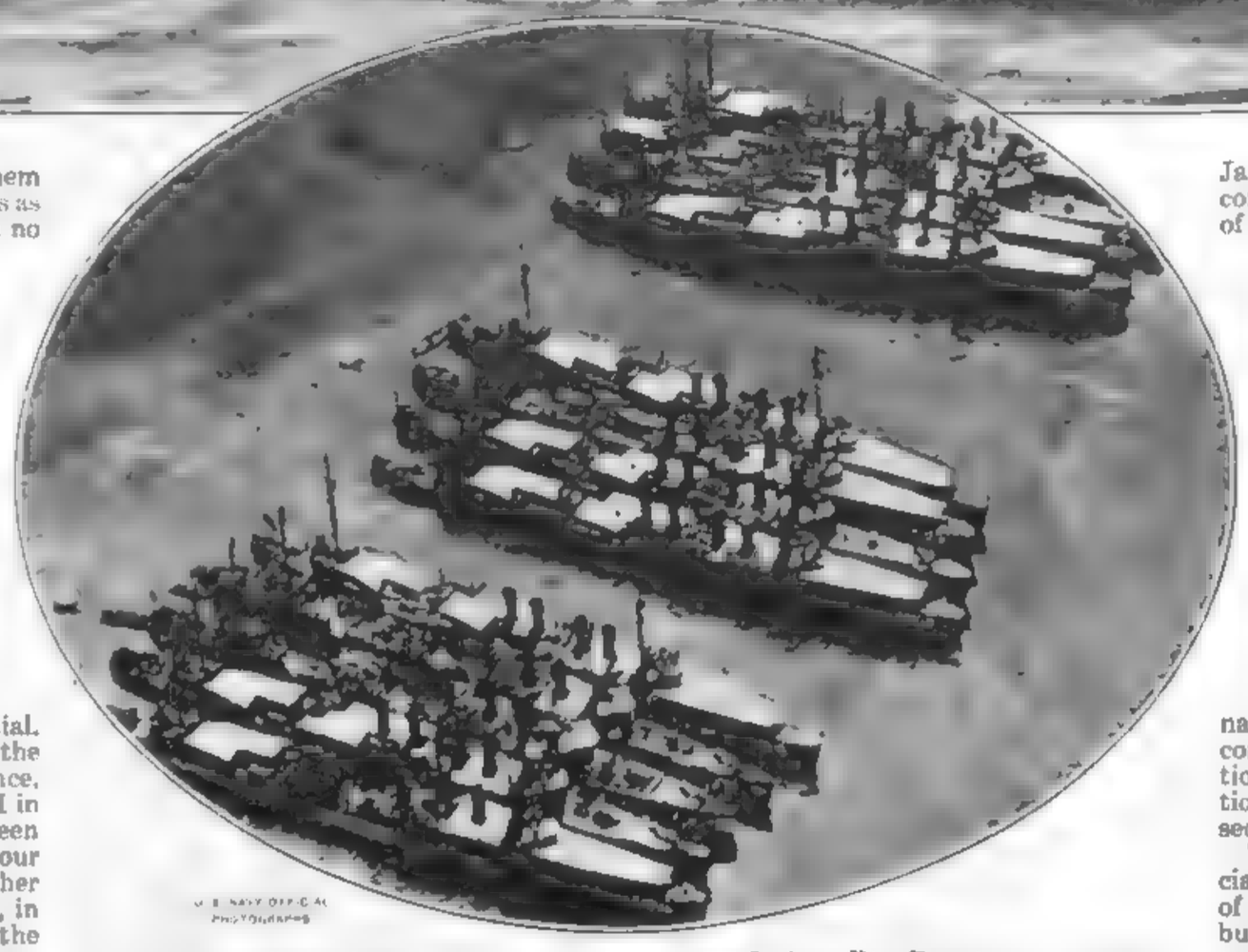

Destroyers in Gatun Lake, C. Z., 1919. Above—Scout Cruiser, New Vessel, Now Building

contracting Powers could maintain an army of millions of men without violating any terms of such an agreement. Any nation outside the trio proposed could build as many warships as it pleased, without interruption or protest. England, Japan and the United States are on friendly terms with one another and the rest of the world. In limiting armaments they would set a wholesome example to other countries. But more than an example is needed. We need to bring all nations into a lasting agreement as binding upon them as upon us, and one that will limit armies as well as navies. Naval holidays contain no assurances of disarmament. If such a general arrangement can be brought about it can be made effective. But I do not believe armaments will be really and permanently limited until there is a practically universal agreement. Lloyd George, in my opinion, stated the case correctly when, in his speech to the British delegates returning from the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, he strongly advocated limitation of armaments, but said that no nation could take the risk until every nation had consented to this course, and this could be done only by general agreement. He voiced the world opinion that participation by the United States was absolutely essential.

America long ago took the lead in the movement for an international conference, and no one has been more earnest than I in its advocacy. Nothing has ever been further from my mind, or the minds of our naval authorities, than a race with other nations in warship construction. When, in 1913, my first year as Secretary of the Navy, I suggested an international conference looking to a limitation of armaments, I was severely criticized. And this despite the fact that I plainly stated that "the desired end of competitive building, carried on under whip and spur, could not be effective without agreement between great nations." Even in 1914, I expressed the opinion that the war did not render such an international agreement impossible, but on the contrary there was reason to hope that "the horrors and cost of this war will hasten the coming of the day for a conference of the Powers to reduce armament."

The first formal proposition, expressed in legislation, for such an international agreement was embodied in the Naval Appropriation Act of August 29, 1916, which authorized the three-year program, and which contained this provision:

"It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to adjust and settle its international disputes through mediation or arbitration, to the end that war may be honorably avoided. It looks with apprehension and disfavor upon a general increase of armament throughout the world, but it realizes that no single nation can disarm, and that without a common agreement upon the subject every considerable power must maintain a relative standing in military strength."

Arbitration Plans

"In view of the premises, the President is authorized and requested to invite, at an appropriate time, not later than the close of the war in Europe, all the great Governments of the world to send representatives to a conference which shall be charged with the duty of formulating a plan for a court of arbitration or other tribunal, to which disputed questions between nations shall be referred for adjudication and peaceful settlement, and to consider the question of disarmament and submit their recommendation to their respective Governments for approval. The President is hereby authorized to appoint nine citizens of the United States, who, in his judgment, shall be qualified for the mission by eminence in the law and by devotion to the cause of peace, to be representatives of the United States in such a conference. The President shall fix the compensation of said representatives, and such secretaries and other employees as may be needed. Two hundred thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated and set aside and placed at the disposal of the President to carry into effect the provisions of this paragraph.

"If at any time before the construction authorized by this act shall have been contracted for there shall have been established, with the coöperation of the United States of America, an international tribunal or tribunals competent to secure peaceful determinations of all international disputes, and which shall render unnecessary the maintenance of competitive armaments, then and in that case such naval expenditures as may be inconsistent with the engagements made in the establishment of such tribunal or tribunals may be suspended when so ordered by the President of the United States."

No one more ardently favors disarmament, when it can safely be brought about, than I do. No one has a greater hatred of war or a more earnest desire for peace. When I appeared before the naval committees of Congress in January I expressed the hope that the incoming President would call a conference of free nations looking to a reduction in armament, and stated that he could do so, under the provision just quoted, without any further legislation. I added that it was my profound conviction that it would be a grave error for this country even to consider disarmament or a reduction in our naval program unless united action could be secured.

Two Courses Open

There are, in my opinion, just two courses, and only two, open to the United States:

To secure an international agreement with all, or practically all, the nations, which will guarantee an end of competition in navy building, and reduction of armed land forces, reduce the national burden and lead in the movement to secure and buttress world peace.

To hold aloof from agreement or association with the other nations as to the size of armament. This would require us to build a navy strong enough and powerful enough to be able on our own to protect Americans and American shipping, defend American policies in the distant possessions as well as at home, and by the presence of sea power to command the respect and fear of the world.

There is of course the third course of being content with a small navy in a world of big navies, exposed to certain destruction in case of war with a great Power or Powers. I dismiss that course without discussion because it is a waste of money to spend money on an agency of war that would be helpless if needed.

Whatever else the American people may approve, they will not approve such an ineffective policy.

The whole world is disturbed to-day. Conditions were never more unsettled or the future more uncertain. Is this a time for the United States alone, or in conjunction with a few nations, to weaken its naval force, to reduce the power which makes for world stability?

(Continued on Page 38)

Battle Cruiser Constitution, 43,500 Tons

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Hugh Ford's British Production
"The Call of Youth"
By Henry Arthur Jones
Made in England's most beautiful locations by an American director

Thomas Meighan in "The Easy Road"
With Lila Lee
The Good Luck Star in a picture with the same appeal as "The Prince Chap."

Thomas H Ince Special "Beau Revel"
by Louis Joseph Vance
With Florence Vidor, Lewis Stone and Lloyd Hughes

William S. Hart in
"O'Malley of the Mounted."
A story of the Northwest Mounted Police, written and produced by Mr Hart.

Robert Z. Leonard's gorgeous production "The Gilded Lily"
With Mae Murray as the beautiful cabaret dancer.

Dorothy Dalton in "The Teaser."
An absorbing story of Alaskan dance hall.

George Melford's Production
"The Faith Healer"
From the famous play by
William Vaughan Moody.

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in
"The Dollar-a-Year Man"
A roaring farce written especially for the great comedian

Cosmopolitan Production "Buried Treasure," with Marion Davies
A thrilling modern story of romance and adventure

William D. Taylor's Production of Augustus Thomas' famous play
The Witching Hour
With Elliott Dexter

Wallace Reid in "The Love Special"
With Agnes Ayres
A spectacular production of Frank Spearman's exciting story.

Hugh Ford's British Production
"The Great Day," with Arthur Bourchier. From the Drury Lane Melodrama. Filmed in England, Scotland, Paris and the Alps

Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" An immortal master piece brought to life by an all star cast Directed by John S. Robertson, who made "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde"

Douglas MacLean in "The Home Stretch," a Thos. H Ince production
Another comedy triumph from the lovable star of "23½ Hours' Leave."

Thomas Meighan in "The City of Silent Men." From Frank Morosco's story "The Quarry." The story of a hunted man, filmed partly in Sing Sing prison

Cosmopolitan Production "Proxies."
From the story of Frank R. Adams in Hearst's Magazine

Dorothy Gish in "Oh, Jo!"
A small town comedy as real and funny as "Seventeen."

Sydney Chaplin in "King, Queen, Joker." Written and directed by the famous comedian, the biggest laugh spectacle ever made.

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"Married Strangers."
An intimate study of a universal problem.

Elsie Ferguson
in "Sacred and Profane Love"
William D. Taylor's Production of Arnold Bennett's play in which Miss Ferguson appeared on the stage

William DeMille's Production of Sir James M. Barrie's famous play
"What Every Woman Knows"
With Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel

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Jim Henry's Column

Regarding Women

I can't believe it means anything that reflects on my personal life, but I have been enjoying lately an extraordinarily large correspondence with women.

Here is a sample:

"Dear Jim: *(Positively, I don't know the woman.)*

"I think you are real mean. You must have known that your Mennen Shaving Cream is the most perfect complexion soap in the world—wonderfully cleansing but more like cold cream in its after-effects—yet you have never breathed a word of it.

"I discovered it by accident on an automobile tour when there wasn't any soap in the country hotel and I had to use my husband's shaving cream."

(The next eight pages were in the same vein.)

Another woman shampoos her baby with Mennen's.

Now I protest that such liberties are all wrong. Do you suppose that men are going to pay 50 cents for a big tube of Mennen's if all the women in the house are going to treat it as a household utility?

They have adopted our clothes and jobs and recreations and politics and bad habits, but I insist that they leave our shaving tools alone.

Of course, they are right in saying that Mennen's is an absolutely pure, bland soap without a trace of free caustic. That is why Mennen lather is so soothing—I might almost say healing.

But it was created for just one purpose—scientifically to reduce a man's beard to a condition of relaxation so that the razor simply removes the lather—you aren't conscious of any beard pruning at all.

and afterwards Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube. Use plenty of water and don't rub in the lather with your fist. Above all, don't tell your wife.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 36)

There are five outstanding reasons, apart from obligations following the World War and the Navy's traditional function as our first line of defense, why the United States must maintain a powerful navy, all growing out of our well-defined national policies. They are:

The Monroe Doctrine.
The Freedom of the Seas.
The Merchant Marine.
The Open Door in China.
The Security of the Panama Canal.

The Monroe Doctrine has been for a century the very keynote of our foreign policy. That no foreign Power shall take one foot of territory in this Western World—in North or South or Central America—is one thing upon which this country is as determined to-day as it was when President Monroe laid down the principle.

We had the courage to assert that policy when this was a small nation with slender resources, facing a powerful combination of European monarchies. There is no thought of abandoning it now.

That doctrine was the protection of South and Central America, Mexico and other countries when they were weak and struggling commonwealths. It has for a century preserved them and us from aggression. It has done more—it has been the preserver of democracy in the world. It prevented in America exactly what has happened in Africa in recent years, when a continent has been parceled out among European Powers. But for the Monroe Doctrine who believes that in the age when the avaricious dream of colonial possessions dominated Europe the countries of South and Central America would have been permitted to remain independent republics?

The Monroe Doctrine

One of the ideas that inspired American advocates of the League of Nations was that it would extend the principle of the Monroe Doctrine to the entire world, preventing the encroachment of one nation upon the territory of another. But the American people were not satisfied with the general implication. When the first draft was published the fact that this doctrine had not been specifically and formally acknowledged in that document aroused a storm of protest. The President was quick to recognize this national feeling and to secure direct recognition of the Monroe Doctrine in the covenant—the first time it had been formally and officially recognized by European nations. International lawyers and prime ministers from the moment the doctrine was promulgated denied the authority of the United States to announce or enforce it. But though lacking official approval of other nations, only twice was it really called in question—once when France put Maximilian on the Mexican throne, when this government invoked the doctrine to restore self-government to Mexico; and again when Mr. Cleveland compelled Great Britain to admit the right of the United States to intervene to secure to Venezuela its boundary rights. Nowhere has the American doctrine been declared with more emphasis than it was by Cleveland in 1895 when he said:

"The doctrine upon which we stand is strong and sound because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation, and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life, and cannot become obsolete while our republic endures."

The Monroe Doctrine, however, was but a scrap of paper if America was not always ready to send its Navy to enforce it. If contested by any great nation in some such period as, say, in the seventies, when our Navy was a negligible factor, we would have lacked the ability to give it effect. It has life and vigor only when it can be backed by force.

This doctrine commits us to the defense of a far-flung coast line, outside our own territory, from Cuba to Tierra del Fuego, and from the southernmost lights of South America to San Diego. Who can ever forget the cruise of the Oregon from San Francisco harbor to Key West? Eighty days of steady steaming were required to make that cruise, and every mile of it, after it passed Point Loma and the River Tia Juana, was around territory protected by the Monroe Doctrine. To that principle Cuba owes its independence. We could not have freed Cuba without the Navy. President Roosevelt once said to members of the House Naval Affairs Committee: "But for the wisdom of Cleveland in insisting upon a strong navy we would not have had enough effective fighting ships in the Spanish-American War." It was our Navy's readiness and fitness which enabled the Panamanians to set up their republic and opened the way for the quick digging of the Panama Canal. Not once but a score of times American ships and American marines have protected the peoples of Central American countries, of Santo Domingo and Haiti; and naval administration has been firm, kind and helpful in islands which foreign nations have coveted.

The Monroe Doctrine is as strong as the American Navy. Reduce the Navy to impotency or make it less than equal to the navy of any other country, and by that token the doctrine is weakened. When Russia laid claim to possessions on the Pacific Coast, John Quincy Adams exclaimed: "I find proof enough to put down Russian argument, but how shall I answer the Russian cannon?" If some nation should covet the wealth and resources, say, of Brazil or Mexico, of what value would be the Monroe Doctrine if we should reduce our Navy to a second-rate force?

Highways of the World

The seas are the world's highways, and mankind was never so dependent on shipping as it is to-day. Civilization and progress, the growth of peoples with higher standards of living, have brought about changes in international relations as radical as in social and commercial conditions. Great masses of people are widely separated from their food and clothing supply, industrial enterprises from their raw materials, merchandise from its necessary markets. Immense populations are dependent upon manufacturing with the necessity of drawing raw material and fuel from overseas. For these America is the largest source of supply, producing a considerable surplus of food and vast quantities of raw material that is needed by other countries. Our prosperity was never so dependent upon commerce; foreign trade was never so important as now; and this necessity will not diminish but constantly increase as time goes on. Our future lies upon the seas.

The world is open to us, and must be kept open. Any obstacle to free transportation, any interruption to commerce will inevitably react upon our national life.

If any one nation controls the seas, with consequent control of markets, fuel and communications, every other country will be put at a disadvantage, its trade and industry handicapped in peace, its foreign markets cut off in war.

Freedom of the seas is one of the fundamental doctrines of this country. In contending for this, America is not moved by selfish considerations. Other nations are as much interested in it as is this country, for it is of vital importance to the prosperity of the world. Sea power alone makes this freedom certain and secure.

America must do three things if she is to "mix with men and prosper." All these are interdependent and based upon what we all now recognize as fundamental.

We must trade with the world. The day of Chinese walls of isolation is past. The time when our manufacturers, our farmers, our producers of every kind could depend upon home markets is gone forever. We must sell our surplus to the people of other lands, and take their products in return.

We must have a great merchant marine. We cannot depend upon foreign shipping to extend American trade. It is natural for them to give preference to the interests of their own people and let what we have to sell wait until the products of the country that owns the ships have been transported and marketed.

What Admiral Mahan Said

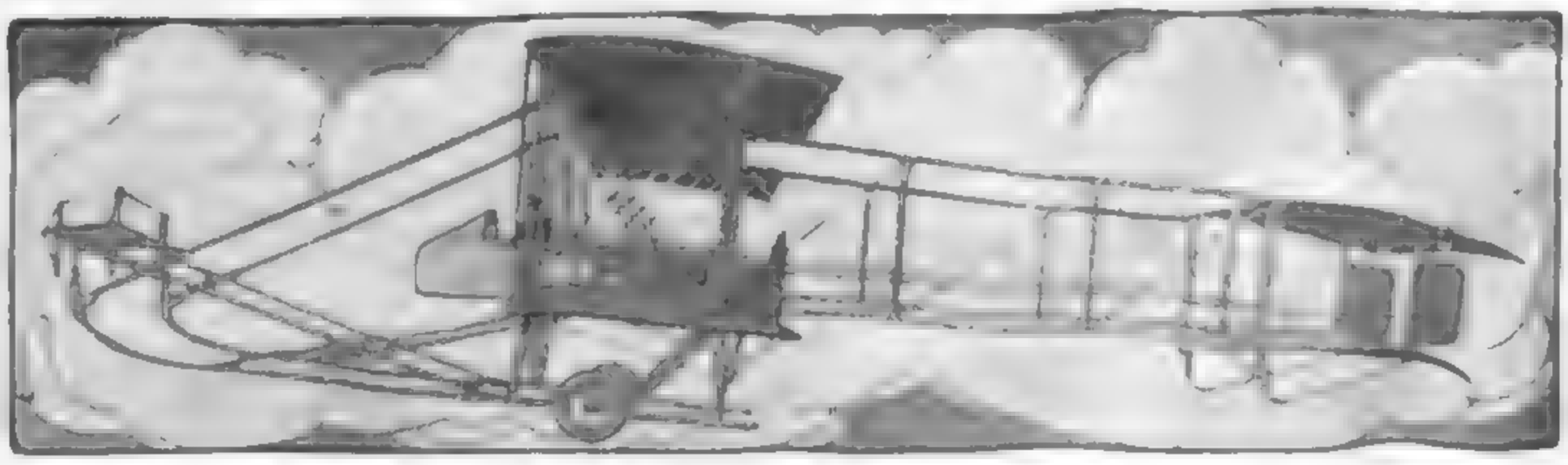
We must establish closer relations with other countries. The ancients believed the seas were meant to separate nations. We know that they were made to unite them. With reconstruction of war-devastated countries and the restoration of credits and normal exchange, there will come an intercourse and intimacy with peoples of all climes which will remove suspicion and promote friendship and exchange of products. The United States has been derelict in not knowing the peoples of the world. It has not sent enough naval ships to make acquaintance and cement understanding, and it has lacked the merchant ships to carry what we have to sell and bring home the products of other nations.

The interdependence of a navy and a merchant marine was strikingly set forth by Admiral Mahan, who said:

"The necessity of a navy, in the restricted sense of the word, springs, therefore, from the existence of a peaceful shipping, and disappears with it, except in the case of a nation which has aggressive tendencies, and keeps up a navy merely as a branch of the military establishment. As the United States has at present no aggressive purposes, and as its merchant service has disappeared, the dwindling of the armed fleet and general lack of interest in it are strictly logical consequences."

Shipbuilding was one of the earliest industries of the infant American colonies, and the colonists not only carried on an extensive coastwise and river trade but built up a considerable commerce with the rest of the world. Following the Revolution our commerce was rapidly extended and it was the hundreds of fast sailing ships outfitted as privateers which, supplementing our small but gallant Navy, enabled us to win the War of 1812. When our shipping was freed from impressment and the many handicaps other nations imposed, there followed a great development of our merchant marine. The swift sailing ships of New England, the vessels of New York and Philadelphia, the Baltimore clippers, carried our commerce to all quarters of the globe. By 1855 American vessels carried $405,000,000 of our $540,000,000 foreign trade—75 per cent of it. The Civil War disrupted our foreign commerce and halted shipping development. In 1870 our ships carried only 33 per cent of our commerce.

(Concluded on Page 41)



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FASHION PARK

Rochester New York

How do You Buy Your Roofing?

YOU can find all sorts of plain-surfaced "rubber" roofing on the market. Some are good, some fair, and some practically worthless. All look alike when new.

But you have two ways of telling whether roofing is good.

One way is to put it on your building and see how it wears. But that's *hindsight*—a costly method if the roofing isn't good.

The second way is the simplest and the safest. *Be sure that the label bears the name "Barrett Everlastic."*

That's *foresight*—proof-positive of a moderate-priced roofing good for long years of satisfactory, economical service.

For behind every Barrett Everlastic Roof stands the reputation for dependability cherished by The Barrett Company for sixty years.

There's a kind of Everlastic Roofing for every type of steep-roofed building. These attractive styles, noted below, are fully described in illustrated booklets which we gladly send to any address upon request.

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Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. Thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic Multi-Shingles—four shingles in one. Tough, elastic, durable. Made of high-grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate, red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Fire-resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles. Same material and art-finish, red or green, as the Multi-Shingles, but made in single shingles, size 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Everlastic Single Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and costs less per year of service.

The Barrett Company

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

(Concluded from Page 38)

Our merchant marine steadily declined, and in a generation it had dwindled to that of a tenth-rate nation. By 1910 we were carrying in American vessels only 7.1 per cent of our foreign trade, which had grown to $3,000,000,000. Nine-tenths of this was carried in foreign bottoms, and American freights went to the building up of the vast merchant services of Germany, England, Norway, Sweden, France, Italy, Holland and Japan. We had practically placed the American carrying trade in the hands of foreign shipping. Other nations did the work and took their toll. We paid out enough freights in forty years to have built and paid for the largest merchant marine on earth.

Men of vision pointed out the folly of such a policy. The matter was debated in Congress at almost every session, and all kinds of schemes were proposed, but none worth while were put into effect.

War came, and the cry was "Ships! Ships! And more ships!" All the world was clamoring for shipping. Only then did our people realize how pitiful was the handful of vessels flying our flag, how dependent our commerce was on other nations. Fortunately for us, America was the storehouse on which Europe drew for its supplies. Our wheat and corn, our cotton and tobacco, nearly everything our farms produced was in demand. Our factories were kept busy producing munitions. Foreign vessels carried our products because they were for their own people. This relieved, to a large extent, our shipping situation, which otherwise would have been critical.

Even after the outbreak of the European war, when our situation was plain enough to all, it was not easy to induce Congress to take action toward building up our merchant marine. President Wilson in 1914 urged the passage of a shipping bill that would encourage shipbuilding and operation, but this was defeated. Had Congress passed that bill and the work been begun then, we would have saved two years' time and hundreds of millions of dollars. We did later establish an immense shipbuilding industry, we created a great merchant fleet as best we could under the circumstances. But it was a heavy price America had to pay for the years of neglect of our merchant marine.

When the armistice was signed there was under control of the Shipping Board a fleet of 2122 seagoing vessels, 5,514,448 gross tons, and we had put into service 583,000 gross tons of enemy ships and 354,000 gross tons of Dutch ships which we had requisitioned. In 1914 our merchant fleet comprised only 1495 vessels of 500 tons and over, with little more than 2,000,000 tons engaged in foreign commerce.

Our Merchant Marine To-Day

America now has a merchant marine second only to that of Great Britain, comprising 28,183 vessels of 16,324,024 gross tons, and, even more important, 44 per cent of all our huge foreign commerce of $13,349,664,000 last year was carried in American vessels, as compared with 7.1 per cent before the war. American vessels are now plying to all quarters of the globe.

Can any American who has the interests of his country at heart, who regards its future, consider for a moment permitting a decline in our merchant marine or in the Navy which protects it?

The United States is committed to the Open Door in China. The American note to the other Powers requested an agreement "to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly Powers by treaties and international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire." It was the acceptance of this note by the Powers which prevented the partition of China and reaffirmed the policy of equal trade opportunity. How can the United States maintain this position if it lacks a great navy?

Completion of the Panama Canal fulfilled the dream of centuries, shortening trade routes and benefiting all commerce. It was also designed to give us naval strength in the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, and one of the strongest arguments for its construction was that it would double the effectiveness of the Navy. Its use by and relation to the Navy was settled soon after it was finished, when the question arose as to whether the Navy Department should pay tolls for naval vessels passing through the canal.

The canal was opened August 15, 1914. The first naval vessel to pass through was the Jupiter, on October tenth. Shortly thereafter the Navy Department received a bill from the War Department for $7,370.40 as tolls for the Jupiter's passage through the canal, the same rate as was charged to private companies for ships of like tonnage. I refused to recognize any such obligation and declined to pay the bill.

The War Department was insistent, and when it had exhausted every resource in the vain attempt to collect the amount, its officials appealed to Secretary Garrison.

As we were starting to a cabinet meeting, one morning, Judge Garrison said, "Daniels, why don't you pay that bill you owe for your ship going through the Panama Canal?"

"Because the Panama Canal was built for the express purpose of affording passage for naval ships, and the taxpayers never dreamed that the Navy would have to pay for its use," I replied. "Moreover, Congress has made no appropriation for that purpose."

Naval Use of the Panama Canal

Judge Garrison argued that he was required by law to collect toll on all ships that passed through the canal, and could make no exception for naval vessels.

"What difference does it make anyhow?" he asked. "The money all comes out of Uncle Sam's pocket. You take naval money and pay me, and I use it to pay operating expenses of the canal."

I pointed out that there was a principle involved—the principle that national defense and naval efficiency demanded our ready use of the canal without cost, and that the Navy should not have to stop and think, before ordering its ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific, whether Congress had appropriated enough toll money to enable it to use the artery built largely for naval use.

The matter was finally referred to the President, to whom one day, by appointment, we presented our contentions. The President listened attentively. He asked a few direct and illuminating questions, and said he would take the matter under consideration. A week later he told us he had decided that no tolls would be exacted of the Navy.

The importance of this action by the President was not fully realized or understood even by naval officers until the Pacific Fleet made its notable passage through the canal in the summer of 1919.

It is the canal which makes possible the maintenance of a great fleet in the Pacific as well as the Atlantic, enabling us to exercise our naval strength freely in both oceans. This was impracticable so long as our eastern and western shores were separated by a continent, and to sail from one to the other vessels had to go through the Strait of Magellan or round Cape Horn. But with the canal affording easy passage, permitting squadrons to effect a rapid juncture, the increased number of fighting ships enabled us, without dividing our aggregate strength, to put into effect a new fleet organization, with a powerful force in each ocean.

The people of our West Coast felt a new sense of security, a thrill of pride, when the new Pacific Fleet steamed through the canal to its home ports. They felt that ours had become truly a national Navy, affording protection to all our shores. This move has not only greatly increased the interest in the Navy in that vast region but has directed general attention to the necessity of providing new bases for docking and repair of our vessels. And with our thousands of miles of coast, our growing trade with the Orient, our island possessions like Hawaii, Samoa, Guam and the Philippines, our interests there are scarcely less important than in the Atlantic.

This was recognized by Mahan, who wrote, as long ago as 1910: "It may even be questioned whether sound military policy may not make the Pacific rather than the Atlantic the station for the United States battle fleet."

The joint operations of the two fleets in Pacific waters in January, their cruise to the west coast of South America demonstrated how readily these two main divisions of our forces could effect a juncture, and how harmoniously they could operate together as one fleet. The ease with which the Atlantic Fleet with its many vessels—battleships, cruisers, destroyers, submarines, auxiliaries—passed through the canal demonstrated the military effectiveness of that thoroughfare. And as the canal is of vital importance to the Navy, so is the Navy essential to the canal's protection.

It must never be forgotten that behind all government in the last analysis lies potential force. We do not see the form of the sheriff and the *posse comitatus* and the whole military power behind the Chief Justice as he renders a judgment which depends for validity in the last resort to the armed force. Peaceful nations like our own obey court decrees so readily that we see only the gloved hand and rarely the mailed fist. But it is there, ready to be invoked to uphold the supremacy of law. Without its unseen strength courts would be impotent. Andrew Jackson voiced this dependence when, indignant at an opinion of Marshall, he declared, "John Marshall has made the decision. Now let him enforce it."

When the recent wave of crime swept over New York, crooks and lawless men engaging in an orgy of looting and shooting, citizens of the metropolis felt as never before the necessity of dependence upon a vigilant and courageous police force. Millions of men and women had walked the streets for years in comparative security, thinking, if they thought at all of them, that the business of "the finest" was to control traffic and prevent the destruction of hardy pedestrians who dared obstruct the speedy passage of automobiles. It was not until an epidemic of crime broke out that the people saw that their ultimate protector was the officer with the power to arrest and imprison. Worthy policemen, I dare say, are held in greater respect, and unworthy ones more condemned, than ever from the Battery to the Bronx because of the object lesson of dependence on them.

When it Will be Safe to Disarm

If the League of Nations functions—and it cannot function in the way to carry out its beneficent purpose fully unless the United States becomes a member—the goal will be reduction of armament and peace by agreement or arbitration. But it will be another Hague tribunal if somewhere there cannot be invoked by responsible authority sufficient force to give effect to the decisions of the nations. The friends of a world concert of Powers believe the most effective agency to secure acceptance of joint international action will be the economic boycott. This should always precede actual force. To be sure, armies might be called upon to help execute an economic boycott, but it would be a naval force that would be relied upon to make a blockade effective. Therefore, one of the arguments of peace lovers for naval strength is as a guaranty of peace if jeopardized by selfish nations. This must be secured through ostracism of offending countries, cutting them off from association and commerce with their fellows, preventing ingress or egress, denying supplies. This rigorous policy would effectually teach the lesson that the enlightened and organized will of all peoples is supreme to the selfish aim of any nation or nations. For, after all that is said, the impelling world duty is the preservation of free nations and the protection of the rights of small nations.

Can we dare disarm and leave all that civilization has gained to the greed of nations which, if now quiescent, have not changed their point of view? The dominant thought of a nation sooner or later finds expression in its laws and government. Can we truly say that the world has been converted fully to the gospel of freedom and self-determination? Is there no danger, with returning stability, that nations which are unrepentant of the crime of aggressive warfare, may not look to retrieving lost fortunes if their neighbors, in sublime faith in peaceful processes, have thrown away their arms?

There may be reduction of armaments, and that will be welcomed if it can be brought about by general agreement. But it will be safe to disarm only when stable conditions, buttressed by international association, have existed long enough to become a world habit, and when universal acceptance of arbitration is in the warp and woof of the thought of all mankind. Until that day comes navies will be needed, and by no country more than our own.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by ex-Secretary Daniels. The second will appear in an early issue.

"There's Poetry in Pie"

Art may be expressed in the skillful preparation of food as well as in the creation of a painting or a musical masterpiece.

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Aluminum Cooking Utensils

make it easy for one to master the fine art of cooking. Clean, shining, silver-like, they are a pride to own and a joy to use. And the food prepared in them looks so appetizing and tastes so good.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

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This Electric Table Lamp is a beautiful model. Antique gold finish; 16-inch shade of amber art glass giving a mellow, golden glow. 22 inches high, equipped with six feet of silk cord. Two lights. It is splendid for reading and softly illumines the whole room.

The Price has been $15.00, and even this low price was only made possible by the co-operative buying of many electric light companies. Under ordinary conditions a fair price would have been $25.00.

Now there are just a few of these lamps left over from 1920, and to quickly close them out the electric light companies have agreed to the special $10.95 price.

The few lamps left will quickly be sold, at such a markdown. It will not be advertised again. If you want a wonderfully attractive lamp, at an extraordinary, small cost, take it *now!*

Try your electric light company. If they are sold out, send the coupon direct to us.

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You may send me Miller Library Lamp offered in *The Saturday Evening Post* of March 19. Enclosed is $10.95.

Name

Address

Forty Years of a Diplomat's Life

XLI

By BARON ROSEN

Former Ambassador From Russia to the United States

THE story of our flight from Russia and my subsequent movements I told in a long letter addressed from Stockholm to an old friend and former colleague, with whose consent I reproduce it below:

"GRAND HOTEL, STOCKHOLM.
"December 30th, 1918.
"January 26th, 1919.

"*My dear Lord Bryce:* I am extremely sorry our correspondence should have suffered such a very long interruption owing to conditions beyond our control. I wrote to you shortly after our arrival here, but perhaps my letter never reached you. So I shall begin by telling you again in as few words as possible the long story of our escape from that hell on earth which calls itself Petrograd. As soon as things began to look absolutely desperate I began to prepare for our flight. The difficulties in the way were very great indeed. After several enforced postponements we got off at last on the ninth of May—I mean myself, wife and daughter and two old devoted servants. Six days later we reached Murmansk safe and sound but half starved, as the provisions we had with us were beginning to give out.

"There we were comparatively safe, as the local Bolshevik authorities were sufficiently cowed by the presence in port of some English men-of-war and some English soldiers on shore. But on arrival we found that the only Russian steamer that had been plying between Murmansk and the Norwegian port Vardö had been sunk that very morning by a German submarine, and all chances of getting away seemed to be gone for God knows how long. There were some three to four thousand refugees encamped there waiting for steamers to take them to England.

"To return would have meant the risk of arrest and possibly imprisonment as hostages, an awful fate from which we had just escaped. To remain at Murmansk was equally out of the question, as there was no shelter to be found except in some international sleeping cars detained there through the breakdown of a bridge over the Kola River, which we had just crossed on foot over some temporary scaffolding. In this very serious plight it occurred to me to write to Rear Admiral Kemp, who was then on board his flagship, and to explain to him quite frankly that my object in being so anxious to leave the country was not only to seek safety in flight for me and mine but also to try to utilize whatever political credit may be accorded to me abroad on account of my long service in diplomacy, in an endeavor to find out by placing myself in contact with both sides whether it would not be possible to discover some common ground upon which both sides might agree to come together with a view to initiate negotiations for the conclusion of a general peace, because I felt convinced that the only possible salvation for my unhappy country, the only possible way of preventing her sinking with every month ever deeper into the sanguinary mire of anarchy and civil war, would have been the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace, and that I requested to be allowed to come on board his ship for the purpose of giving him fuller explanations, as I desired particularly to avoid his being under any misapprehension as to my plans. He replied immediately by a short note which I shall ever treasure most highly, as it is so truly characteristic of the spirit of an English sailor and gentleman. I transcribe it here textually:

"'I will do everything I can to help you and will come to see you to-day at five P.M. Your letter has much touched me.'

"I asked him of course not to take the trouble to call on us, as I really had no place in our car where I could receive him and have a private talk with him. But come he would, and he had even put on for the occasion a Russian order, which under existing circumstances he could hardly have had any satisfaction in wearing. You might call this a very small matter indeed, but the fine delicacy of feeling which prompted this action touched us deeply. In short, nothing could have exceeded the courtesy and kindness he showed us during our stay at Murmansk—not to mention his generosity in keeping us provided with bread and sugar and other things of prime necessity for keeping body and soul together, as our supply had given out and nothing could be had for love or money in that God-forsaken place.

"Three days later he had occasion to send off an English high official, Mr. de Candolle, a most charming gentleman with whom I had endless, most interesting conversations during our six days' sail down the beautiful coast of Norway, and the British consul from Rostov-on-the-Don, whose stateroom I shared on the Norwegian steamer from Vardö. The admiral availed himself of this occasion to send us off to Vardö, my party and a family of French refugees, on a little Russian naval vessel which he had commandeered for the purpose, convoyed by two British trawlers, on one of which went our English official fellow travelers. So we felt entirely safe both from possible attacks by German submarines and from any molestation by the most forbidding-looking Bolshevik commissary, who accompanied us on the Russian vessel. But final relief we felt only when we set foot on the deck of the Norwegian steamer and realized that after months of weary waiting between hope and despair we had at last definitely escaped from the unhappy country of our birth and devoted affection, which a lot of criminal bandits and demented fanatics have turned into a prison, a lunatic asylum and a slaughterhouse.

"The day after the admiral's visit to our sleeping car I lunched with him on board his flagship and after luncheon had a long and exhaustive exchange of views with him. He evidently realized that I was merely doing my duty as a Russian patriot in attempting a task which, howsoever hopeless it might appear, I held to be bound to undertake in order to help save what still could be saved from my country's wreck brought about by the war and the revolution, just as I fully understood that he was only doing his duty as an English patriot in working with might and main for a continuation of the war in the interest of his country whatsoever might become of mine. We parted as friends and he came to see us off on board ship the morning we sailed. His hand was the last I shook on leaving my country perchance forever.

"As soon as we reached here on the twenty-ninth of May, after a twenty days' journey, I was most anxious to get into touch with the representatives of the Entente Powers. Fortunately I found here two old acquaintances from happier times in America—Sir Esme Howard and Mr. Ira Nelson Morris—and lost no time in acquainting them with my plans, as well as, a little later on, the French Minister, Mr. Thiebaut. I handed all of them short memoranda on the subject, with the request that they submit them to their respective governments. It was not before the end of June that I secured at last, through the German Minister here, his government's consent to my visiting Berlin. Baron Lucius seemed to be personally very much opposed to his government's policy in their dealings with the Bolsheviks, and probably thought that my presence in Berlin might contribute towards opening their eyes in regard to the dangerous character of that policy. Be that as it may, he succeeded, although apparently only after prolonged negotiations between the Wilhelmstrasse and Army Headquarters, in securing for me the necessary permits.

"I arrived in Berlin at an interesting moment, in the midst of the Kuehlmann crisis. The Foreign Department treated me with formal courtesy but with great reserve, so that barring a few minutes' exchange of social amenities with Kuehlmann, an old colleague of former days in Washington, I never even set my eyes on Von Hintze or the Chancellor. This, however, did not prevent my gaining a pretty good insight into the inner workings of their diplomatic kitchen, which did not strike me as in any way superior to our own institution of the same kind as it was in my day. No difficulties whatever were placed in the way of my perfectly free intercourse with prominent personalities in political, financial, literary or journalistic circles. No watch was kept over my movements and I was perfectly free to observe the condition of things and, so to speak, to feel the pulse of the people in any way accessible to a foreigner knowing the language of the country well enough so as to pass in a crowd unobserved and undetected. I could talk to you by the hour about all the interesting things I had occasion to observe, and will not fail to do so if ever again I have the good fortune to meet you over a cup of tea at the Athenæum. For the present I'll have to limit myself to saying that the impressions I carried away from Berlin after a few weeks' sojourn were briefly summarized as follows:

"The Emperor as an active factor in politics had vanished from the scene;

"All power, military as well as political, was concentrated in the hands of General Ludendorff, actual dictator of Germany;

"Such credit as the military caste, junkerdom and 'alldeutschdom' ever enjoyed in the popular mind was entirely gone, broken down under the weight of utter ruin and bitter disillusion as the only fruits of so many years of patriotically borne hardship and suffering;

"All the people, from the highest down to the lowest, were heartily sick of the war and were sighing for peace;

"The great majority of the people were ready for peace at any price short of dishonor and destruction of their country;

"The remaining minority were ready for acceptance of any terms of peace satisfying the essential and just demands of the Allies covered by the principles proclaimed by President Wilson;

"This would likewise be the position to which the government would be compelled to come down by pressure from below, peace negotiations having been set on foot for good;

"The government were quite sincere in their official declarations except that they did not go so far as they were actually prepared to go, such reticence being due either to the belief that that was the most skillful way of playing their hand or else to weak-kneed subservience to the small but noisy band of 'alldeutsch' fanatics and to the Ludendorff clique at Army Headquarters;

"The dismissal of Kuehlmann cannot be held to be a case in point showing the necessity of such subservience, because, as I was being assured from all sides, had he but bravely stuck to his guns instead of meekly recanting the very next day after his famous speech he would have had behind him the overwhelming majority of the nation, he would have become the most popular man in the country and would have made his position unassailable or would have been promoted to that of Chancellor.

"My own personal conclusion drawn from these impressions gathered during my several weeks' stay in Berlin confirmed me in the conviction I had held ever since December, 1916, and had been expressing in open letters, articles in the newspapers when possible and several pamphlets over my signature ever since the spring of 1917—namely, that the war could have been ended and peace have been had at any time on conditions entirely satisfactory to our coalition, Germany not being in a position, quite independently of the military situation, to avoid the acceptance of any such terms.

"Such a peace would, of course, have been a peace of conciliation reached by negotiation, and not a peace of dictation. Which of the two would have been a better one I shall not attempt to discuss.

"The future will show whether the result of the World War as it appears now—viz., the rise and growth of Bolshevism, with the consequent extinction of Russia as a political entity, the destruction of three great empires with a population of more than three hundred millions, their utter abasement, their threatened beggaring and economic enslavement and, last but not least, what may be termed the Balkanization of Eastern Europe—whether all this will have been conducive to bringing about the elimination of war as the only means of settling differences of real moment between nations or whether it will merely have prepared the ground for a series of new and perhaps still more terrible wars in the future.

(Continued on Page 44)

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If Bernard Shaw Had Learned to Smoke

F. P. A., Colyumist, says that the only great writer he knows of actually opposed to tobacco is G. Bernard Shaw.

"Think what G. Bernard Shaw might have been had he ever learned to smoke," someone suggested.

To which F. P. A. answered: "We are thinking . . . . and now that we have thought for four minutes—one minute to a dot—our conclusion is that he would have been less crotchety, less irritable, and less the way he is. And the way he is is the way he ought to be. If Shaw were a smoker, we conceive of him as a sort of ninth-rate Barrie."

Possibly; and yet Carlyle, rather crotchety and somewhat of a master of invective, was a smoker. However; judging by people in general, instead of by these brilliant exceptions, smoking unquestionably does smooth down one's feelings.

Put a good pipeful of the right tobacco in the mouth of a man irritated with the way things are going and things immediately begin to look better to him.

A few puffs, and he ceases to be quite so critical. A few moments of complete relaxation and the weight of the world drops off his shoulders. "This is a pretty good little old world, after all!" he reflects.

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It doesn't please all. It may or may not please you, but a whole lot of smokers prize Edgeworth rather highly.

Just send us your name and address on a postcard. If you feel like doing us a favor send us also the name of the dealer to whom you will go for supplies, in case you like Edgeworth. We will send you without charge samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to meet the requirements of many different customers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are put up in pocket-size cans, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and in various quantities in between those sizes.

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"The mission I had volunteered to undertake had failed. This result of apparently so quixotic an enterprise was to have been foreseen. Indeed I had not failed to foresee and discount in advance its almost certain failure. But neither this nor any consideration of my personal ease and quietude nor any apprehension of misinterpretation of my motives nor obloquy by the ignorant and the malevolent would have deterred me from doing what I held to be a sacred duty by my country which no one else would have been in a position to undertake.

"But I had still another duty to perform, no less sacred and even more urgent—that of saving the unfortunate city of my home from the awful fate in store for her unless armed help were to appear in time. Now it is self-evident that such help, to which we might have had some claim, could not by any conceivable possibility be rendered the doomed city by our Allies. Nothing remained, therefore, but to seek such assistance from the enemy, to whom it would have been an easy matter to occupy Petersburg with their troops, of whom they had a more than ample number stationed at Narva and at Pskof, within a few days' march from the capital.

"With this end in view I returned to Berlin. The difficulties I had to contend with there were due to the fact that the whole plan of Germany's insane policy in regard to Bolshevistic Russia had been fathered by a group of fanatic Russia haters having at their head a certain Privy Councilor Kriege, the most influential member of the Foreign Office Staff, one of these pestilential doctrinaires of *Macht Politik*, who, in no lesser degree than the military caste and junkerdom and 'alldeutsche' demagogy, have been guilty of bringing down upon their country the catastrophe of her inglorious collapse. This policy, however, had been indorsed by General Ludendorff, evidently from purely strategic motives, and was being pursued by him with his usual ruthlessness. There seems to be no doubt about all the proceedings at Brest-Litovsk having been directly inspired by and carried out under categoric orders of that all-powerful dictator of Germany.

"Although the whole of this so-called *Ost Politik* was openly condemned by the leading organs of the conservative as well as of the liberal and even the socialist parties, and the government's dealings with Russian Bolshevism were spoken of by the better elements with unconcealed loathing, the government could not be brought to break openly and categorically with the Bolshevistic usurpers of power in Russia with whom they had concluded that shameful 'supplementary treaty' signed by Kriege and Von Hintze about the division of the stolen goods—the gold reserve of the Bank of Russia. It was not before a couple of days before the outbreak of the revolution that they picked up at last courage enough to order the expulsion of that man Joffe, who had been masquerading as representative of Russia in the house which was formerly the Russian Embassy and which he seems to have had converted into a kind of headquarters of the German revolutionists.

"When the great collapse of Germany occurred it became evident that no help for unfortunate Petersburg could any longer be expected to come from that quarter and I returned to Stockholm, having given up all hope of any effectual help arriving in time to rescue the seven or eight hundred thousand unfortunate inhabitants still remaining in the doomed city from the awful fate in store for them. What that will mean let me illustrate by an example. A friend of mine, a wealthy widow, who escaped from that hell on earth some time ago, thanks to the energy and exertions of that grand old man, General Brandstrom, the Swedish Minister, to whom so many unfortunates owe their escape, was obliged on leaving Petersburg to separate herself from her private secretary, a charming English girl to whom she was warmly attached, because that brave and high-minded young lady would not abandon her old father, a formerly very wealthy English merchant settled there for fifty years, and now, having lost some years ago all his fortune and latterly every possible means of earning a livelihood, entirely dependent on his daughter's support. Yesterday—I am writing these lines on January eleventh—my friend received from her former secretary a letter brought here by some fugitive, in which she tells the harrowing tale of how she had just closed the eyes of her poor old father and his brother, who had been slowly dying of starvation amidst terrible sufferings, she herself being hardly able to stand up and move about.

"Now that is merely one case in many thousands, not to mention the thousands of 'hostages' among them—maybe, some of my personal friends—who are being slowly starved to death in Bolshevist prisons in daily fear of summary execution. So you may imagine how deeply I feel about all this. It is a great pity that the whole truth about the real condition of things in Russia does not seem to be known or understood abroad. It seems to me that the proud assurance that 'Bolshevism is the disease of defeated nations' is based on a very superficial view of Bolshevism and the deep-lying causes of its rise and sudden growth. It is not the fact that defeat produces this disease. On the contrary, it was the introduction and the spread of the deadly infection of Bolshevism among the armed forces of both nations which caused the defeat first of Russia and then of Germany. The former view is just as erroneous as was the conception so long prevalent in Allied countries of the true meaning of the Russian Revolution.

"When Dr. E. J. Dillon in his remarkable book The Eclipse of Russia, Page 17, describes the history of the Russian Revolution as the 'tale of a fatal psychological error and its sequel' he is unquestionably right. He is no less right when he says that the 'blast that destroyed the monarchy and shattered the nation came directly from the Duma leaders,' in whose supposedly competent judgment those who—as Doctor Dillon seems to think—'aided and abetted them' must have placed greater confidence than it deserved. But then theirs was merely the 'blast,' catastrophically fatal, indeed, in its consequences, but prompted by motives the very opposite of those which swayed the mutinous soldiers and sailors and revolutionary workmen who actually achieved the overthrow of the government.

"Besides its true underlying meaning as a revolt of the people against the war the Russian Revolution carried, however, a still wider meaning, to which I cannot help referring here again, going far beyond the confines of Russia. It meant the beginning of the awakening of the toiling masses, who constitute the overwhelming majority of the people of every country, to a realization of the fact that this war—as indeed might be said of most wars since history began—had been forced on them by their rulers as an outcome of policies which to the ruling classes represent the tempting phantoms of Glory, of Hegemony, of Prestige, of Revenge, but which to the masses present themselves merely as shibboleths devoid of meaning in terms of the life of plain men and women, for the pursuit of which they have, however, to pay with the lives of millions of their sons and brothers, with millions of ruined homes and with all the untold misery and suffering that could never be compensated by the most crushing victory. It further meant that when the day of their final awakening shall have dawned upon the masses, they will make it a day of reckoning with their rulers and that this fratricidal war between the nations may resolve itself into a fratricidal and suicidal war between the masses and the classes within the nation.

"The part of wisdom, it would seem, would have been to have heeded the warning before it was too late.

"It was the failure to have done so that has delivered Russia into the hands of Bolshevism, with its sequel of anarchy, civil war and utter ruin and destruction of the social and political fabric of the state, because it enabled the Bolshevist leaders to assure themselves of the unflinching support of the army and navy by promising them immediate peace. Germany, it would seem, is now being overtaken by a similar fate, hastened on by the insane policy of her rulers in regard to Bolshevistic Russia.

"The phenomenal ease and rapidity with which soldiers' and workmen's soviets on the Russian model succeeded in usurping power in many places in Germany cannot be said to bode any good to anybody for the future. These events demonstrate the exceedingly dangerous character of the fascination which the successful establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia seems to exercise over the popular mind, ignorant of the unspeakably wretched condition to which triumphant Bolshevism has reduced a once great and prosperous nation.

"The problem of the immediate future of Russia is one of unexampled difficulty. Its sinister import should never be lost sight of and its solution is urgently required in the common interest of civilized mankind, since, if Bolshevism be not now extirpated root and branch, and if it be suffered to spread any farther, it might ultimately come to mean the doom of our race and civilization. The task of seeking such a solution should be approached in a spirit entirely free from partisanship and from the passions of international hatred bred by the World War. Nothing could be more fatal in the present crisis in the country's history, when the very existence of the nation hangs in the balance, than the failure to recognize that it is the paramount, the sacred duty of every true patriot to be neither pro-Entente nor pro-German, but above all and exclusively pro-Russian.

"A case in point is presented by the fate that seems to be overtaking the Ukraina, the most fertile, the richest in natural resources of every kind, the most prosperous part of European Russia, which had escaped the infliction of Bolshevism, owing to the timely assistance of German troops, whose aid had been invoked by the Ukrainian nationalist Rada. This help was, of course, rendered from purely selfish motives in the hope, never fully realized, of a temporary exploitation of the agricultural resources of the Ukraina for feeding the German people, but it unquestionably saved the country from Bolshevism. It was this assistance also which enabled General Skoropadsky, a most loyal patriot, gifted with a statesman's insight and undaunted courage, to seize the reins of power at a most critical moment, to revive the ancient historic institute of the hetmanate, to organize a free government on liberal lines guaranteeing law and order, safety of life and property, and all the conditions of civilized existence, to the shelter of which flocked hundreds of thousands of unhappy fugitives from Bolshevist Russia; in a word, to save for civilization this large part of European Russia, about a sixth of its surface, with some forty million inhabitants, as a nucleus on the foundation of which, with the shattered parts of what was once the Empire of Russia, the reunited country might some day have been reconstructed as a political entity.

"It would seem that a man who had achieved so much in so short a period of time and under such exceptional difficulties might have counted on the unflinching support of all true patriots. Such support, however, he did not only not find where he had every right to expect it, but he was being run down and criticized by the very people who had found shelter under his government, he was proclaimed a pro-German, his visit to the German Emperor was incriminated to him as an act of treason in regard to the Entente Powers, who, even if they had wished to, could not possibly have extended to the Ukraina the assistance which alone had enabled him to achieve what he had accomplished in organizing the country as a civilized state; pressure had been put on him in order to cause him to reverse his wise and cautious policy in regard to the Ukrainian nationalist party and their dream of a Ukraina as an entirely self-contained state absolutely independent and separate from Russia, and to prematurely and openly break with that party, thereby placing a most powerful weapon in the hands of the socialist demagogue Petlura, who was aiming at the realization of that very dream.

"The result has been the overthrow of the hetman's government, the installation of a socialistic régime under a so-called directorate, and the opening of the door to the advent in the near future, if it has not already taken place, of Bolshevism in the only part of what was once the Empire of Russia so far left standing erect as a civilized community.

"Thus have our politicians given us a fresh proof of their hopeless incompetence and unfitness to be the leaders of the nation. And now—I am writing these lines on the twenty-first of January—a post-mortem inquest is apparently being held by the Entente Powers on the dead body of Russia, the chief victim of the World War, expert evidence being furnished by some

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foreign diplomats and perhaps likewise by the former agents and adherents of the various governments, imperial as well as republican, and of the various parties whom all Russians who still have kept the faculty of logical thinking know to have been, and whom the Russian people instinctively feel to have been, the gravediggers of their country.

"So this is the end of the country of my birth, to whose service I have devoted a lifetime of unstinted effort in the cause of justice, of reason and of truth. You may imagine what my feelings have been all the time during the last reign and the revolution, being condemned to stand by in impotent rage, a helpless witness of my country's gradual undoing and final downfall and ruin, brought about by the insane foreign and domestic policy which I have been all along persistently opposing by word and pen to the best of my ability.

"The only glimmer of hope I could discern now would be in the evolution out of the present chaos of a military dictatorship, such as must always be the outcome of a prolonged state of anarchy, if the teachings of history are to be believed. Some indications of the possibility of a similar development are already discernible. Admiral Kolchak, the head of the Siberian Government, having of late secured the adhesion or submission to his authority of Generals Denikin and Krasnoff of the Don Cossacks, has begun to use in his public utterances the language of a dictator conscious of his power and determined to render his will supreme. The task awaiting him is one of colossal magnitude and unequaled difficulty. To cope with it successfully will require a giant's strength, the strength of a Napoleon or a Peter the Great. God grant that this strength be given him and that he will become the savior of his country.

"I was much interested in a notice I saw the other day in some newspaper to the effect that President Wilson had received you with Lord Grey, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Gilbert Murray as representatives of the Union for the Promotion of a League of Nations. You know how earnestly I am, heart and soul, in sympathy with the aim the union pursues. There indeed lies unquestionably the best hope for the future of mankind. But are we really getting now much nearer the realization of our ideal? President Wilson in his great speech in Rome called attention to what seems to me to be the really crucial point—the need of a new international psychology. Now the World War, just as it has been an outcome of, so also has it intensified the old traditional international psychology of distrust, of hatred and of revenge. One would, it strikes me, really be embarrassed to discover at present any indication of an abatement of the influence of this old psychology.

"Mr. Gilbert Murray in his admirable preface to the English edition of his volume, Faith, War and Policy, says: 'The War-mood is one thing, and the Settlement-mood is another.' From what one can gather from press accounts of the atmosphere surrounding the Paris conference, the War-mood would seem to be still rather dominant there. It could hardly fail to shape the mental attitude of some at least of the members of the conference in a sense rather inconsistent with President Wilson's conception of what a league of nations should be. And, then, such a league would not be complete if it did not include Russia with her population of still some one hundred twenty to one hundred thirty millions without Poland and Finland. But who can tell when and how Russia will reappear reconstituted as a political entity and able to resume her place in the family of nations and her status as one of the Great Powers?

"Furthermore, there is the formidable problem of Bolshevism, which cannot be got out of the way by simply ignoring it and declaring Bolshevism to be a disease of defeated nations from which victor nations are immune. If one goes to the bottom of things, what, after all, is Bolshevism but the outbreak in a violent form of the chronic incurable disease with which all civilized mankind is and always will remain afflicted—the everlasting strife between those who have and those who have not? Incurable because there is not and there never can be a sufficiency of the good things of this world to go round, and therefore their enjoyment will always be limited to an infinitely small minority, whereas the thirst for such enjoyment among the great majority will constantly grow as the difference between the luxury and comfort of the few and the want and misery of the many becomes ever greater and more glaring.

"Discontent with, at best, the narrow limitations of a life condemned to incessant toil, joyless monotony and anxious insecurity, such as always must and will be the lot of the great majority of mankind; envy of the more fortunate and consequent class hatred—these are the germs of the disease. They are present everywhere. Their lying dormant for the time being does not preclude the possibility of their bearing fruit some day. That fruit will be Bolshevism, probably not in such a savage form as in Russia, but nevertheless ominously threatening to modern civilization. Then will become evident even to the most purblind fanatic of international strife the supreme folly which led the ruling classes of the leading nations to waste untold milliards of their peoples' wealth on gigantic armaments and a fratricidal war of mutual extermination instead of devoting, be it even a small part only of the colossal treasure thus wasted, to the bettering as much as possible of the lot and the lightening of the burden of the toiling masses—the only possible way of preventing the rise and growth of revolutionary socialism and its offspring, Bolshevism and anarchy.

"It is too late in the day now to waste time in deploring the folly that favored the rise and growth of Bolshevism. The problem of how to deal with it stares us in the face now. Not Russia alone, or Germany, but all civilized mankind. One thing is certain, and it is this: The problem of Bolshevism can be solved only by all civilized mankind—I mean all, and, therefore, not excluding Germany—acting in concert to put it down with the strong arm. It was the suicidal feud between the ruling classes of the leading nations that created the opportunity for Bolshevism to raise its head. The continuance of that feud, whether in the shape of active military operations or of diplomatic or economic warfare, is sure to favor its growth. Therefore, the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace, and that a peace of reconciliation, is a prerequisite to a successful repression of Bolshevism. The ruling classes of all nations are a minority, but they have a sacred duty to perform, not acting in self-defense, but towards their peoples, because the triumph of Bolshevism would mean the utter ruin not only of the classes but of the masses themselves as well. That is the lesson the installation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia is teaching the world.

"Taken all in all the prospect for the future does not seem to be a cheerful one, and the era of peace on earth and good will among mankind appears to be as far remote as ever.

"Much, however, would be gained if, after the awful experience through which we are passing, mankind would come to comprehend at last the sinister and fatal fallacy of the famous dictum: 'If you wish for peace, prepare for war.' We have seen to what has led the endeavor to secure peace by preparing for war by means of powerful alliances and formidable ever-growing armaments. On the other hand, the two great nations to whom of right should belong the undisputed leadership of mankind have shown the world how not only war but any danger of war may be avoided successfully by preparing not for war but for peace. Ever since the conclusion of the convention of 1817 the boundary line of some three thousand miles dividing their territories on the continent of North America has remained absolutely defenseless on either side, and the two nations have enjoyed the blessings of a century of uninterrupted peace, although on at least two occasions friction had arisen between them such as would have led most probably to an armed conflict between them if they had had in their respective capitals such institutions as Grand General Staffs on the European model, with pigeonholes full of elaborate plans of campaign for the invasion of their neighbor's dominions.

"To anyone who doubts the possibility of such permanent peace as human nature ever will allow of being secured by the abolition of compulsory military service and by the reduction of the size of permanent professional armies to such dimensions as would be required for maintaining order in the interior—to anyone who entertains such doubts it will be sufficient to

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for the

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point to the shining example set the world by Great Britain and the United States of America.

"That is where would lie the only hope for the future of mankind.

"But really I must stop here. This letter has already assumed the proportions of a little pamphlet. My pen will run away with me when writing to you, as I always feel as if I were enjoying one of our old-time friendly exchanges of views on every subject under the sun. On the second or third of January, when I had only just begun writing this long epistle, I sent you a short letter covering some of my humble literary productions which I thought it might interest you to see.

"I intrusted that letter to a Russian acquaintance of mine who was leaving that day for London to join his wife and son, who had entered the British military service. But it seems that letter also has failed to reach you.

"With kindest regards from us three to Lady Bryce and yourself, I remain,

"Yours very sincerely,

"R. R."

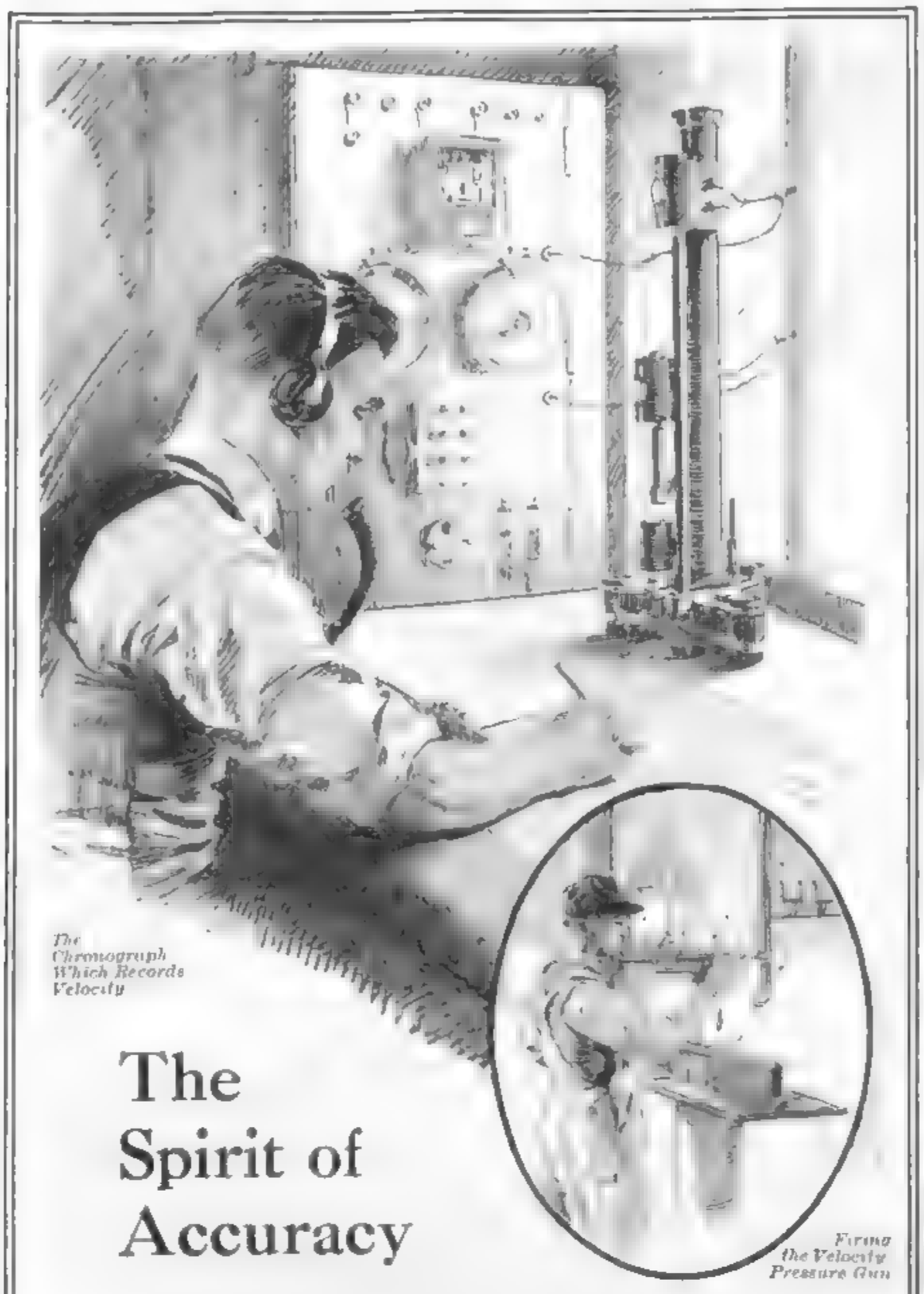
My self-imposed mission, a forlorn hope, had failed, as I had fully expected. And yet its aim was one that might have enlisted sympathy rather than deserved disapproval, and its success—had it been possible—might have benefited the world. But the world was not, nor does it seem to be even now, ripe for real peace.

In winding up these reminiscences of a long life spent in the devoted service of my country, a tragic victim of the Moloch of war, I may, perhaps with propriety, venture to quote, from the concluding pages of the chapter entitled What Men Died For, the lofty language of some of the passages in which Sir Philip Gibbs, in his wonderful book Now It Can Be Told, has had the noble courage to give the world the unvarnished truth:

"In each nation, even in Germany, there were men and women who saw the folly of the war and the crime of it, and desired to end it by some act of renunciation and repentance, and by some uplifting of the peoples' spirit to vault the frontiers of hatred and the barbed wire which hedged in patriotisms. Some of them were put in prison. Most of them saw the impossibility of counteracting the forces of insanity which had made the world mad, and kept silent, hiding their thoughts and brooding over them. The leaders of the nations continued to use mob passion as their argument and justification, excited it anew when its fires burned low, focused it upon definite objectives and gave it a sense of righteousness by the high-sounding watchwords of liberty, justice, honor and retribution. . . . The peoples shared the blame of their rulers because they were not nobler than their rulers. They cannot now plead ignorance or betrayal by false ideals which duped them, because character does not depend on knowledge, and it was the character of European peoples which failed in the crisis of the world's fate, so that they followed the call back of the beast of the jungle rather than the voice of the Crucified One whom they pretended to adore. . . . Or is war the law of human life? Is there something more powerful than Kaisers and castes which drives masses of men against other masses in death struggles which they do not understand? Are we really poor beasts in the jungle, striving by tooth and claw, high velocity and poison gas for the survival of the fittest in an endless conflict? . . .

"The world will not accept that message of despair; and millions of men to-day who went through the agony of the war are inspired by the humble belief that humanity may be cured of its cruelty and stupidity and that a brotherhood of peoples more powerful than a League of Nations may be founded in the world after its present sickness and out of the conflict of its anarchy. . . . We have seen too much blood. We want to wipe it out of our eyes and souls. Let us have Peace."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Baron Rosen.



The Chronograph Which Records Velocity

Firing the Velocity Pressure Gun

The Spirit of Accuracy

A bulb is pressed, a roar—and long before the echo dies, the velocity and pressure given by a charge of Hercules Powder are a matter of record.

When a shot is fired in the velocity-pressure gun on one of the ranges of the Hercules Ballistic Station, the story of that shot is electrically flashed to the chronograph. This instrument registers the interval of time necessary for the shot to strike the target.

The painstaking care with which this test is repeatedly carried out with every lot of powder is indicative of the spirit of accuracy which pervades the Hercules Powder Co. No strain of manufacturing conditions can be so great—no demand for Hercules Explosives so insistent—that this spirit of accuracy does not rule at a Hercules plant.

When you buy an explosive—whether it be dynamite for removing mountains or stumps, or sporting powder for hunting or trapshooting—remember that a product bearing the name Hercules can always be depended upon to do uniformly well the work for which it is intended.

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Explosives Chemicals Naval Stores

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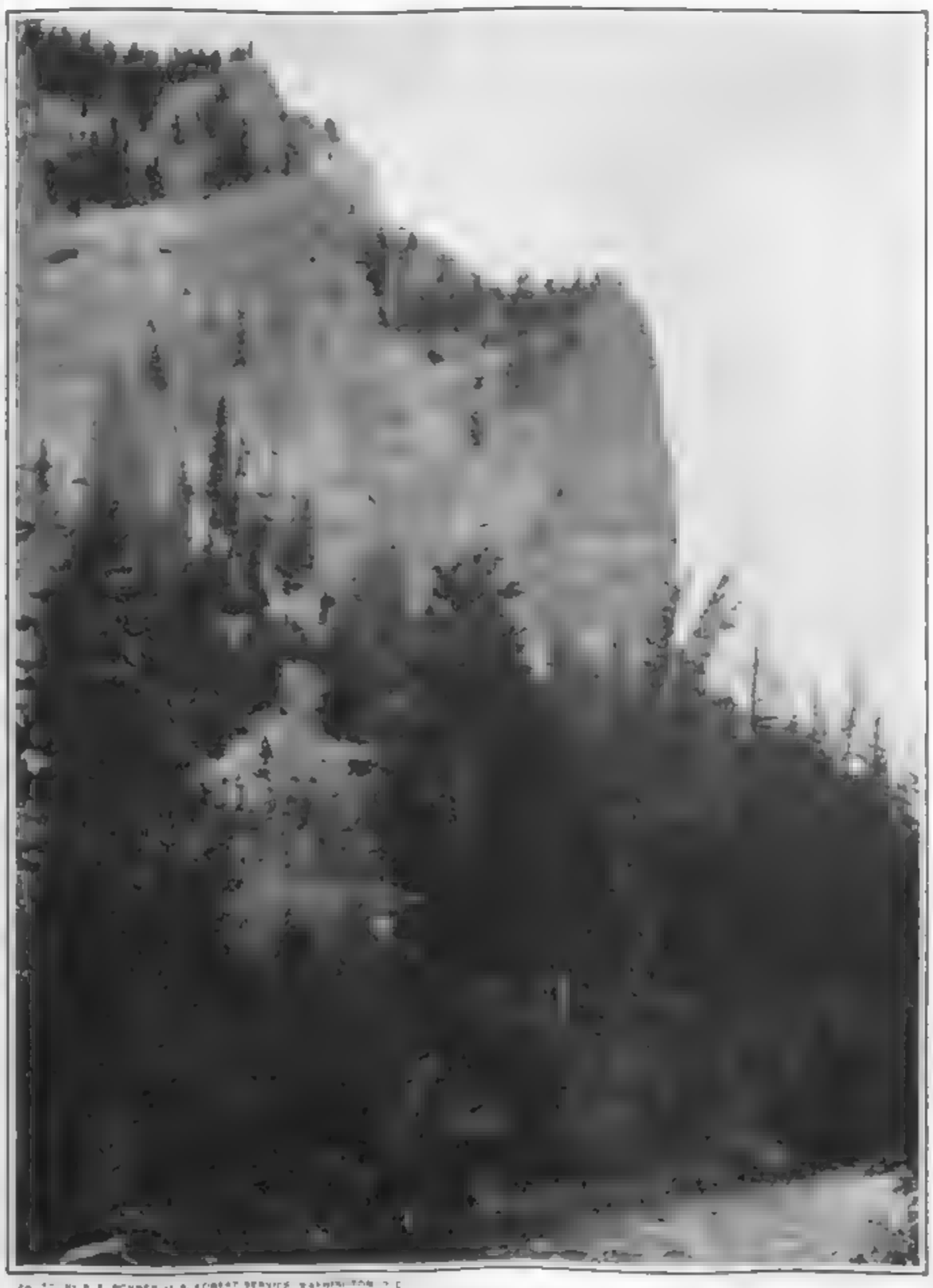
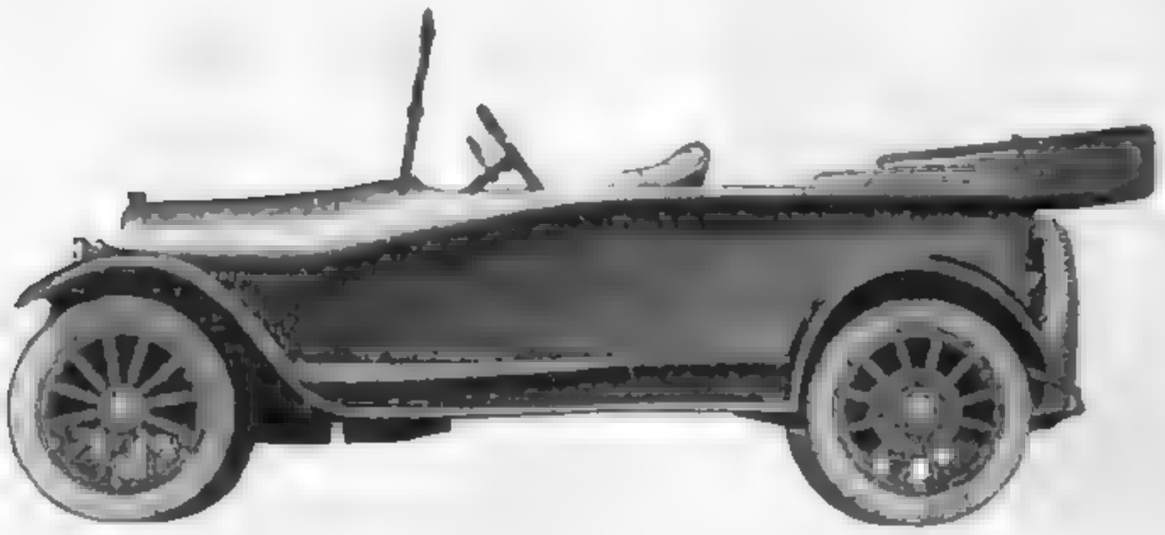


Hobacks River, Teton National Forest, Wyoming

MAXWELL

THE new and powerful organization now building the good Maxwell has usefulness in mind above all else. The good Maxwell costs so little to run that any family of average activities will find it false economy to try and do without it



The Good Maxwell

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, INC.
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

BRAKES

Are safer and last longer with Johns-Manville Non-Burn Asbestos Brake Lining

Through—
Asbestos
and its allied products
INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs
CEMENTS
that make boilers and roofs proof
ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks
PACKINGS
that save power waste
LININGS
that make brakes safe
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

FIFTY-FIFTY

(Continued from Page 21)

and a name." Fifteen cents, judiciously expended in a second-rate emporium, purchased a new collar of passable appearance if not too closely inspected. His pockets yielded up a comb. Soon he was very creditably groomed, even to the smoothing of his beard, the polishing of his pince-nez. His suit, originally excellent, still would pass muster. Yes, as the Doc surveyed himself in the crinkly reflecting mirror of the little room he felt that he would do.

A few minutes later brought him to the office of a lawyer in a musty old brick block on Johnson Street. This office laired up a winding wooden stair, suggestive of the spider and the fly. The lawyer's name was Mullins. Doc knew the type, entirely well; which type is crudely known as ambulance chasers, and will gulp at contingent business as toads lick up insects.

Briefly the Doc stated his business.

"Yes, Doctor Harris," the lawyer answered, replacing in his lapel the pin wherewith he had been picking his teeth, "I will undertake the collection, on the contingent basis you mention, for the proffered—h'm!—honorarium of ten dollars. The arrest and conviction are certainly the result of your testimony. I should judge that the bank people would have no alternative but to pay. Shall I phone them and inquire?"

"No. You might do better to see them in person."

"Very true. I am disengaged for the present. I can go at once."

Mullins seemed rather eager in the matter. Perhaps ten-dollar honorariums didn't drop in on him every day.

"To-morrow morning will do quite well," answered Bender. "A man of my profession does not wish to seem oversolicitous about so trivial a matter as a hundred dollars. Yet I admit, on this walking tour, the sum—minus your honorarium—will not be without its advantageous qualities."

Mullins objected to any delay, quoting remarks about striking while the sun shone, and making hay while the iron was hot, but his client held firm. They parted, with the understanding that Mullins was to let matters lie till ten next morning. His client was to call for the hundred dollars an hour later.

Thereafter Doc Bender returned to the Keystone Hotel, with seventy-eight cents in his pocket. Three meals, at a minimum of twenty cents per, would have to come out of this amount.

"But that leaves eighteen cents for a cigar and incidentals," he reckoned. "For diversion I can read the papers in the hotel office—a most useful place when one wishes to obtain a little inside information on the finances and politics of a town. The cigar can be smoked in three installments. Not so bad, eh?"

Thus he passed long hours, waiting. He got acquainted with the two local papers, the Reporter and the Times-Express. Also, he made progress in fathoming the political and financial antagonisms of Slackville. All this was just so much wheat in the bin. He also pondered a good deal on the condition of his pal, whose board and lodging were now costing him exactly nothing at all.

At eleven next morning—with rain still weeping from a blind sky—he called again on Mullins. The lawyer greeted him with a countenance of dejection.

"I judge, sir," opined the Doc, "that you have not succeeded in collecting the reward."

"Right! There's nothin' doin'."

"What?"

"Not through me! Mr. McShane, president of the bank, won't recognize my claim. You should of put it in writin', Doctor Harris, an' thus empowered me to collect. I'll have to ask you to do that, sir, before we proceed."

Bender frowned. The name McShane recalled poignant memories. Pod and he had once had dealings with a man of that cognomen, in which they had nearly lost even unto their eyeteeth. The name suggested unpleasant events. Still, he gave it no serious thought. In a country of 105,683,108 inhabitants, surely there must be about a McShanes.

More serious than any tenuous possibility of running into the former McShane was the immediate and pressing need of cash. Bender's pocket now held but eight cents. Delays were not permissible.

"An' what's more," the legal luminary continued, "them people insist on your comin' to see 'em, with me, personal. They want all the details, an' they won't give up a nickel till they've talked with you. Why, anybody'd think they suspected a fraud or somethin', they're that leary!"

"Very well," said Ben, "let us go at once." His thermometer of hope was once more rising, but at the same time he was conscious of an instinctive undercurrent of misgiving that is usually called a hunch.

They proceeded to the bank, arriving at eleven-twenty-five. After a little delay they were ushered into the president's private office. Here a totally shocking discovery struck Bender directly between the eyes. His first glance at McShane assured him he was confronted by one of the few persons in this erring world whom he positively preferred not to encounter.

There could be no mistaking this fatal fact. Even had McShane's start of recognition not betrayed the truth, Bender's own eyes would have made error impossible. This President McShane, of the Slackville National Bank, was none other than Baldy McShane.

Let us state in a few words that Baldy McShane had erstwhile been an auto-track operator and a gambler on auto races. Also that Bender had not laid an eye on him in more than five years, and that Bender had hoped never again to meet him, in this life or any other.

The Doc paled a little as Baldy's eyes fastened themselves on his countenance with something of the tenacity of an octopus' tentacles.

McShane, now perfectly his own master, rose, gestured to a chair, and turned toward Mullins.

"My dear sir," smiled he, "with your kind permission I very much prefer to discuss this matter in private with your client. Alone. No offense, pray?"

Mullins stared, but had to yield. The smile on the smooth calm face of President McShane was in no wise to be misunderstood. So Mullins departed, closing the office door behind him.

McShane smiled still more as he handed Doc a cigar.

"Well, old man," said he, "this is an unexpected pleasure!"

"It certainly is! Nice weeds you're smoking now."

"I always smoked nice weeds." And he sat down again at his broad glass-topped desk, whereon he drummed with manicured fingers. "As a man who may have sucked eggs, but who always swallowed the shells, I always played in luck. I judge you're out of it."

"The obvious needs no confirmation."

"Correct! There was once on a time a couple of con men named Doc Bender and Pod Slattery. Their record runs from Eastport, Maine, to San Francisco, and then some. In fact, all round the world. I believe one of those distinguished gentlemen now does our town lockup the honor of reposing therein. In fact, I know he does. I've been down and had a look at him myself. He don't know it, but it's a fact. I made him, the first peek."

"I'm sure he'd regret not having seen you, if he'd known it. Old friends are best," remarked the doctor.

"So much for one of the con men," went on McShane. "The other is faced by the alternative of departing from Slackville with exceeding promptitude or of also reposing near his partner—indefinitely."

"Ah, indeed?" parried the Doc. He too was smiling now. "Once on a time there was a sporting gentleman, in Los Angeles, whose common or garden name was Baldy. Among other exploits, this gentleman indulged in some auto racing of great ingenuity. He also handled stolen cars. I understand there is an election coming off here. Any publicity ——"

"There will be no publicity," put in McShane. He blew rich smoke, even as the Doc was blowing it.

"Why not, pray?" asked the Doc. "Nothing personal, you understand. I'm merely asking for information."

"Quite so! In a town where one owns, so to speak, the mayor, the common council, police, judges and one of the papers, plus about everything else—one also controls the public mind. Such mind as the public thinks it has. No Ithuriel's lance,

(Continued on Page 52)

PAIGE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

IF you would know the real thrill of living, get behind the wheel of a New Series "Glenbrook 6-44" and hike for the open country.

There is wine in the air these early spring days—a wine that quickens the jaded pulse beat and brings the glow of health to sallow cheeks.

With the "Glenbrook" you will be prepared to accept any challenge of the road. When long, steep hills loom before you, just open the throttle and watch the speedometer needle climb up—up—up.

For, remember, this keen spirited car accelerates from five to twenty-five miles per hour in nine seconds flat. That is a clear index of giant energy. It means a vast store of reserve power for any and all motoring needs.

New Series "6-44" Models

Glenbrook Five Passenger Touring Car	$1795 *f. o. b. Detroit*
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PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks

A new kind of vacuum bottle—For outdoors or indoors—for work, school, home or office

"It will not break"

A FALL from the table, a jolt in an automobile—even the sudden contact of hot or cold liquids—is likely to break the ordinary vacuum bottle.

The new Stanley Vacuum Bottle puts an end to this danger. The Stanley is made entirely of steel, welded into a single unit of tremendous strength. There is no glass in its construction. *It can never break.*

In pints, quarts, two-quarts and carafe

Stanley all-steel bottles are now made in a new convenient pint size for individual luncheS as well as in one and two-quart sizes for automobiling and general use. Also in an attractive carafe model for home or office.

Sold at all the better drug, hardware, sporting goods, department, jewelry and auto-accessory stores.

The first cost is the last cost.

If your dealer does not carry the Stanley Bottle, send us his name and address. Stanley Insulating Company, 43 Exchange Place, New York. Factory: Great Barrington, Mass.

STANLEY
VACUUM BOTTLE
FERROSTAT

Keeps liquids piping hot or icy cold

(Continued from Page 50)

even though tipped with flame, can possibly pierce such armor. Rather, Ithuriel will find himself in the red-hot gravy if he does any jousting in this vicinity. I speak quite impersonally, you understand."

"Yes, yes, of course!"

"By the way," McShane added, "this is splendid weather for travel, isn't it? Nice weather to go South. We have excellent train service for Washington and Florida."

"Yes?"

"A couple of gentlemen of leisure might enjoy Florida. Even though one of them may be unavoidably detained, such a slight detail may easily be overcome. Also, a matter of a hundred dollars can be negotiated without difficulty. Even five hundred would not be impossible."

"Thanks," said the Doc, a glint in his eye. "When I decide to travel I'll remember it." He stood up and took his hat.

"You mean you're intending to remain?" demanded the banker, his jaw stiffening. His smile was gone now. He looked dangerous.

"For a while, yes. I'm at the Keystone Hotel. You can find me any time."

"Florida will positively be healthier for both of you this winter!"

"Possibly. Still, we intend to stay. Until we have acquired a motor car, at least. Perhaps you might advise us about that? You being, as it were, one of the country's greatest experts—sub rosa—on motor cars."

"Sorry, but I can't offer you any assistance in such a matter, save to remark that the Slackville police operate a car that will undoubtedly call for you, in case you're here—let's see—to-morrow noon."

"Kind of you, I'm sure," smiled the Doc. "I rather like Slackville. I think I'll remain awhile."

"Don't be a fool!" growled McShane with a swift unmasking of his suavity. "There's five hundred in cash for you in this desk drawer, and a get-away for your side partner if you clear out by noon to-morrow."

"The stakes I'm playing for now, Baldy McShane," Doc retorted with a steely eye, "make five hundred look like birdseed!"

"If you stay you'll catch hell! I'll drag up everything on you for the last ten years, and bury you two so deep ——"

"Good day, and thanks for everything," Ben interrupted. "Au revoir!"

Doc Bender walked out of the president's office smiling, and carefully closed the door.

"Well?" whispered Mullins anxiously. "Anythin' doin'?"

"I should say yes! More than this tomb of a town has seen in many a long day!"

"You landed the hundred, then?"

"Hush!" bade the Doc. "When the tornado impends, who considers the zephyr?"

With which cryptic remark he left the lawyer staring.

Only eight paltry pence graced his pockets as he returned to the Keystone Hotel, where he faced the necessity of stalling off a room-rent bill of seventy-five cents, also of supping and breakfasting on buns. But the Doc's burning soul, now upborne by a very great joy of battle royal, was oblivious of buns.

What is a bun or two, after all, between archenemies?

V

THE police garnered Doc Bender in next forenoon, just as he had expected and hoped they would. He met arrest with entire equanimity, likewise his motor-car ride to the jail. His stomach was almost empty, but his brain was teeming full—full of local affairs and of past events that together formed a kind of TNT for McShane. Things seemed to be working nicely; but you never can tell.

Booked, and in default of bail consigned to a cell, he promptly got in touch with Pod. More than once in times past they had conversed, in durance vile, by telegraphic taps on steel bars.

"You're a hot one, I must say!" Pod rapped covertly. "Some scheme! What did they land you for?"

"Conspiracy to do an illegal act."

"Fine! Now the oyster is dead! I suppose we'll draw about ninety-nine years apiece."

"Wait!" the Doc replied.

"That's just what I've got to do. That's the only thing there is to do now. You're a hot one—nix!"

Doc Bender did not bother to reply. Pod's further remarks were still more scathing, but the Doc had other business before the house than repartee. Seated on his bunk he was thinking hard, remembering much. Putting two and two together and making nine of them. He had no time even to hear Pod's indignant comments, which were knocks in both senses of the word.

A few hours of cogitation, joined to a good though plain dinner, brought him to the firing line. He summoned Mullins, naming this gentleman to the warden as his attorney, and had an hour's conference with him.

Thereafter, Mullins repaired to the office of the Times-Express—the paper not owned by McShane, a small paper, however, with but very limited circulation and influence.

That afternoon the owner of the Times-Express, an oldish man from Maine, named Harburg, called at the jail. He knew the warden and got permission to talk with the latest prisoner. Doc and Harburg indulged in six cigar lengths of entertaining conversation.

Next morning's Times-Express carried this announcement on the front page:

READ! READ!! READ!!!

READ THE FIRST OF OUR NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES

TRICKS OF THE TRACK

IN TO-MORROW'S PAPER!

READ many Secrets of the Automobile World, never hitherto disclosed, which will be Fully Described by an Expert!

READ all about Fake Bets, Skinning Come-ons, Pulled Races and Phony Events!

READ the Inside Dope on the Stolen Car Industry!

READ many other Sensational Features!

READ, READ, READ!

President McShane's eye caught this announcement, not as through a glass darkly but with exceeding lucidity, next morning on his way to the bank in his limousine. His face purpled, his neck swelled and he spat several oaths.

A few minutes later Harburg's desk phone rang.

"Cut that series of auto articles," came a voice that meant business, "or the mortgage will be foreclosed immediately on your building and presses. This is the first and last warning. If you've got the brains of a louse you'll watch your step!"

"Thanks," replied Harburg; "but as my brains are not of that entomological variety your kind advice doesn't apply."

Then he hung up and continued writing.

The afternoon edition contained this additional imperative:

READ!

HOW a Prominent Financier of this Town, formerly a Race Track Expert, once nearly crippled a rival car!

HOW he hired a Tout to Substitute a Can of Maple Sirup for a Can of Lubricating Oil, the Two Cans being identical in appearance!

HOW the Tout slipped the Sirup Can into the Hangar of the Rival Racer!

HOW a Feasting Fly, on the Lip of the Sirup Can, Foiled the Dastardly Plot!

ALL this and More, in To-morrow's Paper! Amazing Revelations of the Auto World. Full Details! Extraordinary Articles that Everybody Should

READ!!

That evening, all but in apoplexy, President McShane called on Harburg, at Harburg's unobtrusive residence in the far from aristocratic Slackville Heights section.

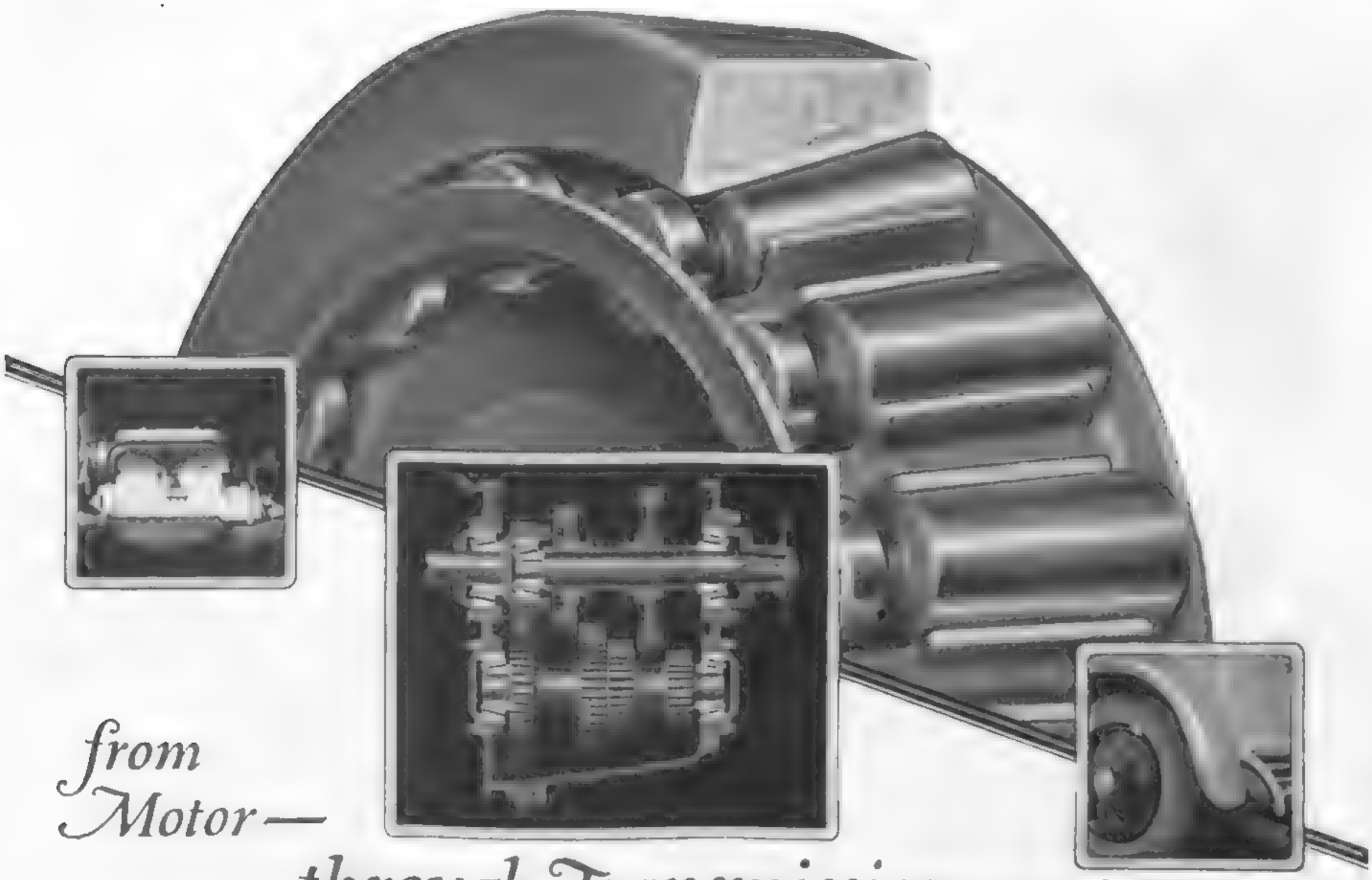
"You run that article," he menaced with a thud of the fist on Harburg's library desk, "and you, your paper and your entire plant won't be worth a nickel!"

"Which will be exactly five times what your reputation will be," calmly returned Harburg, "and the election chances of the gang you're hand-in-glove with. When I get through with you people you can walk under a caterpillar with high-heeled boots and a silk hat on and never touch it. I mean you to wear the boots and the hat—not the caterpillar."

"Harburg! Watch your step. You know me!"

"Better to-day than I did yesterday," smiled the man from Maine. "I've been waiting a long time to get you and yours, but I've never had any right dope. Now Providence hath exceedingly blessed me. You can't foreclose and clean me out quicker than I can run those articles—especially as I've got a restraining injunction out already that will stand you off from attaching the presses for at least a week. A week's all I want."

(Continued on Page 54)



from Motor— through Transmission— to Rear Wheels

When the question arises of how to deliver the greatest amount of engine power to the rear wheels — smoothly and quietly — automobile, truck, and tractor engineers turn to Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

They know that during nearly a quarter of a century now, fifty-seven million Timkens have performed properly, and wholly satisfactorily in the front wheels, steering pivots, fans, clutches, transmissions, pinion shafts, differentials, and rear wheels of motor vehicles.

And they know that today four hundred and twenty-two American and European builders of automobiles, trucks and tractors are using Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in these locations— because Timkens mean an *uninterrupted* flow of power from the motor, through the transmission to the rear wheels—

because Timkens carry *all* loads, no matter from what direction they come—

because Timkens withstand the *highest speeds* and *most constant* and *gruelling* service encountered in automotive practice—

and because, when the inevitable wear that *must* follow all motion does come, a simple adjustment or take-up, easily and quickly made, makes a Timken Tapered Roller Bearing function as if it were new.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio

Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances.

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

Through Baltimore's great fire

Flame and water destroyed the store, but the records were as good as the diamonds in the safe

THE whole business life of the J. S. MacDonald Company, a Baltimore jewelry firm, was written in its records of account.

Fire swept the city and blasted the store, the accounts were badly baked, and then submerged in water.

But someone, years before, had unconsciously prepared for the emergency, for the records were written in the standard ink of the office—

CARTER'S

In their own words, "For every practical purpose our entries were as good as ever."

Use Carter's Writing Fluid, as MacDonald did, because you rely on it day after day, year in and year out, to flow freely, write clear blue, and dry a permanent black.

Use it because its writing qualities are kept worthy of the leading ink-makers by the scientific vigilance of the Carter Laboratories.

They know that the real test of every Carter product is its daily use in the home or the office—whether you buy an ounce or a gallon, the silent saving to you in daily service bulks a larger total than the more spectacular saving of the emergency.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY

Manufacturing Chemists

New York Boston Chicago Montreal

CARTER INK PRODUCTS

Writing Fluid, Fountain Pen Inks, Red Ink [Carmine], Real-black Ink, Ink Eraser, Cico Paste, Photolibrary Paste, Cement, Glue Pencils, Great Stickist Mucilage, Copying Inks, Drawing Inks, Indelible Inks, Stamping Inks, Vel Vet Show Card Colors, White and Gold Inks, Violet, Green and Blue Inks, Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Papers, Numbering Machine Inks.

(Continued from Page 52)

"If you force this issue I won't stick at the law. There's the good old monkey wrench that can be dropped into the gears. There's dynamite!"

"Yes, and there's a guard at my press, too, with a forty-four. Also a steno in the next room, taking down every word you're saying."

"I quit," said McShane. "Name your price."

"Ah, that," smiled Harburg, "is different. But before we talk turkey we'll have to consult our friends at the jail."

"Get your hat," directed the banker. "My car's outside."

They proceeded to the jail, where Pod was blissfully slumbering, while the Doc watched and waited for events he felt positive were forthcoming.

All doors swung for McShane, even that of the warden's private office, where the conference was held. Those present, in order of importance: Doctor Pittsburgh Bender, Harburg, McShane.

The conference lasted till nearly midnight. At the end of it the following status existed:

McShane owned the Times-Express.

Harburg, who had long been losing money on it and had often vainly tried to sell out, had McShane's check for eighty-five hundred dollars, wherewith he had promised to return to Maine and stay there. He also had a check for five hundred dollars made out to Mullins, as a mouth stopper.

Doctor Bender had a pocketful of McShane's cigars and a sealed envelope containing two hundred bank notes, each for fifty dollars. Evidently McShane had intended to do business on a cash basis when he had gone gunning for salvation.

All this being thus, Harburg dragged the phone over the warden's desk and called the editorial office of the paper.

"Kill that auto dope," he tersely commanded, while McShane wiped the sweat of a past agony from his brow. "Shove in a few lines stating that press of campaign matter makes it imperative to hold it over till after election. Get me? If you slip on this you're fired!"

"And now," breathed McShane, with a sigh of infinite solace, "now get your fat friend out of his bunk and keep your bargain."

"The charge against me will be quashed?" inquired the Doc, unmoved in prosperity as in reverses.

"Yes. You'll never hear from it again. I can fix anything in this burg."

"But that doesn't settle my friend's case. He's been duly convicted, sentenced and imprisoned, according to law. He's got to serve his thirty days. The warden can't turn him out."

"No, but he can just happen to escape, can't he? I can fix ——"

"It'll mean the warden's scalp."

"I've got plenty salve for wounds like that. Get your friend!"

VI

POD SLATTERY, roused from deep slumber, sat up in his bunk and dug at his eyes with many grumblings.

"Snap out of it!" whispered the Doc. "You've got to escape!"

"Huh?"

"Escape! Get me?"

Pod blinked at his pal by the vague light filtering into his cell from the incandescent far down the jail corridor. He shivered fretfully.

"But I don't want to escape!" he objected. "It's warm in here, an' I got good chow, an' you ain't connected with no kale yet. Outside it's cold an' rainy. If I escape I'll catch hell! I don't want ——"

"Stop your crape hanging, you big boob, and come along!" commanded the Doc, in so authoritative a whisper that Pod bestirred himself. "We've made a royal clean-up, and we've got to be on our way before anything cracks."

"I don't think much o' your frames," grumbled the big fellow. "You guaranteed I wouldn't get hit, but that bull walloped me somethin' wicked. You promised me thirty days in a nice warm hoosegow, an' now you're ——"

"Can it!"

"When do we hit the grit?"

"We don't hit it at all. We're starting in a limousine, and continuing in a Pullman, bound for Florida."

Pod whistled silently. He dressed with accelerated speed. His eyes grew round as cherries.

"Follow me, easy," directed Ben. "The side door's accidentally open, like this cell."

Pod followed. Through a dark passage they crept, turned to the right, and issued out under a porte-cochère that shielded them from the rain.

A silent figure opened the door of the waiting limousine, which was McShane's, and a swift one. Quickly the pals bundled themselves in. The silent figure, with a glowing cigar, entered and closed the door. Inside, the car was warm with robes and wraps. The chauffeur let in the clutch and the car slid away into the night.

"Beg pardon," asked the Doc, after he had given Pod one of McShane's excellent cigars and lighted one himself, "but if I may ask a personal question, who are you?"

"My name is Prouty," answered the dim figure. "I'm Mr. McShane's private secretary."

"And accompanying us in what capacity?"

"As a guide. The chauffeur's a new man, and doesn't know the roads more than twenty miles south of here. We're headed for Bostwick, nearly sixty miles away, where you can catch the Washington train without any danger of being molested or held up."

"I see," said the Doc, and relapsed into contented smoking.

The feel of the fat envelope in his inside coat pocket was wonderfully comforting. Dark and chill though the night was, all prospects looked amazingly bright. To clean up ten thousand bucks in a thirty-six-hour campaign isn't bad. It averages two hundred and seventy-seven dollars and seventy-eight cents an hour.

The night wore on, with smoking, dozing, waking. Twice the secretary produced a pocket flask that warmed them all. Pod slumbered more than the Doc. The latter, for the most part, passed the time in cogitating plans for a bigger clean-up in Florida real estate. He saw pale glimpses of sleeping towns as the car slid southward; towns desolate, under arc-lit drizzles of chill rain, under dim incandescents, and gas lights blue in the wind. Cradled on heavy shock absorbers, the long machine held her course. Mud and water sprayed the wind shield; but in the limousine body all remained cozily warm.

Once in a while, where roads branched, the otherwise silent Prouty spoke directions for the chauffeur into the little tube. The hesitant car sped forward again, following its lances of headlight glow across which the rain shot swift lines.

Toward three o' the morning the car hauled to a stand at a dark little station, and Prouty descended.

"Here we are," said he, and gestured at a dim-seen board on the station, bearing the name Bostwick. "There's a southbound train in fifteen or twenty minutes. The rear car is a Pullman. It goes through to Washington, where you'll have to change. You can buy your tickets on the train."

The pals got out, yawned and stretched. Sullenly falling, the rain still did its October worst to chill their spirits. They all had another nip from the flask, in which the chauffeur joined them.

"That'll help keep the cold out till the train comes," said the secretary affably. "I envy you your good warm Pullman and Florida. My ride back to Slackville isn't going to be very delectable. Well—I'd better be going. Quicker I start, quicker I'll get home."

He held out his hand. Pod and Ben shook it.

"Thanks for your kindness," said the Doc. "I especially appreciate your spirit."

"Oh, don't mention it. It's more than two and three-quarters per cent, however. I hope it'll keep you warm. I've enjoyed coming with you very much indeed. And Mr. McShane was glad to have me come too. Good-by, gentlemen. Good luck and good-by."

He smiled engagingly, climbed into the car, waved his hand and was gone.

"Gee, but it is some cold here," shivered Pod, his collar turned up as when this story opened. "It was warm in the jug. I'm hungry. The feedin' was sure O. K. there."

"Don't be a mutt!" the Doc reproved him, patting the envelope that filled out his chest. "What eating can compare to the avocados and terrapin of Dixie? What sleep can touch the sleep we're going to have, dreaming of how we've trimmed Baldy McShane and of how we're going to put the reamer to Northern real-estate investors?"

(Continued on Page 57)

FLORENCE
OIL COOK STOVES

More Heat Less Care

Spend Less Time in the Kitchen

YOU don't have to stand over a Florence Oil Cook Stove to make sure it's doing the work. You don't get hot and tired in a Florence-equipped kitchen.

When things are ready to put on, touch a match to the asbestos kindler. In a moment the heat can be adjusted for quick, medium, or slow cooking. Burns kerosene.

Ask your dealer why a Florence means More Heat—Less Care. Write for free booklets.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO., 350 School Street, Gardner, Mass.

Makers of Florence Oil Cook Stoves (1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 burners), Florence Portable Ovens, Florence Tank Water Heaters, Florence Oil Heaters

Made and Sold in Canada by McClary's, London, Canada

90% of all washing is the plain and heavy things

Nothing Is Too Heavy for the Millrace Principle

The Maytag Cabinet Electric is a strong, capable washing machine especially adapted to the washing of heavy things like soiled clothing, underwear, dresses, skirts, suits, stockings, shirts, bed covers, table linen, blankets, towels, spreads, drapes, etc., etc. It is the only washer that cleanses by the scientific *Millrace Principle*.

The secret of this Maytag development is in the wonderful all-aluminum Maytag cylinder. It has only 5 openings—each one designed like the old-time millrace. As the cylinder rapidly revolves, the hot, sudsy water surges through these millrace gates. It is flushed through the clothes time after time. The clogged meshes of the heaviest fabric are cleared. Every batch comes out beautifully clean.

It is the *force* in the water that does all the work, nothing else. That is why no damage is done even to the most delicate things. It cleans but cannot injure.

Go see this wonderful Maytag at your local dealer's. Note the substantial construction—the beautiful finish. Note, too, the all-metal, adjustable, reversible electric wringer. If you do not recall the Maytag dealer, write us at once for his name and address.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, Dept. 100, NEWTON, IOWA

Branches at Philadelphia, Pa.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Portland, Ore.; Winnipeg, Man., Can.; and The Maytag Company of England, 323 Caledonian Road, King's Cross, London

Makers of Maytag Multi-Motor, Electric, Belt and Hand Power Washers

Maytag

Cabinet ELECTRIC WASHER

The old-time millrace which was the inspiration of the Millrace Principle.

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

(Continued from Page 54)

"That's so, too," admitted Pod with a grin. Together the pals strolled up and down the deserted platform, holding cheery discourse of great joy.

After a while the aura of a headlight trembled through the woods. Suddenly it struck gleams from the wet rails. It dazzled swiftly toward the station, showing the engineer two waiting figures.

He shut off steam and reached for the air. The train gritted, sighing, to a stop. Doc and Slattery clambered aboard the Pullman. A shadowy conductor waved a lantern in the gloom, and the train rumbled into motion once more.

Everybody was asleep in the Pullman. Some were snoring. The thick green carpet softened the pals' footsteps, the heavy curtains swayed with their usual air of mystery as our friends made their way into the smoking compartment.

"Don't seem to be any empty berths," grumbled Pod. "An' I was havin' such a good pound at the alfalfa back there!"

"We should worry," smiled Bender as he took off his pince-nez and polished the lenses. "No use undressing to-night, anyhow. It'll soon be morning. We've got forever to sleep. Besides, I had several naps in the auto."

"Same here," said Slattery. "That was some car, wasn't it? And that Prouty guy, he was pretty smooth, what?"

Ben nodded. Prouty and his flask made pleasant memories.

After a little silence, in which they both lit fresh cigars, the Doc said: "Everything's all buttoned up right. Everybody's satisfied. You and I have been through no end of deals, Pod, running over twenty years; but for general, all-round satisfaction I never saw one that could trot in this present class."

"Tickets, please!"

The Pullman conductor, lantern on arm, roused them from a kind of golden contemplation, to which the clicking spin of the wheels made a contrabass accompaniment.

"Sorry to trouble you," answered the Doc, "but we'll have to buy them on board. The station wasn't open at Bostwick."

"Oh, that's all right. Where are you going?"

"Washington. Two tickets for Washington, please." And Doc drew the sealed envelope from his pocket. Pod's face assumed a pleased expectancy.

As Doc ripped open the envelope the conductor did a little figuring with a pencil on a time-table.

"Two to Washington—Bostwick to Washington—let's see ——"

Ben did not hear. Horror had him by the roots of the soul.

"Good night!"

"What's the i, Ben?" Slattery rumbled, heaving up from the deep leather couch.

"He—that skunk—look a' there! Pipe that!"

He thrust the contents of the envelope into Pod's fat hands.

"Where's the kale, Ben?" queried the big fellow. "This here's all pieces o' newspaper!"

"Search me! We're stung!"

"What seems to be the matter?" demanded the conductor, with scant amity. "I hope you're not trying to work one of the very cheesiest old panhandling dodges on me? Your clothing certainly suggests such a possibility."

"Our cash!" Docejaculated. "Switched!"

"Communicate that to the marines," suggested the conductor. "It might get you a ride on a whale. It certainly won't buy you transportation on this train."

"There's typewritin'!" Pod exclaimed. "What's it say?"

"I suppose," the conductor jibed, "you gentlemen will claim you picked up the wrong envelope when you left your luxurious apartment. And left your money on the piano, eh? Kindly cut out that ancient gag, and produce some bona fide collateral."

"What's the writin' say?" demanded Pod.

"Read it yourself, same as I'm doing!" directed Bender. "You don't want to wise up this Pullman con, do you?"

They both read, in haste, this undated and cruel screed:

"*Dear Friends:* I take pleasure in handing you, herewith, two hundred pieces of paper carefully cut, by me, from the Times-Express. This publication has undergone a change, becoming sane and conservative. Such being the case, and you still being wanted at the jail, you will perceive the inadvisability of your ever returning.

"A word of kindly advice. Next time don't be satisfied after landing the loot. Be sure you can hang onto it. Pockets are insecure. The inside of one's shirt is best, with that shirt carefully buttoned. Also, watch out for chance traveling companions.

"Let us part as friends. Once you stung a certain gentleman in the matter of an auto race involving maple sirup. This gentleman is now merely returning the attention. That's fifty-fifty, and fair. You have been carried a good many miles on your southward way, and delivered from the law. I hear your thanks. You're quite welcome, I'm sure.

"This is no au revoir, but farewell. *Bum voyage*, as they say in France.

"Your sincere, WELL-WISHER."

"How about it, gentlemen?" The conductor's voice, now more brusque, startled them. "What's your say?" demanded the official. "Every minute you sit there and don't cash in is almost a mile each of you is doing this railroad out of. We aren't running a charity bazaar. Do you come across or do I pull that bell rope?"

"Conductor, if you'll just listen to reason," the Doc began. But Pod arose more nobly to the crisis.

"It's all off," said he. "Pull!"

VII

WHEN the pals were hiking down the track in the wet darkness, with the satirical tail light of the train redly mocking them till it winked out round a curve, Pod laughed.

"What are you laughing at, you poor nut?" demanded the Doc. He stumbled over a tie. "This is a heluva jam we're in, I must say. Can the merriment!"

"Oh, I don't know," chuckled the fat one, pulling at his cigar. "We didn't do so bad, at that."

"Not so bad? Why, we got whipsawed, entire!"

"Not entire, Ben. First we handed McShane an awful sweat, for a while. That's a lot. Then I got a couple o' nights' good sleepin', an' two days' fine chow, an' you got a feed or two. That's somethin'. Then we got away from that there train in the most realistic kind o' way. We didn't duck it. We was truly bounced. An' if inquired into, it will be reported as such."

"Well, what about it?" growled Ben.

"Lots about it. We can hike to a water tank or somethin', an' jump a freight, an' reely make a get-away. See? That's everythin'!"

"What d'you mean, get-away?" demanded the Doc, and paused on the dark track. "We were clear, anyhow, weren't we?"

"Not by a jugful! While you was in that office," expounded Pod, who had likewise halted, "chewin' the rag with McShane an' Harburg, I was snorin' in my cell. Snorin', but not asleep. Get me?"

"No! Kick in!"

"Say! That warden'll be fit to be tied!"

"What?"

"Him an' the chief o' police was dopin' out somethin' in the corridor. I landed a word or two. It was about us."

"Us?"

"Some! They've wired ahead to have us pinched at Washington an' held for charges of about everythin' from vagrancy to high treason. Y' see, the warden was sore on us. He needed us in his biz. McShane must of wised him up to us some. He had it in for us. If he couldn't have us doin' time in his own jug, anyhow he'd have had us doin' it in somebody else's. Helpin' some other warden's averages."

"No! How could the warden have done that if he knew we were going to be touched of our ten thousand and kicked off the train?"

"He didn't know it!" Pod elucidated. "That was McShane's own private side play. They was both double-crossin' each other."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Doc, with dawning light. "The infernal crooks! But it doesn't much matter, anyhow. Between the pair of 'em, we're stung."

"Not total. Wait till McShane wakes up. There'll be another one to tie! We ain't stung. Not a-tall. In fact, *au contraire*, as they say in Paris."

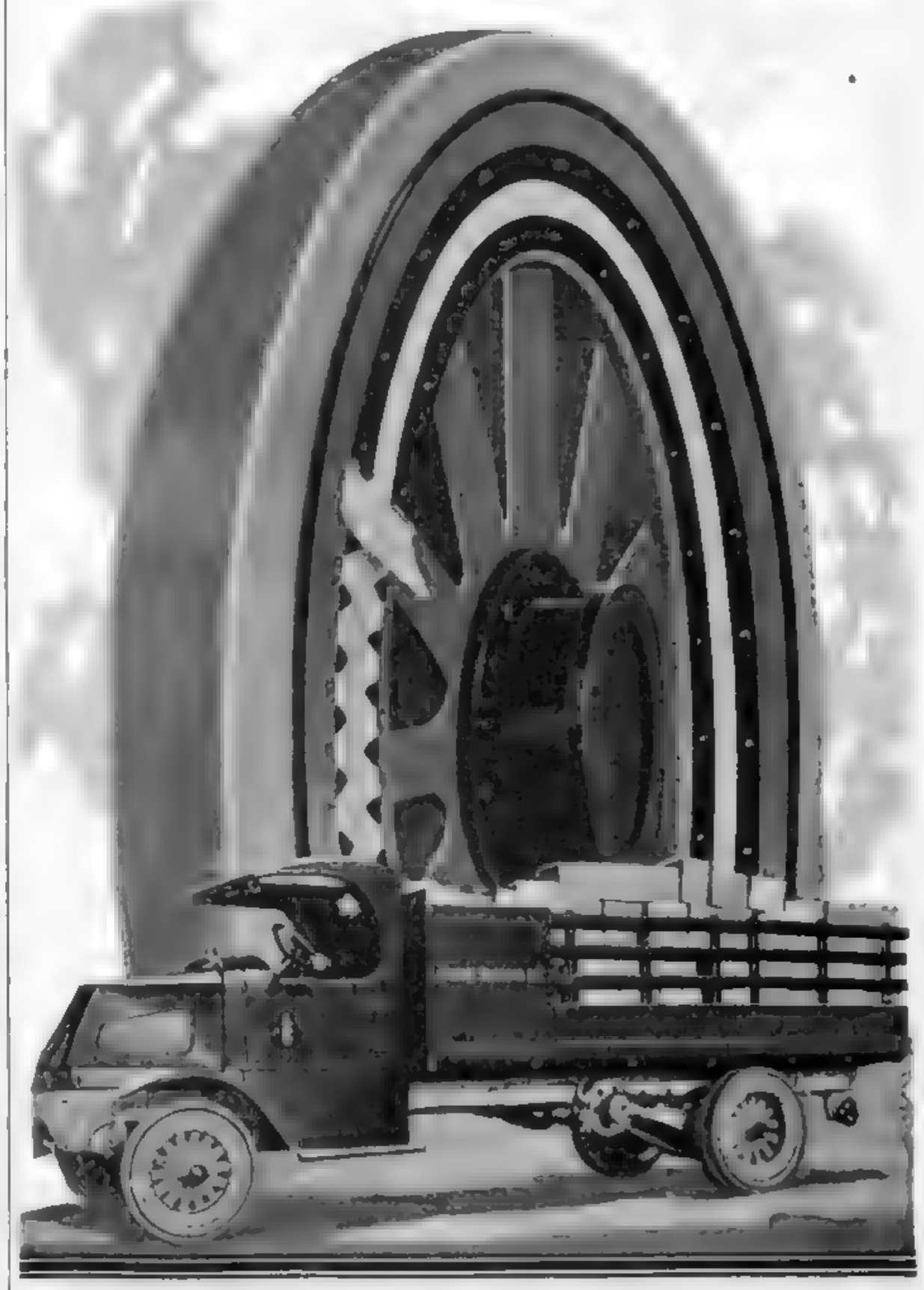
"What d'you mean, *au contraire?*" demanded Bender.

"Well, we're free, ain't we?"

"Yes, but ——"

Sewell Cushion Wheels

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.



FOR more than twelve years now, Sewell Cushion Wheels have been reducing the costs of truck operation and protecting very substantial investments of capital.

They have demonstrated that resiliency is essential to long life and uninterrupted service. And they have provided this resiliency without sacrificing the solid tire or introducing new and costly experiments.

The Sewell cushion of live rubber—built in the wheel—furnishes maximum protection for the truck. It is used and endorsed by the leading truck operators of the nation—and this list of users is the most impressive evidence of its practical worth.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company
Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities

What the Green and Black Label Means to the Dealers Who Sell Good Clothes—and to Their Customers

This is not a year of easy sailing—as any man whose job is selling will agree. People are weighing and measuring values much more minutely than they did a few months back. Values are stripped of their camouflage and stand silhouetted against the cold white wall of common sense.

People are buying today—but they are buying the things of established value.

They seek out the dealers handling the unmistakable genuine.

As the word "sterling" indicates solid silver, so the name "Patrick-Duluth" on the green and black label indicates *all virgin wool.*

Merely "all wool" is not enough for Patrick-Duluth. Every fibre that goes into every Patrick-Duluth garment is pure northern wool from sheep that thrive in the snow, and every operation upon it from the time it leaves the sheep—the spinning of the yarn, the weaving of the fabric and the making of the garment—is conducted in the Patrick-Duluth mills and factories.

There is prestige in the Patrick-Duluth sign either on your door or in your windows, for it indicates to your customers your intent to serve them well.

Patrick-Duluth sells only through the retail dealer. While numerous inquiries come to us constantly direct from prospective Patrick-Duluth wearers, these are in all cases referred to our dealers in the territories from which they emanate—as it is only by aiding our dealers in the direct contact with customers that we are able to do a large volume of business, the factor which makes Patrick-Duluth prices so attractively low, considering their *all virgin wool* value.

A *new Patrick-Duluth catalog* is now on the press. It illustrates many styles of overcoats for men and boys, mackinaws for men and boys, greatcoats for women, blankets, auto and steamer robes, sweaters, caps and hosiery. Inquiries from dealers and wearers will be given prompt attention.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

Sole Manufacturers of both Cloth and Garments

Duluth Minnesota

"An' we got ten thousand, ain't we?"

"Like hell!"

"No, like this!" grinned Pod. He drew an envelope from his capacious breast pocket and passed it over to Ben. "Strike a match, bo, an' pipe that!"

Bender gasped as the match flare revealed the contents of the envelope.

"Maybe I'm a boob, a nut and a poor fish now, what?" queried Pod, and grinned expansively as his pal's eyes blinked through the pince-nez at thick sheaves of lovely fifty-dollar bills. "Maybe I'm only fit to pull the rough stuff, what?"

"Good Lord!" gulped the Doc. "Where the ——"

"Cinch! The guy that gave you the touch in the limmyzeen—well, I piped him off, with one lamp open just a slit, that's all. I got wise to his pullin' that little stunt. An' when he was gettin' out of the car at the depot I ——"

"You what?"

"Don't you remember in the old days, when I was a dip, all the profesh said I was A 1?"

"You frisked Prouty?"

"You said it, Doc! For a guy like me, that's lifted many a watch without the sucker ever gettin' hep, an' dog many a pratt-leather without ever raisin' a roar, that was kindergarten stuff. Prouty touched you, didn't he? Well, then, I just touched him. Like a game o' tag, see? That's nothin' but fifty-fifty, like McShane said."

"Fifty-fifty is right!" Bender exulted. He gripped his fat partner's hand. "Pod, you're a brick!"

"Them's the best words I heard you speak in many a long day, Doc. I'm satisfied."

And Pod's hand gave the Doc's an eloquent squeeze.

"In my days of classical studies," said the doctor, "I read a Greek history called Xenophon's Anabasis. That means The Retreat of the Ten Thousand. This is our Anabasis."

"Let's be anabasing, then, P. D. Q.," suggested Pod. "The quicker we anabase out o' this locality the better. I don't know nothin' about the Greeks, except the fruit biz. Well, we've gathered some fruit, if that's what you mean. An' there's more in the South."

"Clouds breaking away," Bender announced as he pocketed the cheering envelope. "Rain's letting up. See that star?"

"Looks to me," judged Pod as they started southward again down the track—"looks to me like fair an' warmer. An' the South."

"For two!" the doctor added, with the glow of duty well and nobly done.

THE SHUTDOWN

(Continued from Page 11)

"Don't you think we could learn something from these wicked corporations, Mary?" I suggested. "If all of us had doubled our margin of savings, or surplus, as our income rose in the boom time, maybe we wouldn't have got into this present difficulty of shutdowns and unemployment. Harder on the brake in boom times and letting go in slack times seems to be the way these corporations managed their income. Suppose all of us had tried that."

"How can workmen earning less than a living wage double their margin of savings?" she demanded. "In boom time millions of workmen were earning less than a living wage. There's plenty of evidence of that. Look at the interchurch steel-strike report!"

"Well, let's look at it," said I. "I don't doubt that the churchmen who made that report are sincere, fair-minded men, or that they studied their subject carefully and got well-recommended expert advice. But when it comes to that living-wage question, seems to me they fell into a common error. Your statistician, you know, is bound to get everything boiled down to a few figures—an average family, an average income, an average outgo. He'd allow you eighty-five per cent for temper and me fifteen per cent, and say the average was fifty per cent; but that wouldn't be either of us. It would be just an arithmetical person that didn't exist. He'd measure and weigh all the adult males in this town and give us the average; but that wouldn't fit anybody.

"Everybody would be either over or under at every point."

Misleading Statistics

"This interchurch report on the steel strike finds that in 1919, when the strike occurred, the minimum subsistence level for an average workingman's family in the steel regions—that is, the lowest sum that would keep soul and body together without notable deterioration of the latter—was fifteen hundred and seventy-five dollars a year; while the level of comfortable existence for such a family, according to American standards of living, was two thousand and twenty-four dollars a year.

"That year the Steel Corporation was employing seventy-three thousand unskilled workmen whose average annual earnings were at the rate of only fourteen hundred and sixty-six dollars a year—more than a hundred dollars below mere subsistence and more than five hundred dollars below the minimum of comfortable family living.

"Sixty thousand semiskilled workmen earned, on an average, nineteen hundred and fifty-two dollars a year—nearly four hundred dollars above mere subsistence and only seventy-two dollars shy of a comfortable family living, according to the American standard.

"Fifty-eight thousand skilled workmen earned on an average more than twenty-seven hundred dollars a year—more than seven hundred dollars above the cost of comfortable American living for an average family. So the skilled workmen, comprising thirty per cent of the total force, were in a position to save, and we needn't say any more about them.

"How could seventy thousand unskilled workmen live on an income that was more than a hundred dollars less than the cost of family subsistence? Of course, they are practically all immigrants, as the report shows—mainly young men and many of them unmarried, so they had no average family to support. They live in a way that American investigators consider intolerable. But the immigrants themselves don't seem to find those living conditions intolerable. They come over here voluntarily, and then write for their relatives and friends to come too. If a wage scale seven per cent below mere cost of subsistence called ten million immigrants to the United States in a dozen years, how many would have been called by a wage scale seven per cent above the cost of subsistence, and how long would the wage scale have stayed up if they had come?"

Blaming it on the Judge

"Immigration should have been restricted," said Mary. But she added warmly: "As an American, are you satisfied to have conditions in the United States just a little better than in Italy and Hungary and Russia—just enough better to call those immigrants over here?"

"No, I'm not," said I. "But you say immigration ought to have been restricted. Do you know how the representative from this district and the senators from this state have stood on the immigration question any time the last ten years?"

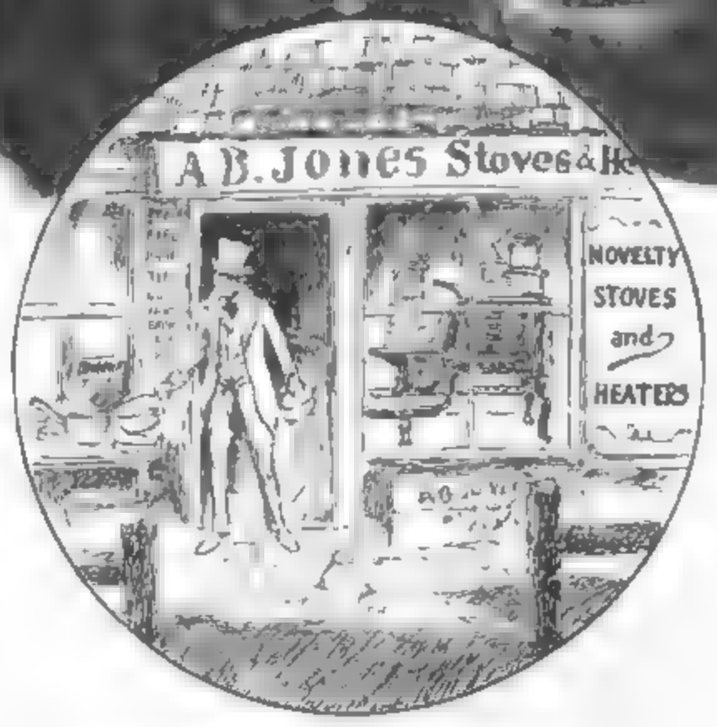
"No," she replied, a little impatiently.

"Well, neither do I," said I. "But that's not to the credit of either of us. I never knew of anybody around here getting excited enough over the immigration question to do more than talk about it incidentally once in a while. I've watched politics long enough to know that nobody at Washington is likely to get much excited unless we do. Why blame Judge Gary? I'm heartily in favor of abolishing Judge Gary myself. Not that he ever did me any harm; but if there's anything wrong anywhere around the steel industry we just blame it on Judge Gary and let it go at that. As I look at it, we'll never get anywhere that way. If the country's immigration policy was wrong you and I were to blame for it."

"You were talking about increasing the margin of savings," Mary reminded me, bringing me back to book.

"Well, there's one point that this painstaking steel report is silent on," said I. "Probably the churchmen didn't think of that point; but it would have been mighty interesting if they had got some facts on it.

(Concluded on Page 60)



"I have been selling NOVELTY goods in this town for fifty years

AND my father twenty-four years before me. I know that *Novelty* goods are right. Many of the *Novelty* furnaces I sold fifty years ago are still in use."

To thousands of heating appliance dealers, engineers and architects the country over, the name *Novelty* stands for the highest achievements in heat production, construction, fuel economy.

And in thousands upon thousands of American homes, churches, schools, business and public buildings it has meant the utmost in heating plant efficiency and economy since 1847.

Two great factories, with the most advanced manufacturing methods, promptly serve the army of *Novelty* dealers with heating and cooking apparatus and supplies, and each dealer knows that when he sells you a *Novelty* Furnace, Boiler or Range he is going to have a lot of new friends in your neighborhood.

Plan now for a cozy home next winter. Call on the *Novelty* dealer today or write us for descriptive circulars.

All NOVELTY products are made of Flex-O-Tuf Iron, which combines with the great strength of cast iron extraordinary toughness and elasticity—thus resisting the enormous stresses due to wide changes in temperature in the castings. Flex-O-Tuf Iron is an exclusive formula of NOVELTY engineers and is used only in NOVELTY Boilers, Furnaces and Ranges.

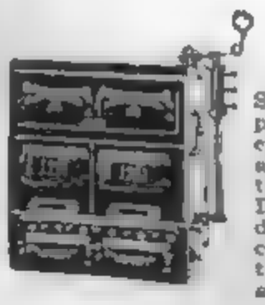
Different conditions require different appliances. We make all types, so can give you unprejudiced advice as to which is best for your particular home or building or whether you have the right system *now*.

NOVELTY
BOILERS-FURNACES-RANGES

ABRAM COX STOVE COMPANY

General Offices—PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK *Established 1847* CHICAGO

Makers of NOVELTY Hot Water, Steam and Vapor Systems, Warm Air Pipe and Pipeless Furnaces, Coal and Combination Ranges, Laundry Stoves, Hot Water Supply Boilers, FORTUNE Gas Ranges and Gas Water Heaters.



NOVELTY Side Feed principle—easy feeding; absolute control of fire. Depth of grate does not increase as sections are added.

Horizontal-flue travel of **NOVELTY** Boilers means greater heating efficiency and lower fuel

NOVELTY Pipeless. One register heats the whole house.

Triple inner casing insures even positive circulation.

NOVELTY Warm Air Furnace, with all cast or Armco Iron radiators; exclusive grab design; gives 50 per cent more heating surface, self cleaning.

NOVELTY FORTUNE Combination Range with separate gas and coal ovens, meets every cooking need.

FORTUNE Gas Range. "Hot for cooking, cool for cook." Ample oven room and cooking top.

Any dealer who does not know **NOVELTY** products should write us at once for our merchandising plan

(Concluded from Page 58)

These seventy-two thousand unskilled workmen, it says, earned less than a bare subsistence for an average family. Sixty thousand semiskilled workmen earned a little less than a comfortable American standard of living for an average family. Both those classes, the report says, are mainly immigrants. I've always heard that these immigrant workmen as a rule did save money—a lot of it in the bulk. Their remittances back home cut a figure in foreign exchange. They're going back home all the time, and carrying quite a bit of money with them, according to all reports. It would be mighty interesting to know how the savings of these underpaid foreigners compared with the savings of the well-paid skilled labor—largely American—in the steel mills. Maybe the foreigners, who didn't get enough to live on, as the report statistically proves, saved the most money."

Standards of Living

"You know our own Italian population, Mary. It came here eight or nine years ago in a pair of ragged pants, with a rickety pushcart and a bag of oranges. It's got a right smart fruit and candy shop now, with a soda-water fountain and tables for ice cream. That's all paid for and our Italian has got fifteen hundred dollars in Liberty Bonds in our bank vault that I know of. Besides, he brought his girl over from Italy, married her, and they seem to be rapidly accumulating the average workingman's family of five. Strikes me there's a new one every time I go in there. John and his wife show it to me, and show all their back teeth. They seem to be pretty well satisfied with their degraded lot, although I've heard that what they live on is something scandalous.

"I wouldn't want to live that way myself. I wouldn't want you to. But John and his wife seem to like it. They'd rather have money in the bank than have beefsteak and new clothes. I'll bet a leg that if you give them your two thousand and twenty-four dollars to buy a minimum of decent American family living with they'll stick at least a third of it in the bank and go on eating cabbage and garlic. I'll set up John's family against your statistician's average family, for John's family is human and your statistician's family isn't. If they're satisfied to live that way, how are you going to change it?"

"I know how they live," said Mary. "They live in two half-story rooms over the shop—not big rooms either. I know what they eat. Human beings shouldn't be content to live that way."

"But if John and his family are content, who's to blame for it?" I inquired. "Nobody on this side of the Atlantic, far's I can see. We've got to say it's the fault of their education."

"In spite of all you've said about it," Mary insisted, "the report does show that in the best of times about a third of the workmen in a big, typical American industry get much less than enough for a comfortable American standard of family living.

"Now that times have turned poor, the mills are shutting down and they're earning nothing at all. A poor living in good times and starvation in poor times! Is that to go on forever?"

"That reminds me of Bimp," said I. Some way or other my second son, who is about Mary's age, got that nickname when he was a youngster. "All three of my boys were lazy as sin when it came to doing any sort of monotonous, treadmill work. I guess all healthy boys are lazy about that sort of work. I was myself. But the same boy who loafs like an Indian when he's set to stacking up firewood will work till his tongue hangs out trying to make a fool ice boat to break his neck with. It was Bimp's job that fall to keep the yard raked when the leaves were falling. Of course, he'd seen a horse rake at work on the farm in haying time. He tried to rig up a contraption so as to make the dog rake the yard. I guess he spent enough time and energy on that to rake three yards, and then the dog ran away and busted it.

"Men are like boys at bottom in that respect. There's a scandalous lot of lying about it—the dignity of labor and the virtuous satisfaction of performing needful work and all that buncombe. But the plain fact is that everybody hates monotonous, machinelike, treadmill work which gives a man no exercise for his judgment and wits, but only for his arms and legs—work that doesn't result in any visible pleasure to himself. Any boy will rake a yard like mad if he wants the leaves to make a bonfire with; but merely getting the leaves off the grass is no particular satisfaction to him. A lot of industrial labor is like that—dull, machinelike, exercising a man's legs and arms but not his brains, and resulting in nothing that gives him personally any satisfaction, for personally he'd just as lief the slag would be in one place as in another. Nobody will do that sort of work if he can make a living any other way. Your unskilled third of steel workers are the least capable. They're worth the least.

"No report has ever attempted to show what the different sorts of labor in an industry actually earn—what value they actually produce. Your radical people say labor ought to have what it actually produces, but they just leave it at that without trying to show what value a given sort of labor does produce. My notion is that the unskilled man who totes slag in a wheelbarrow all day probably doesn't produce much more than the fourteen hundred and sixty-six dollars a year which he gets in wages—his merely physical exertions don't contribute much more than that to the total value of the product. And I'm just as much entitled to that notion as your radical is to the opposite one, for there is no proof on either side. The manual labor at the buggy plant was just as efficient when the plant was bankrupt as it is now when the plant is making a lot of money. It was another sort of labor that made the difference. It is certain at any rate that the unskilled workman wouldn't be there if he was capable of doing anything better."

The Lowest Third

"There is the middle third, which this report classifies as the semiskilled, who average near two thousand dollars a year. The report says that this middle third of semiskilled is always working up into the top third of skilled workmen who average twenty-seven hundred and forty-nine dollars a year, and so, on the report's showing, have a very good margin for saving above a comfortable American standard of family living. But the report says that promotion to better jobs is much rarer among the unskilled. It is that lowest third, the unskilled, that seems unable to get out of the mud except—like John here—by pinching itself down to a standard of living which you say no human being ought to be content with. When depression and shutdown happen it must be that third of the workmen who are least able to stand it unless they have pinched hard on living. What are we going to do with them?"

"Exactly!" Mary exclaimed.

"We've got to look to Bimp," said I. "If men hadn't naturally loved to exercise their ingenuity, and hadn't naturally hated dull, monotonous, treadmill labor, I suppose we'd all be in the mud. We know savages everywhere hated that kind of labor. We know how the savage got out of it—by giving his wife a kick in the ribs and ordering her to do it. I suppose he talked to her some about the inherent dignity and nobility of all labor; but he took mighty good care to give her a monopoly of all the dignity and nobility of dull treadmill work.

"As the savage got slightly better educated he began trying to harness up the dog, and invented contraptions for doing the dull work—water wheels and so on. We've been at that ever since. Any self-respecting steel mill nowadays has a set of cranes, operated by levers a healthy child could pull, that would build the Great Pyramid in a week or so. The quantity of unskilled labor required to turn out a given quantity of goods grows smaller and smaller all the time. Maybe it will never get to zero; but it is moving in that direction all the time."

Popular Education

"We want more inventions. Now, we've got this unskilled third—in the mud—who contribute nothing to industry besides the use of their arms and legs and the minimum of human intelligence that is necessary to operate a set of arms and legs. If their brains had been given a proper show they might be inventing things. Anyway, if their brains had been as well advantaged as their arms and legs, each one of them would be finding ways of getting himself out of the mud. I maintain that if you give every man a fair show to develop and use what he's got in the top of his head, as well as in his arms and legs, you've gone as far as you can. We've got plenty of physical ability. The job is to bring out and train all the mental ability there is. I believe there'll be very few people left in the mud then."

"Of course it all comes back to a question of education," said Mary, as though I had been talking commonplace. "If you'll give every child a fair chance at the best mental training and development he's capable of I shall have nothing more to say."

"Well, who's hindering any child from the best mental training and development he's capable of?" I asked. "Who's running education in the United States? Not Judge Gary or the corporations. Can you think of anything that is more completely in the control of the people than education is? In this state, and in a good many others, women were given the vote on school questions long before they were on other questions. Certainly every community in this state can control its education any way it pleases by free equal suffrage of every adult citizen. That's the rule in the United States. No trusts or magnates or Wall Streets or far-away mysterious persons are running that. We are running it ourselves—the plain, everyday people everywhere. We can run it any way we please. We can make education compulsory to any degree we like. We can provide free books and boots and food for children too poor to provide their own, if we want to. There's nobody to hinder us.

"You know our schoolhouse here—built more than thirty years ago, not well planned, not in very good repair, not so big as it ought to be. We had an election here five years ago on the question of issuing bonds to build a new, better lighted, better ventilated, better equipped schoolhouse. Every adult man and woman had a right to vote. Glad to say I voted yes. But the proposition was defeated by about thirty votes. Taxes too heavy already, a lot of people said. We're renting a little ramshackle building south of the railroad to accommodate the small pupils over there so they won't have to cross the tracks. It's a devil of a place for a school, if you'll excuse my saying so.

"I've a decided notion that the teaching staff in our public school here isn't so efficient as it was ten years ago. It would be odd if it was, when women's pay in private employment has doubled and we've raised the pay of teachers only about thirty-five per cent, as I recollect it. That's what we've been doing about this great, crucial, basic problem—we plain, everyday people—not only in this town, but all around.

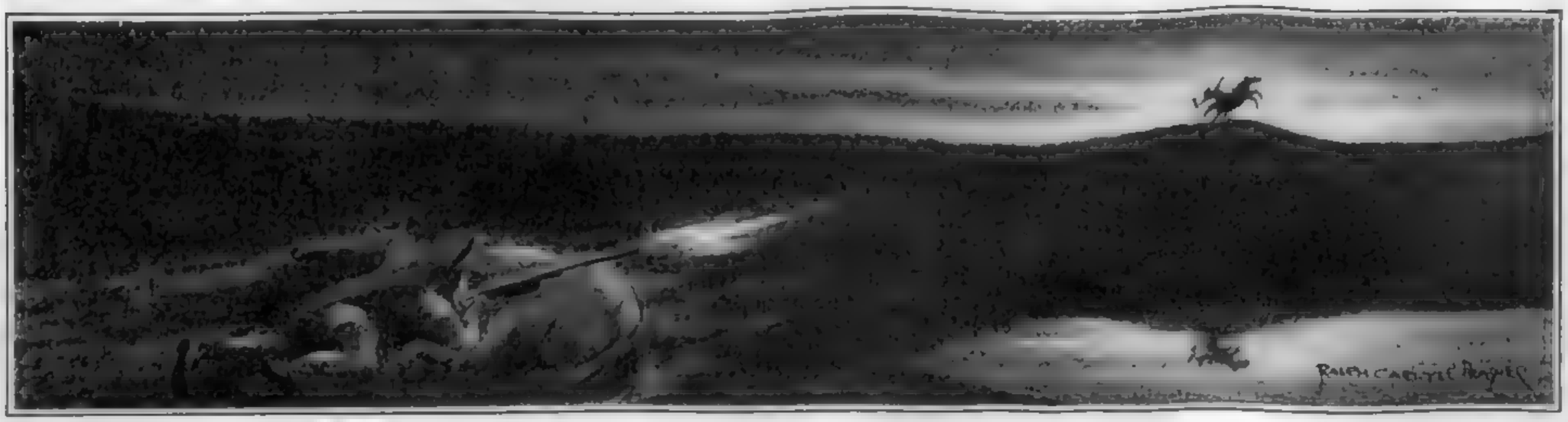
"This is a good farming country. Farmers here have been making good money the last five years—or until this drop in prices came. But over west and south of town they've still got the little one-room, ungraded country schools that aren't fit to send a bird dog to if you want your dog really well trained. That's our record, Mary, on the biggest problem there is in this country or any other country—a problem that's absolutely in our own hands to do exactly as we please with; a problem, too, that directly affects our own children."

Mary looked unhappy and sort of accusing, as though I'd taken an unfair advantage of her; but she didn't say anything, because she knew it was all true.

Who Is to Blame?

"And then," I went on remorselessly, "we have another sort of education—education for grown-ups—that is worse than the education for children that I've been talking about. All politicians are in this rotten grown-up education, and most editors and a great many farm organization speakers and platform speakers—and socialists especially. It consists in telling the people you are talking to that they are all right personally—nothing whatever at fault with them individually. If anything is wrong it's all the fault of somebody far off—somebody not in that particular audience. That particular audience is a hundred per cent pure. A lot of people actually swallow that buncombe, and look away off for a cure of their troubles instead of looking at home. Just so far as they do that the big troubles will never get cured.

"To find the big faults we've got to search our own individual hearts—we plain, everyday people. You and I made the riotous boom in 1919 and 1920. We boosted the prices and inflated the credits. Look at the lively speculation in farmlands right around here. They were even getting up a boom in town lots. We made this present disagreeable slump. We make the poor schools. We make the poor politics. Let's look at home, young lady. If we won't spare the money and effort necessary to give our own children the best education available—and I say the record shows that we won't—I guess it will be a long while before we materially help that unskilled one-third to get out of the mud. But meanwhile we'll all turn in heartily and help 'em cuss Judge Gary."



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BAD BOYS OF FORTY

(Continued from Page 17)

Annapolis. If you feel an inclination to fold your arms, why, cross them behind you. It is just as comfortable and you cannot slouch with your arms folded behind your back. Your chest will be shoved forward and you will always be erect. Once you get the habit you will be proud of it and your friends will notice it.

Now I know that the average man will not take the simple suggestions that I have offered. So it is necessary for him to fool himself as I do my patients.

There are but two forms of exercise really beneficial—the unconscious use of muscles in performing some interesting bit of work or play and the concerted exercise which has rhythm and cadence for its interest, like the setting-up exercises in the Army.

If the muscles realize that they are doing work for no definite purpose, they will rebel. Such stuff as bending over fifteen times and performing some rigmarole in the bathtub, according to some scientific recipe, is a lot of bunk—simply because you won't do it. Your muscles have got too much sense for that, even if you haven't.

The thing for you to do is go and build a motor boat or something like that. Take on an outside hobby. Take up hunting or golf, for instance. Better still, buy yourself a little home in the country or a bungalow for the summer and start fixing it up. You will get so interested and work so hard that you'll be in good physical shape before you know it.

I had no benefits of education and refinement when I was a young fellow. All I know now is what I have gleaned from observing the weaknesses of men whom I regarded as my superiors in intellect.

I was a truck driver and learned to box while waiting around the stables—we had no automobiles in those days. I was getting pretty good as a boxer, but after being knocked out by a man forty pounds lighter I found that I was not properly trained for endurance. Sitting on a wagon doesn't make a fellow's legs active, and constant smoking doesn't improve his lungs. I had no ideas about health then. I wanted to be a good fighter simply because there was a lot of money in it—at least we thought it a lot of money then. I got two hundred dollars for a fight once and thought myself a plutocrat. Nowadays they scoff at five thousand dollars.

There was an old gymnasium downtown in New York where policemen and firemen took training courses to get in shape for passing the examination. I went there, and the boss told me that if I would help round I could use the place for training.

I acted as sparring partner for a lot of fighters, and between times helped look after the firemen and policemen.

Dangerous Stunts

One day an old man—a man of fifty—came there to get in shape. He had some kind of influence, and I was told to look after him. He was a terrible old pest, but he had a lot of money.

One day I came out of the rubbing room and saw him jumping from a springboard and catching some flying rings. He would then swing across the room, nearly jerking his body in two.

"Hey, you old fool!" I called to him. "Turn them rings loose! Don't you know you'll rupture yourself?"

I had noticed him limping when he hit the floor, and in my heart I did not want him hurt. All of a sudden, though, I realized my position. This man was a city official. As soon as I thought of that I started in to apologize for speaking to him like that.

"You are quite right," he said to me. "I am an old fool, and I need to be talked to like that. I have already got a pain in my groin."

I worked on him several days and got him in shape, but he had a narrow escape from a serious rupture. Toward the end of the week I was ordering him round as if he had been a little boy, and he liked it.

That gave me the idea of training people who were not athletes. Can you imagine a man of fifty almost tearing himself apart that way, under the impression that he was building himself up physically!

I stuck there until I got pretty well known, and a few years later some wealthy men advanced me the money and I opened a health gym in town. Later I got the country idea, and have stuck to it. I gave up fighting many years ago. All I have to show for it now is a pair of cauliflower ears and rough talk. At that, I believe both are a little effective in impressing my customers.

I worked several years as a trainer, or conditioner, of football and track teams at one of the big universities. My job was not so much to prescribe forms of exercise as to see that these young fellows kept the rules as to regular habits, like bathing, eating and sleeping. The regular coaches put them through their paces. I took charge the moment they came off the field and saw that they were properly rubbed and massaged and that they did not leave the gym before their blood had got back to a normal stage of circulation.

I found these young fellows very amenable to discipline. They were intent upon making good and were never inclined to argue. I used to sit there watching these boys and wonder what would become of them after they left off training and went into business. I often had daydreams of what a wonderful world this would be if all young men took up their duties of citizenship with such physical and mental equipment.

My early daydreams, though, were to have a rough awakening. I had not realized that in the gym these boys were working toward a physical goal; that they looked forward to a varsity letter as their only reward. It did not occur to me that they were also looking forward to the end of their training as a time for self-indulgence.

Old Clients Return

But they did. Most of them began drinking, smoking and eating big meals the moment the training pledge was lifted. They went out into life and into business with the idea that such indulgences were a privilege that must be enjoyed. I knew that sooner or later they would come a cropper.

All this time I still nursed my idea of an ideal health institution and knew that I would have customers in my former athletic boys. I kept a list of them, and when I got started I wrote to them and told them about my institution. Lots of 'em came round, and very frequently brought others with them.

Now this brings up the question of what to do for a young man just going into business—the man between twenty-five and thirty-five. He is still full of pep and is well equipped in muscles despite his indulgences. Moreover, he hasn't got too set in his ways.

"Gee, doc," a former pole vaulter said to me when I ran into him one night at a boxing match, "the work I could do in my business if we only had the old gym days—and the gang!"

"There are plenty of gyms," I told him. "Why don't you try one of them?"

"Oh, I know there are," he said, "but it's so hard to get there, and there's nobody to work with—none of the old gang. Besides, I am so busy thinking about other things that I forget until I begin to feel heavy and logy."

"Why don't you take up golf?"

"I do sometimes, but that takes a whole day practically. My business is not quite well enough organized to take that much time off. I'd come up to your place in the evenings, but it seems as if I always have to see somebody at dinner and mix up with people who will be of help to me in business."

That is about the situation of all young business men. No amount of advice on my part could buck against that general tendency to dive into the swim of things. I had sense enough to know that. I also knew that in a very few years my pole-vaulting friend would be fat and puffy, just like the others. I realized that to get them back in the ways of health there must be some incentive—social or competitive. They would not exercise just for the sake of exercise. Man is built that way.

"Say," I recalled to this young man the next time I saw him, "you were a pretty good handball player up at the university. If I remember right, you and Snappy Smith used to be a pretty good team."

"Mighty few of them had anything on us," he declared with a touch of pride and enthusiasm.

"Well, if you can spare the time, I'll tell you what to do," I suggested; "get Snappy some evening and come up to my place. There are a couple of lawyers up there—former Yale men—who need a trimming. They think themselves unbeatable."

The idea seemed to appeal. My friend thought it a chance for a lark. Sure enough, he found Snappy and they came up. They also gave the lawyers a trimming.

Following up the lead, I found two other former training-squad men and told them about Snappy and the pole vaulter. They also needed a trimming now, and the two newcomers promised to attend to that.

In a month I had a dandy handball class organized, and we fixed up a progressive tournament. Once it got into the newspapers I had no trouble in keeping up the enthusiasm.

The point I am trying to make is that there must be competition for a young man—something to shoot at. There is no trouble putting him in shape once you get him to the gym. The difficulty is in getting him there. The moment his interest is aroused he will soon find it comparatively easy to give up some of the dinner engagements and parties. The most interesting recreation always will come foremost.

But there are thousands of young men going into business who have never been athletes; who have never had a gang to run with; and who have little in their lives for reminiscence. These are the fellows who need help and direction for their physical well-being.

The form of exercise doesn't make a great deal of difference. Of course it must not be violent, unless you intend to make athletic prowess your business. To be of real benefit the exercise itself must not be considered. Get an aiming point and the mere physical exertion to attain it becomes an incident. But the young man must have regular hours.

You young men of thirty won't suffer so much from loss of sleep or from overeating as the man of forty, but in four or five years you will. Whether the effect is for good or bad, Nature does nothing in a hurry. It is this leisurely, unobserved progress that fools you. You can't permanently injure yourself in a week by exercise, and you cannot get in good physical condition in that time. Rather than take some strenuous exercise that will get you all sore and make you quit, you had better not take it at all.

Daily Exercise

In a big city there are plenty of gyms where you may go and be trained properly, and you ought to do it. I have little hope that you will, though, unless you find some interesting companions to share the work with you.

I would suggest that you force yourself to join a tennis club, a golf club, a riding class or do a lot of hunting and fishing. In the mornings take a brisk walk to your place of business. Walk home in the afternoon. Do some work about the home—if you have a home. Even the hanging of pictures is good exercise. You have no idea how the straightening out of a rug or a carpet will loosen up your stomach and back muscles. But don't try to do it for the sake of the muscles. Do it for the sake of the rugs. The muscles will work with you if they think you are really trying to do something.

In the smaller cities and towns it is different. There are few gyms and few clubs. But there are more regular homes, more open country and consequently more hunting, fishing, riding and walking. You may also have noticed that in a small town there are fewer puffy eyes and fewer upholstered stomachs. The main reason for this is that there are no fine restaurants and clubs. Men who eat all their meals at home are usually much better physically than those who dine out. The food is simpler, and there are not so many inducements to try new dishes.

Of course I know you are saying: "Why, that old guy is getting round to where he'll tell us that we ought to get married."

That's just exactly what I am going to tell you. And the sooner you do it the better off you'll be—in health and in business. Get a boss just as soon as you can. You all need one. My business can get along without you. If you fail I'll be at the same old stand. Yes, and you'll come round too.

Unfortunately I was not blessed with a boy. I have a girl, though, who can ride a horse, drive a car, play tennis and walk me down any time I want to start. Her knowledge of the mechanism of a car and her familiarity with the woods and the ways of a camp would make many young fellows of twenty-five ashamed of themselves.

I did not make her learn these things. She got the idea of using her brain to help out Nature by going on camping expeditions and later by joining the Girl Scouts. That's a great thing for girls. But my subject is not women. Personally, I don't believe in women working in gyms, wriggling round on parallel bars, catching flying rings, and things like that. I don't believe their physical make-up permits them to risk the muscular shake-ups that a man may risk without harm. Give the girls a chance and they will develop their natural physical equipment in a natural way. I have studied men all my life, but I have learned very little about women. I do not feel qualified to give them physical advice.

Athletics for Boys

As to small boys, I feel more at home. I have been one—a regular, tough one—myself. Though I always have been interested in their physical development I have never had them directly under my charge. The average boy needs no suggestion as to the necessity of exercise. All he needs is room. His young and active mind can think up more forms of exercise in one afternoon than my mature mind could think up for him in a month. All he needs is gentle direction—suggestions that are not too obvious as to their ultimate aim. You cannot drive a boy into your way of thinking. He will follow your suggestions if he regards you as a leader. But you've got to be actually qualified as a leader. You can't fool him. You are wasting your time trying to induce a boy to practice some physical stunt that you can't do yourself.

There is no form of exercise in my knowledge that will injure a boy, provided it is a natural one and he feels like doing it. The best a father can do is impress upon him the necessity of personal cleanliness and physical smartness. And you must do it by example. You can't expect your boy to be snappy and correct in his address when you are slovenly and rude.

The boy is an idealist. He would like to look upon his father as an idol. If you are wise and concerned about his future you'd better be the best one you can.

I'll never forget the lament of a friend who came to me, disappointed about his boy.

"You know," he said, "I'm afraid the lad has not much class. He is jealous of a neighboring kid because the latter's father is a policeman. He asked me last night why I couldn't get on the force."

"Why don't you do something yourself, or tell him about something you have done, so he'll think you more important than the cop?" I suggested. "I expect you do not pal with him enough."

This man was a crack shot at the traps, and, following my suggestion, he took the boy with him to the next shoot at his gun club. After that the boy had a new hero.

You can lead a boy into doing anything if he thinks a great hero—an athlete, ball player or fighter—has done it. If you will take the trouble to draw his attention to the right hero he will begin imitating him immediately. When I first started fighting, every boy in the country was combing his hair pompadour and trying to be very gentlemanly in his manner because Jim Corbett had just licked Sullivan and was known as "Gentleman Jim." All photographs showed him with a carefully combed pompadour.

When I was a little fellow a celebrated acrobat came to our town to do stunts in the public square and take up a collection. He walked a tight rope stretched high across the square and then he attached a small wheel to the wire with a piece of leather on it. Holding this leather in his teeth he swung his body free and, thus suspended, allowed himself to roll the full distance of the wire. You've seen the same stunt done in circuses.

(Concluded on Page 68)

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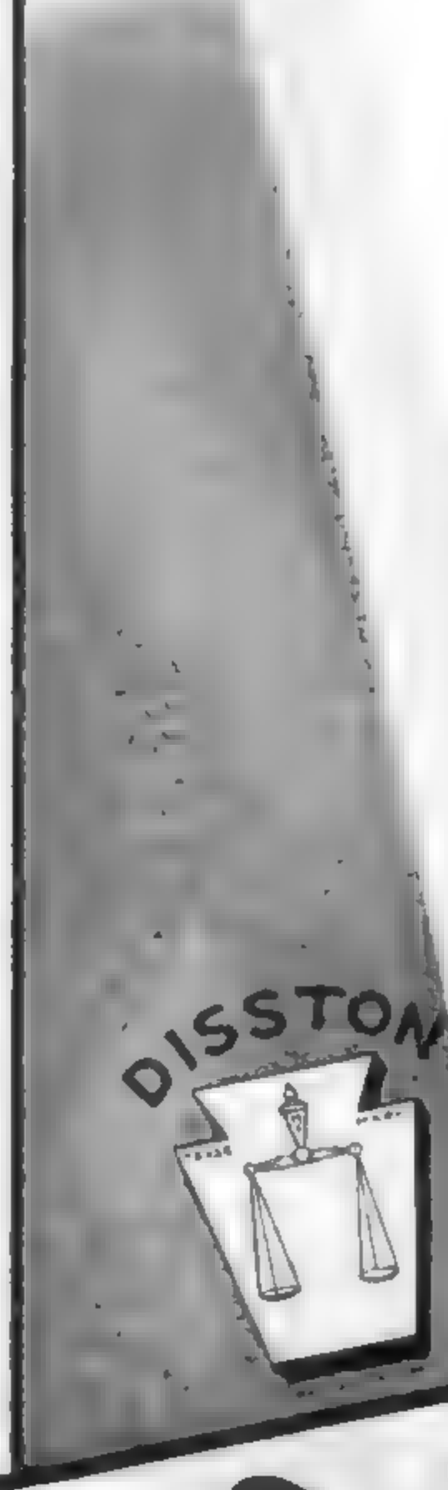

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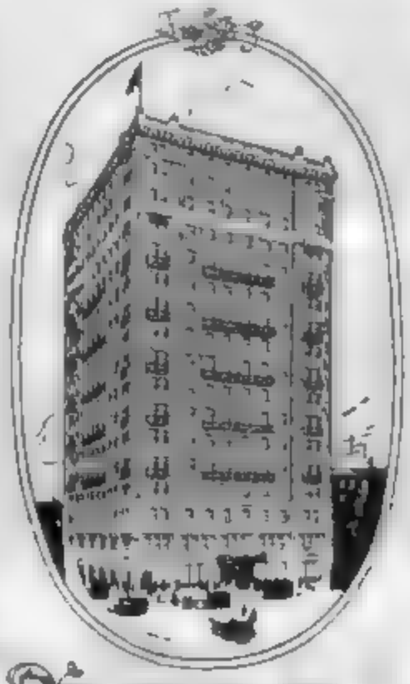

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Opposite Chicago Board of Trade and La Salle Street Station. Five hundred and fifty rooms with private bath or private toilet. Rates, $2.50 and $3.00 a day.

HOTEL SHERMAN COMPANY

Fort Dearborn Hotel
Chicago

(Concluded from Page 65)

Well, that created a tremendous sensation among the small boys in our town. That a man should have such strength in his neck and teeth seemed incredible. We investigated.

As we stood around, open-mouthed, the acrobat, still dressed in his green tights, told us that he was able to do that because he took such good care of his teeth. He explained that he washed them three times a day and then ran silk floss between them.

During the following week there were more toothbrushes and silk floss bought in that town and more tooth washing done than has been known since.

If you will teach a boy—always by example—to be neat in appearance, keep his hair combed, his teeth brushed and be respectful in address, you will have made the one big step toward physical development. As I said, if you will then give him plenty of room, he'll take care of the exercise. It is difficult, in fact, to prevent him from taking exercise.

After a circus had visited our town we boys always had a circus of our own for the next two weeks. We worked incessantly building rings, erecting trapezes, and so on, and our old pet horse got the devil of a riding round those rings.

When Jim Corbett became the great fighting hero, we all became boxers for a brief period.

A few years ago I was taking a walk in Pittsburgh and stopped to watch a kid ball game. Another man stopped alongside me, and I saw that he was Hans Wagner, the great player of the Pirates. In a few moments Wagner got in the game. The minute the boys recognized him they went at their playing with renewed vim. They not only tried to imitate him in swinging the bat but each wanted to use the actual bat that Hans had used. What an example a man like that can be to the small boy if he will only have in mind his future!

Out near my place a troop of Boy Scouts had a camp one night, and I walked over to see them. Some were cutting wood and some bringing water. They were as busy as bees until supper had been eaten. I noticed that always they addressed the scout master as "Sir." It certainly sounded nice. I stayed for supper. Afterward the master assembled them around a camp fire and began to instruct them in woodcraft. Then he took up the subject of politeness and the necessity of doing at least one good deed a day.

Teaching by Example

He did this by the narration of incidents, and they fairly ate it up. I watched their faces, and I don't believe they missed a word. Moreover, they went out the next day and practiced the very things that he had told them.

I don't know any movement in the world so good for the development of boys as the Boy Scouts. A boy wants to know the whys and wherefores, and he must see things demonstrated practically. If the same things told them by the scout master had been part of a compulsory lesson in school, I doubt if they would have remembered them two hours. The way to handle boys is to set them an example.

Before they turned in for the night the scout master got out his toothbrush and applied it vigorously. He didn't say a word to his charges, but in a few minutes I noticed every one of them doing the same thing.

I have been talking about the boys mostly. Now I want to say a word to the boys:

If I had had the same opportunity that most of you have had I should have my present physique—you've probably seen it in some of the health magazines or the sporting pages—and I should not have my cauliflower ears. I did not go to school much, because I wanted to learn a trade. That is a very foolish idea. If you will stick to your school the trade will come easy enough when you are through, and it will be a better trade.

All of you, I know, want to be sound physically. You would like to have someone say, "That boy is built like Jack Dempsey or Babe Ruth," wouldn't you? Well, you can be it easily enough, and you don't have to get your ears mashed, either.

To begin with, you should be a Boy Scout, and don't stop until you have learned every trick about it, from binding up a wound to following the trail of a make-believe bandit through the woods. Learn how to cook over a camp fire. Learn to shoot, to swim and to ride.

Always take a bath in the mornings, and be extremely careful about your teeth. To be strong and athletic-looking it is almost as important to look after the teeth as the muscles. The teeth, you know, grind up the food on which the muscles grow. If you can't take any other early exercise run round the block before you have your breakfast.

Join a ball club if you have a chance and try to be the best player on it. Go on every outing that your parents will permit. Become a candidate for every athletic team in your school. You may not make the one you seek, but the work will do you good, and before you realize it you will become more expert at some particular game than the other boys.

After you have bumped into other boys in athletic games you will find yourself no longer timid and shy when addressing strangers or your elders. When you speak to a person, look that person squarely in the eye. Be extremely respectful to your elders and considerate of your juniors. Outside of the pleasure and dignity it gives you, it will pay in many ways that you least suspect. I need not tell you not to be fresh or impertinent. If you develop into an athlete, you will be neither of those. Very few boys are fresh after they have tackled other boys and have discovered that the slenderest of muscles sometimes carry a powerful wallop.

Care of the Feet

One of the dictionaries defines a gentleman as one who has consideration for the feelings of others. So, you see, by following the advice that I have offered you will have become a gentleman without having had to follow any of the set rules. To be a gentleman is the easiest thing in the world, and the most satisfactory to yourself.

Another thing: Don't let anybody fool you into wearing fancy pointed shoes. If you are going to be a good physical specimen you've got to have good feet. You can't have good feet by crowding them into unnatural shapes. Get a shoe something like the Munson last that is used in the Army.

Remember that all fallen arches, hammer toes, flat feet and ingrowing nails are caused by ill-fitting shoes. Tell the shoe dealer that you want to walk like a soldier, and don't let him persuade you into wearing any other kind of shoes. Boy Scouts wear the right kind of shoes.

After I came back from France I was frequently asked to talk about the war. At a dinner one night I was called upon to describe the most interesting thing I saw while with the American Expeditionary Force. I think I may have disappointed some of my hearers, who were expecting some hair-raising story, but I had to tell the truth.

The most interesting sight I saw was the physical examination of the three thousand men in the regiment to which I was attached as a welfare man. I saw these men when they reported at the camp in America for military duty. When they stripped and stood in long lines awaiting their turn with the doctors, I was shocked at their appearance. Many of them were chicken-breasted, round-shouldered, flat-chested and hollow-cheeked. Their attitude was cringing, and they kept their eyes on the floor. I never saw such misshapen and distorted feet in my life—all from wearing bad-fitting shoes. Half of them, even though they expected a physical examination, were not clean.

It was the same crowd of men that I saw pass through a final examination at Brest. The difference was startling. They were no longer round-shouldered, there were no flat chests and hollow cheeks, and I didn't see a foot with a corn or a bunion. Their skins were ruddy. The cold water running off their strong backs sparkled in the sunlight and gave them no more concern than if it had not been there. All were laughing, singing and talking. The cringing attitude had entirely disappeared, and every one of them could look you squarely in the eye and with no thought of an alibi answer you "Yes" or "No."

If in a slight degree I could help to make the youth of this country look like the body of young men I saw in Brest that day, I would feel that my efforts as a trainer had not been in vain—even to my cauliflower ears.

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Piston ring efficiency starts with the metal. That is why McQuay-Norris operates its own foundry. It contains the only Electric Furnace of its kind ever used for this purpose. It produces a highly refined, close-grained piston ring metal of uniform texture—a vastly superior metal to any that the old-time cupola process was able to give. It enables McQuay-Norris engineers to supervise every single process in piston ring manufacture—from the crude pig iron slabs to the accurately finished perfection of the completed rings.

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Controlling excess oil is the most difficult task that piston rings have, particularly in modern, small-bore, high-speed motors. That's why the McQuay-Norris Combination has been so successful. A specially designed ring is necessary to prevent oil troubles—to keep oil out of the combustion chamber.

Oil that passes the top piston ring causes many annoying engine troubles and expensive repairs. It fouls spark plugs—pits and carbonizes valves—forms carbon deposits and frequently causes the scoring of cylinders.

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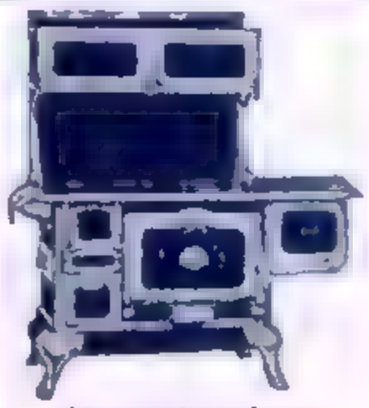

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AGAIN

(Continued from Page 26)

distributing bond houses and the like. The effect of this underwriting will be a transfer of loans from Class A to Class B. The securities thus underwritten will ultimately be sold to investors. Thus deposits of Class A will in due course liquidate the loans in Class A and Class B. The third class of loans, C, representing commodities in process of manufacture and distribution, will in due course be liquidated through B and C deposits. The jobbers' deposits, for example, which are of the second or B class, will liquidate the manufacturers' loans; and the retailers' deposits in turn will liquidate the jobbers' loans. Finally the retailers' loans will be liquidated by the consumer through drafts—your wife's monthly checks to tradesmen—drawn on the third class of deposits, C, which represents income awaiting expenditure for commodities, services, and so on.

If you have read carefully it will be clear to you that anything which disturbs the orderly progress of this cycle will tend to cause a congestion in the bank position. For example, miscalculation on the part of those who undertake construction enterprises might easily result in a postponement of the final financing of those enterprises in the form of stocks and bonds, and thus cause a backing up of credit in one way. Similarly, investment jobbers, that is, firms engaged in distributing securities, may easily miscalculate the investment demand for securities, and thus cause a backing up of credit in another way. Again, what happened last year may cause a freezing of credit—that is to say, a miscalculation on the part of producers as to the demand for their goods. Also, there may be a violent change in the price level during the process of manufacture and distribution. We saw exactly that in 1920. We not only had a strike of consumers who refused to buy, but we also had an extremely violent change downward in the price level.

The drops of ink became drops of blood—when we needed money.

Of course there is no such thing as an unexpected ending to a big market movement, whether bull or bear. Coming events cast their shadows before, and warning is always given. To be sure, the warning is sometimes given faintly or on rather short notice, but as for the declines of 1920, I do not believe that ever before were there so many danger signs visible to the naked eye. A megaphone was used and telescopes supplied. The readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may remember the article published soon after the slaughter of lambs late in 1919. Most of the victims were new at the great game, and as such could find excuses in their ignorance. Some of the big fellows were able to hold on, and though their paper profits were reduced, they were not entirely wiped out.

Warnings Plentiful

The general public, however, was pretty well driven out of the market—that is to say, the big public of the big bull market of 1919. Of course the stock market, no matter how dull, is never really a morgue. The late Jim Fiske used to compare a quiet stock market to a cemetery, because, he said: "Those who are out don't want to go in, and those who are in can't get out."

There were plenty of predictions that 1920 would be a big year in business, and the grievously stricken stock market was confidently expected by many to discount the industrial and commercial activity by substantial recoveries in prices so that they could get out at a profit. They doubtless noticed some disquieting phenomena. Even while trade reports showed new high records for commodity prices, interest rates began to climb to uncomfortable altitudes. Unfilled steel orders showed the biggest gain, while call money was lending at 20 per cent. And on the very day call money touched 25 per cent the Belgian loan was oversubscribed. Silver and cotton made new high records, while the Federal Reserve Bank in a loud tone of voice was discouraging nonessential loans. The Supreme Court of the United States decided that stock dividends were not taxable income, and there followed an epidemic of stock dividends, chiefly in pool stocks—Crucible Steel, 50 per cent dividend; Stutz Motor, 75 per cent; American Tobacco, 75 per cent; Sears-Roebuck, 40 per cent, and others. It helped to create a better feeling—for hours—because one began also to hear a great deal about the increases in frozen credits, the result of credit stringency and railroad congestion. Of course the stock market fluctuated violently, chiefly as the result of belated liquidation by individual holders who had weathered the first storm or two. The pools and the big men held on. They could not sell except at a sacrifice, and why should the rich man sacrifice his sacrosanct profit?

The piker who won't take a small loss at the beginning and in the end is wiped out is a plain ass. The big fellow who won't take a loss at first and ends by losing all his millions is worse; and yet, as I said before, never were the warnings so numerous, so clear or so loud.

Of all the warnings given, the clearest and loudest by far was in the late spring when the merchants and the manufacturers as well as the stock speculators of the United States smiled over another manifestation of mass hysteria. That was when the first overall parade was seen. Nobody took it seriously then, and yet it was obviously a notice served on the producers that the consumers had struck and would not buy at the high prices. Even to this day, when I cite the indifference of the shrewd, practical business men to the overall parades in various cities, I am told: "Why, there wasn't a single overall parade that created a ripple at the time!" Yet the parades marked the beginning of the trouble. The buying strike was on. It was not heeded by those whose business it was to heed.

It was, indeed, an amusing commentary on the shrewdness of the merchants and manufacturers that all they could see in the overall fad was another opportunity to put up prices. Overall material and the finished overalls went up sharply on the increased demand by the helpless public.

The Buyers' Strike

The canniest merchant of the canniest city in the United States announced a 20 per cent reduction in the price of all merchandise in his store. He did it to stimulate buying, and he wasn't losing anything at the 20 per cent reduction. Far from it! And yet his example was not promptly followed. The department stores were reluctant to reduce prices then in order to avert substantial losses later. On the way up one heard nothing but replacement value as an excuse for marking up prices on old purchases. But nobody heard anything about replacement values when manufacturers and wholesalers began to reduce their prices. Even then the manufacturers did not begin to lower prices in time. They waited until they were forced, instead of promptly following the course of the raw material markets. You could hear them miles off complaining about the evils of unchecked cancellations.

The overall parade was obviously the beginning of the buyers' strike, and the beginning of the buyers' strike was equally obviously the beginning of the passing of the paper millionaires. Great fortunes were made by thousands of men who took advantage of conditions created by the World War, but not all of them cashed in. The events of 1920 proved that they overstayed their market.

Booms in stocks always create transient millionaires, temporary Croesuses; but periods of prosperity in industrial and mercantile lines usually do better by the men they enrich—that is, in the matter of the permanence of the riches. This time the bull market in commodities and luxuries, which was the result chiefly of inflation, became not a condition but a habit. Peak after peak was reached and passed as wages and commodity prices climbed. The public, benefiting from high wages, paid the bill and paid it promptly. Then for several reasons the public ceased buying, and there followed the freezing of credit to which I have referred, which made it impossible for overextended stock gamblers to carry on. They were millionaires, but they had to be helped as though they were paupers.

When a stock-market millionaire is helped he discovers that there are several kinds of millions; also that paper millions are no longer a mere matter of bookkeeping. They cease to exist even in a ledger. They pass and do not leave even ashes.

(Continued on Page 73)

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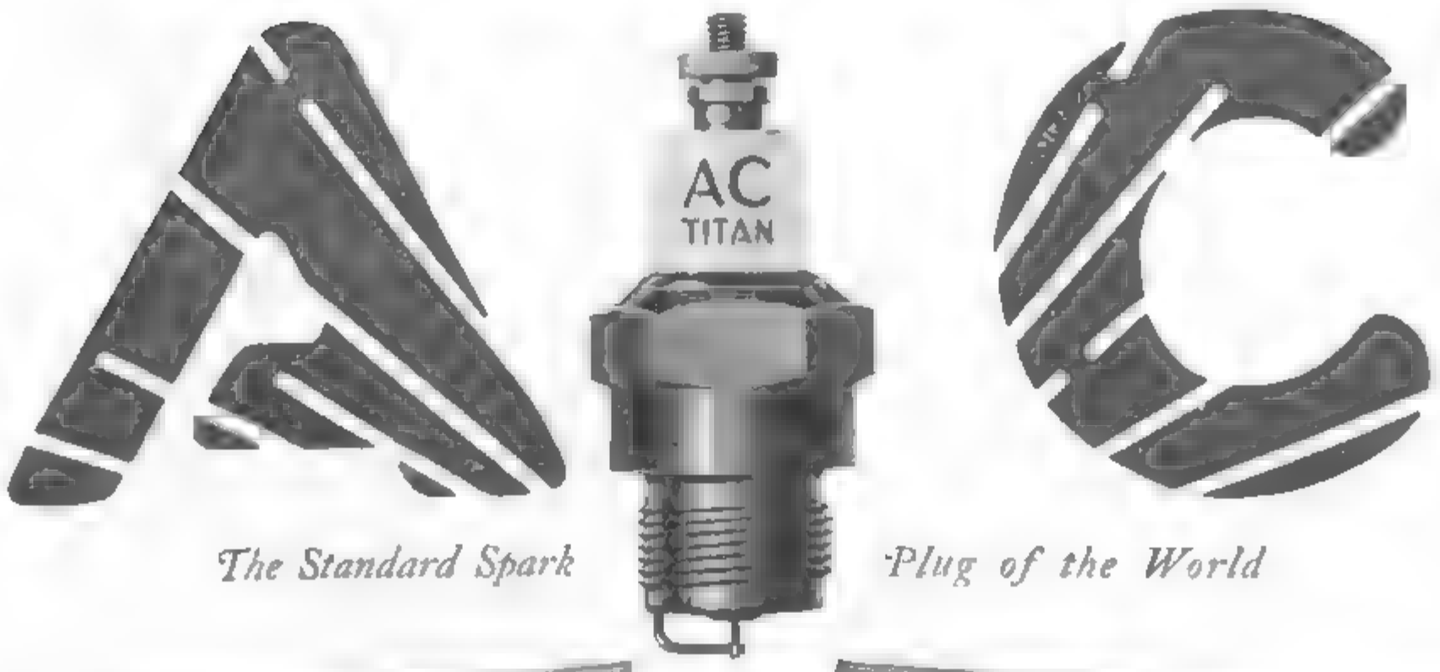

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Vaughan Drag Saws
Wolfe Drag Saws

(Continued from Page 71)

In previous articles I have endeavored to show that the game of stock speculation cannot be beaten. Even stock brokers, who are prejudiced witnesses, will admit freely that the average man is bound to lose money at a game that he does not know.

As a matter of fact, what the average man does not know about stock speculation is simply that the average man cannot possibly beat the game.

The average man is an average ass every time he goes out of his own field. Certainly the average customer of the average commission house is not exceptionally wise or exceptionally wealthy. I believe I am justified in saying that the last slump plainly showed the unbeatability of the game. The biggest losers were exceptionally able men. They were, moreover, men who not only had studied markets for years, but had even made them. Some of them were exceptional men, with millions and with experience. They were men with wonderful records as money-makers, and yet these men overstayed their market exactly as though they had been tyros of the inveterate sucker type.

Talk about Wall Street stories! The lives of some of these big losers were wonderful novels—business epics, American romance at its highest!

An immigrant landed in New York some years ago. Men who don't like him assure me that he did not know how to read or write. At all events, it is certain that he could not read or write English. Neither could he speak a word of it. Also, he had no money. There he was in New York without a job, without business experience, without a trade, without friends, without plans.

There were many things that the young man did not have, but he did have brains and eyes. He kept the latter open.

What do you suppose he saw one dismal day that made him find a job worth millions?

Horses!

He did not know anything about horses, but he saw three horses attached to a coal wagon. They were exceptionally powerful, well-groomed horses—obviously most successful horses. The young man reasoned that the owners must be at least as successful as the horses.

The Lure of the Percherons

He did not know anything about the coal business, but he guessed that there must be money in it to afford such horses. He had already seen that America was an extravagant place. He thought about horses all one night. The next morning early he started out to find the job that he had decided would win a fortune for him. He walked the streets of the East Side looking for one of the big coal wagons with the wonderful horses.

He was hungry and he was friendless, in a land the language of which he could not speak, the customs of which he did not know, the people of which he could not understand, whether they talked to him or whether they didn't. All he had to go by were the horses and the eternal verities. Well, he found the horses and followed them to a retail merchant's store. He saw the wagon unloaded and then he followed it to the yard, watched it while they loaded it and followed it again to another customer. From there by good luck the driver went to the main office of the firm.

For program purposes I hereby christen the man Levine, and the coal firm Williamson & Co.

Levine tried to make himself understood by signs. They were all Irish in the office, clerks and drivers, bookkeepers and bosses. All that Levine was able to convey to them was that he wanted a job with them. But they also endeavored to convey to him that there was no vacancy. He understood the sign language better than they, for he promptly nodded and went away. The next day he sought out a man who knew English. He made him accompany him to Williamson's office. There the interpreter told them that Levine wished to work for them. He was willing to do anything—all he wanted was to work for them in some capacity. He was thinking of the horses. He knew that where there was money enough to afford such wonderful four-footed animals there was enough to fatten a two-legged one. They insisted that they had no vacancy. In the end, to their own surprise, they agreed to let him sell coal for them on commission. Having no knowledge of business he pointed out to them that they stood to lose nothing.

This was before the days of gas stoves and the cooking and heating were done with anthracite coal. The poorest people in New York, a coal dealer told me thirty years ago, bought the most expensive anthracite, because they bought the coal that burned the most steadily and made the least ashes.

Levine, who had never sold anything, now had to sell coal. He asked questions. People were willing enough to answer his questions, but not to buy his coal. To a woman, they told him that they were satisfied with their dealers, who had served them for years.

Levine saw only a problem—to sell coal. He must sell it to people who did not wish to change dealers. It was a simple enough problem. He had to give them more for their money than the other dealers. He could not give them more coal per dollar, and he would not cut the price, because the only cut that he could make would come out of his pocket, which was contrary to common sense. But he, nevertheless, had to give them something, and all he could give them was something that must come out of Levine. That also was common sense, even if he didn't speak English.

He offered to cart away the ashes of those who bought their coal from him!

Building for the Future

That man was after earned money, not after easy money. It is that which makes all the difference in the world. There, quite as much as in his ingenuity and pertinacity, is where he showed his capacity. Such a man both deserves and achieves success. I have met men of the type that Sam Blythe once described as belonging to the I-Knew-Him-When Club, who have told me that they remember seeing Levine coming down dark tenement stairs on the East Side carrying the ashes of his customers.

He had to have a horse and wagon to handle his business. And all the time his hobby was the big, well-fed, powerful horses—the carrying of the coal. The mining end did not interest him; nor for that matter, the buying and selling of the coal. But he could not forget the animals that suggested power, opulence, success. He thought that in the transportation of coal was where the real money would be in the coal business of Manhattan Island.

It was his dream for years. He thought of it as the average man indulges in a luxury, with a vividness of detail that thrilled him, quite as James J. Hill thought of railroading in the great Northwest. Transportation is regarded by such men as a magic wand, the means of developing the Lord's earth, of advancing civilization by increasing comforts. Time was money nowhere more than in New York City. Transportation dealt with time. And it was in time and the saving thereof that the big money was bound to be.

In the meanwhile Levine sold not transportation but coal. He developed his trade and learned English. All things considered, his rise was rapid. His eyes saw too clearly for his advance to be slow. He found himself in the office of Williamson & Co. With a genius for money in the abstract as in the concrete, he presently found himself the head of the department of finance of his firm.

But even while he dealt with dollars and their manipulation, he never stopped thinking of the big, strong, beautiful horses. The only way that he could see of levying tribute on every ton of coal sold on Manhattan Island was by hauling it. He could not do all the selling; that was out of the question, because the retail coal business was beyond the possibility of easy monopoly.

But he could do all the hauling, couldn't he? What the coal dealers wanted was to buy and sell coal. Most of them would have been glad to be rid of the bother of running their own wagons.

He visited friends in New Jersey and was impressed with the manufacturing possibilities. He foresaw the building of more and bigger plants there, so after studying the proposition, he decided to buy real estate. He thought the money would be in factory sites, in acres instead of lots. He bought land as though he already had customers for it, the kind of sites his kind of customers would have to buy. And then he proceeded to find the kind of customers that needed his kind of sites, and found them and made so much money that unimproved property went up to where he could no longer see the desirability of it. He was not a capitalist. He was looking for a big, quick profit, not for a big, slow profit. One might be as inevitable as the other; but he did not have enough money yet to permit himself the luxury of watchful waiting.

Having decided that he had skimmed the cream, he looked about in New York City. Real-estate brokers who knew what he had done in New Jersey, and how he had operated, came to him with all sorts of unimproved property to sell. But there was a difference. He saw that in Manhattan Island the quick profit was in improved property, and that was what he bought. And again he was right, for he made money and made it quickly.

I cite these instances merely to show what kind of vision and business acumen this remarkable man had.

But while he was making money in real estate by being shrewd and hard-headed, he was dreaming of horses, as of old—powerful Percherons, hauling huge coal wagons. He saw the horses, hundreds of them, and he saw the wagons and the loads—and also the rake-off for the owner of the horses on every ton of coal sold in New York City.

He became so powerful now in the affairs of his coal firm—which he had developed and expanded—that he decided his opportunity had come. To control the coal hauling he ought to control a great deal of the coal selling. He had long before decided that there could be no natural monopoly of the business, but he could organize an aggregation of coal distributors that could secure and hold most of the available yard space and dockage facilities. He therefore organized a company by buying out several dealers. In some cases all he bought was leases and goodwill. Williamson & Co. was incorporated, and all things considered, modestly enough capitalized. That is, he knew how much money the company would make after it did what he expected it to do. Having incorporated the company, his next problem was to make a market for the stock. He did not know anything about Wall Street, and the only mistake he made was to think that almost any banking or brokerage concern could be an expert distributor of newly made stock.

The Turn of the Tide

You must remember this man's antecedents. The very nature and rapidity of his rise had kept him from becoming intimately acquainted with the kid-glove element of the financial world. He did not know that "haute finance" had been translated as "hog finance." He now found himself in what he thought was really high society.

Unused to such people, he thought it was up to him to tell the bankers the truth. He did. That is, he told the bankers and everybody else how much the stock would be worth on account of the money the company was sure to make after it got going full blast.

After the pool was formed and given to a firm to handle, Levine met scores of people—brokers, financial reporters, speculators, touts. To them all he gave buying tips on his stock. I cherish no illusions about members of pools who give buying tips, but I am certain that Levine was sincere in his assertions of the stock's value, and I am almost willing to swear that he considered the tips as payment for his admission into that charmed circle where everybody was a rich nobleman. I am assured that bankers did not believe the man could possibly be right about his optimistic predictions concerning his own stock.

Levine's tip thus went wrong, and many of his new-made friends were landed with a stock that positively refused to climb another step. He was too intelligent a man not to seek to find the reason why things had not gone as they ought to. He therefore began to study the Wall Street game from the stock distributor's point of view. He naturally learned a few of the elementals and acquired confidence in his ability to give orders to brokers who would carry them out.

Levine's company by now was making even more money than he had predicted, and the first thing the Street knew the stock was paying dividends as promised. With the help of more efficient brokers, the rise in his pet stock began which made him a millionaire in a few months.

(Continued on Page 77)

"Just like wiping your face with a towel"

2,000,000 shavers proved this statement *before* Enders was ever advertised.

Enders
SAFETY RAZOR

Ends your Shaving Troubles

Simple
Safe
Sanitary

Needs no adjusting. Ready for instant use. Apart in one second—together in three.

H. Enders

ENDERS SALES COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York

ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in black keratol box, velvet lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35 cents.

IN CANADA:—Razor, $1.50. Blades, 50c

FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Blades—Hand-stropped, Hand-tested

ROBERTSON
FOR PERMANENT

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

What it is

A metal that cannot corrode, a metal protected against rusting, a building material that withstands the elements of deterioration caused by weather conditions or manufacturing processes—such is Robertson Process Metal.

It is more than a metal, it is a *process* metal and its enduring qualities are due to the *process* by means of which the metal (both surfaces and edges) is completely encased and shielded from the elements.

The sample illustrated here shows how one impervious coating follows another in the process of protecting the metal. (a) Asphalt, (b) Asbestos, (c) Waterproofing. This is a manufacturing process which is under exact and scientific control. No form of built-up waterproofing or protection could have the same enduring qualities. No form of paint or other coating can withstand the severe tests to which Robertson Process Metal can be successfully subjected.

Not alone a roof-deck that needs a built-up roof to make it waterproof, or a thin sheet of metal subjected to rust and corrosion—*BUT a substantial and protected roofing complete in itself*—that's Robertson Process Metal. It will pay you to know Robertson Process Metal. Investigate before you renew or build new. Read the detailed description below.

Where it's used

On roofs, on siding, on all parts of factory-buildings—trim, gutters, downspouts, wherever metal sheets are subjected to weather conditions, smoke, gases, fumes or other corroding elements—there Robertson Process Metal finds its most economical use.

It is made in corrugated sheets for roofing and siding. It is made in flat, beaded and mansard form and its many other shapes include downspouts, gutters, louvres, flashing, and other factory-building details. Another important use is for ducts, hoods and exhaust stacks.

Because of its ability to resist corrosion Robertson Process Metal is used in the building of ventilators—Robertson Process Ventilators owe their enduring ability to the protective qualities of this Robertson Product. No other building parts are subjected to more gruelling exposure than that so easily fought off by Robertson Ventilators.

The Robertson Process is not confined to sheets alone. The supporting bars, condensation gutters and caps on Robertson Skylights are also made of Robertson Process Metal. It is in such uses that a corrosion-proof metal is of vital importance. The roofs of well known types of steam shovels and excavators are built of Robertson Process Metal.

The PRODUCT

Made in Black and Maroon

A sample like that shown above together with practical literature will be gladly sent upon request.

To know how Robertson Process Metal is made is to more fully appreciate its true value. Following is a brief description of the process by which the three impervious coatings (a) Asphalt, (b) Asbestos, (c) Waterproofing, are applied.

The core of annealed steel is first thoroughly cleansed, then heated and immersed in a special refined asphalt compound. The steel core is hermetically sealed against all destructive elements. It is encased for all time in a water and fume-proof layer of asphalt. This asphalt coating is then protetted by an insulating cover of asbestos felt previously saturated with asphalt. Because of its fibrous rock character asbestos is indestructible. It cannot rot or decay. Acids and alkalies do not affect it. It forms a tough and lasting shield.

By powerful machinery these two protective coatings are thoroughly bonded to the metal and to each other. The third protective coat of waterproofing is then applied. The result is a solid, substantial and permanent building material.

H. H. ROBERTSON COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Branch Offices in all Principal Cities. ***For Canada:*** **H. H. Robertson Co., Ltd.**

PROCESS METAL
ROOFS, SIDING AND TRIM

How it saves

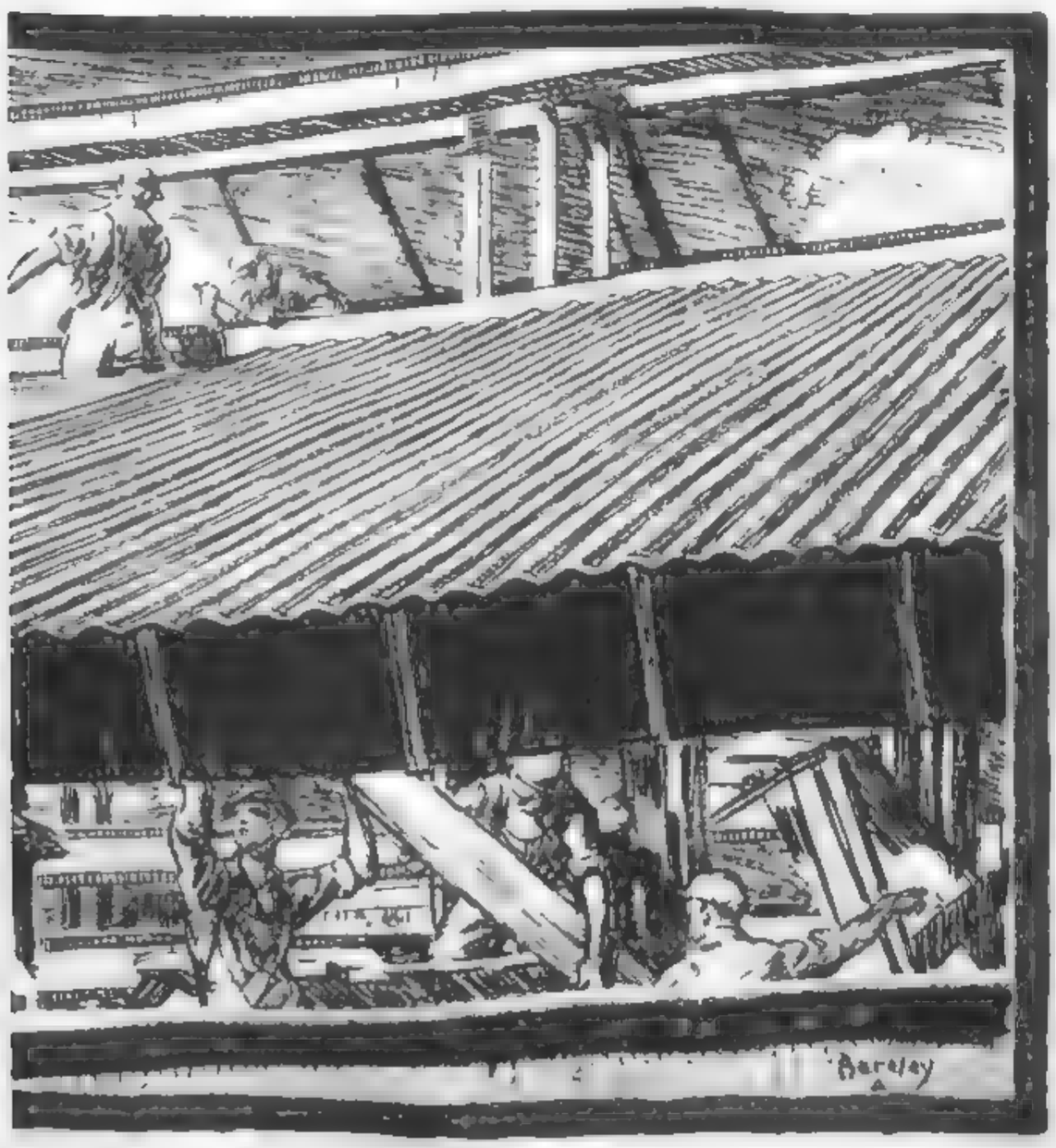
It saves *first, last and all the time.*

In the first place the cost of new construction can be reduced. The light weight of Robertson Process Metal makes possible the use of the lightest steel frame work and foundation construction. Ease of application is another factor of Robertson economy in original building costs.

But the every day savings count most. The way Robertson Process Metal offsets the action of all weather conditions, the way it absolutely stops corrosion and lives through years of exposure to gases, fumes and the metal-eating action of acids and alkalies, represents worth-while protection of building investment. Losses caused by rust and corrosion are greater than those caused by fire. Robertson Process Metal reduces these losses to the minimum.

Because of its insulating value Robertson Process Metal minimizes condensation. It saves heating costs in winter and keeps the building cooler in summer. Painting is made unnecessary. Upkeep and maintenance costs are stopped.

Replacement represents another opportunity to make worth-while savings. Old worn-out roofing and siding can be quickly replaced by Robertson Process Metal without interrupting plant operation.



Whom it serves

It serves industry in general—and many industries in particular. Manufacturers in every important field have found profit in the use of Robertson Process Metal and most of them have expressed their satisfaction in the form of repeat orders. The partial list of users is evidence of true service extending over a period of years.

The chemical industry is a notable example. Most of the leading manufacturers in this field have found that no other material can so surely withstand the extreme corrosive conditions caused by chemical production. Wood construction has long since been superseded by Robertson Process Metal.

Seventy-three times the Davison Chemical Company has used this Robertson product in its building operations. In the steel industry there are numerous instances of building deterioration that has been ended by Robertson Process Metal. The largest coal tipple in the world is built of this product. Innumerable examples can be furnished of successful installations.

And so wherever there are mine, mill, dock, factory, railway or warehouse structures Robertson Process Metal is needed to safeguard building investment.

The EVIDENCE

This partial list of users is significant because of the prominence of the various corporations and because *all of them have used Robertson Process Metal repeatedly.* Surely experience covering many years' usage is evidence of true value in this Robertson Product.

	First Order	
Aluminum Company of America	1915	14 orders
American Car & Foundry Company	1913	20 orders
American Locomotive Company	1913	14 orders
Anglo-Mexican Petroleum Company, Mexico	1919	16 orders
Armstrong Cork Company	1912	34 orders
Bethlehem Steel Company	1910	38 orders
Butterworth-Judson Corporation	1915	22 orders
Crucible Steel Company of America	1913	48 orders
Davison Chemical Company	1908	73 orders
Delaware & Hudson Coal Company	1914	17 orders
Henry Disston Sons Company	1916	11 orders
E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company	1909	50 orders
Eastman Kodak Company	1919	11 orders
General Chemical Company	1909	119 orders
General Electric Company	1915	10 orders
Halcomb Steel Company	1913	34 orders
Hudson Coal Company	1919	37 orders
Jones & Laughlin Steel Company	1913	28 orders
Keystone Driller Company	1912	67 orders
The Koppers Company	1918	86 orders
Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company	1914	41 orders
Packard Motor Company	1915	27 orders
Pennsylvania Lines	1909	104 orders
Public Service Corp. of N. J.	1911	12 orders
F. S. Royster Guano Company	1910	35 orders
Semet Solvay Company	1910	63 orders
Standard Oil Companies and Subsidiaries	1912	100 orders
United States Steel Corporation	1908	272 orders
Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co.	1916	8 orders

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You may purchase a CaloriC on a Money-Back Guarantee that it will heat your home to the comfortable temperature of 70° in coldest weather.

This guarantee is the definite pledge of the oldest and largest manufacturer of warm-air furnaces in the world—it is also the local dealer's pledge of the buyer's satisfaction or money back.

The CaloriC, heating by natural circulation of air, warms every room more uniformly, more healthfully and more delightfully than other systems—at much lower initial cost, and with ⅓ to ½ less fuel.

FURNACE HEAT FOR EVERY HOME

The CaloriC is a heating plant of superlative quality, superior both for the modest cottage or the larger dwelling of 6 to 18 rooms. Cuts building costs in new homes—the practical heat for old homes. Installed in one day. Over 125,000 users.

CaloriC has no pipes to freeze—no radiators—only one register. No coal, ashes, smoke or soot in your rooms. Write for CaloriC book or see nearest dealer.

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9 Richmond Street
Toronto, Ont., Canada

DEALERS
Some choice territories still open. Write or wire.

LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF WARM-AIR FURNACES IN THE WORLD

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(Continued from Page 73)

He was still dreaming of the big horses carrying coal all over Manhattan Island, but now that he had the resources and the power, he saw his wagons by the thousands hauling other things besides coal, for if it was profitable to haul coal, why shouldn't it be profitable to haul everything? It was only a case of incorporating a big-enough company, and he now knew the way to make all the money needed. There was the stock market. Quick and easy!

The boom came. It was his first in the stock market. He made a great deal of money by merely buying stocks and selling them out later, just as everybody does in a bull market. He then organized other companies, not being content to be merely a follower. To bet on stocks can be profitable, as any tyro will tell you; but to manufacture stocks and then to sell them is the pleasing miracle of turning water into cash. He promoted all sorts of companies dealing with all sorts of products. Also, he formed a trucking company for the distribution of coal, and the like, in New York.

Levine had made so much money by now that his plans commanded respect. At least they aroused interest. I am told that one of the largest banks in Wall Street was loaded up with unmarketable collateral in the shape of stocks of trucking companies that were either moribund or at best breaking even. Having heard of Levine's plans, the bank sent word to him that it would be a real pleasure for the president to see him. His opinions would be welcome if he would be kind enough to come and express a few in the hearing of the officials of the bank.

They tell me that Levine felt flattered at the cordiality of the message, and casually mentioned it to his chief brokers. World-famous men at the head of one of the biggest banks in the United States were crazy to get aboard of his trucking consolidation.

His chief broker, who has been many years in Wall Street, warned him.

"Levine," he said, "don't go! We can raise the money for you if you need any."

A Good Loser

But Levine went to the bank just the same, and after having been received as a fellow millionaire, he agreed to take into his consolidation the companies whose stocks the banks had held without hopes of getting out even. He had won success in everything that he had undertaken and he had made his dreams come true. But it was written that Levine should pay the price that always is exacted from those in whom continued success breeds disdain of the usual precautions. He was not content to be a business man or even a promoter. He permitted himself to think that he could get the stock market to do for him what he did not know it had never done for anyone. He had so many friends—rich brokerage firms and friendly banks—that he could never be in difficulties. But the time came, nevertheless, when he found himself overextended. That time always comes at the wrong time. He must depend upon the banks to supply him with additional funds for carrying the stocks he held. He could not sell them at a profit. He held on until he could not sell them except at positively inhuman losses.

After a lifetime of work spent in making money through the exercise of industry, thrift and unusual business acumen, this man contracted the disease of wishing to make easy money. He could make handsome profits out of selling coal, out of real estate, out of promoting; but the game of stock speculation in the end beat a man who in his way is really a genius. The bank to which he had practically made a present of hundreds of thousands of dollars did not fail him in the hour of his need. It came to his rescue. Of course it charged a fee for it. That is, the bank took over from him his life dream—his most valuable asset, the stock of his hauling company. The wise broker, who had warned him against going to the bank, had handled for him his oil promotion. He now assisted Levine by taking over the concern. A friend of Levine's told me that Levine told him that he paid that broker's firm more than $1,000,000 in commissions in one year.

A newspaper man told me that at the time Levine was helped, not wishing to ask him point-blank whether they had cleaned him out, he proceeded to ask Levine diplomatically:

"I hear some big operators have been taken over by strong interests. Of course we all know what that means. Can you tell me anything about it—or who was meant?"

Levine looked at the newspaper man and gravely answered: "Well, I'm one of them."

He was not despondent. He didn't whine. There was no bitterness in his voice or mien. Probably he was planning to get back what he had lost.

And yet that's what he was—one of them, one of the losers, one of the thousands who have been beaten by the game that beats men by making them beat themselves. It was easy money. The man was too strong to lose! Too rich to be stung! Too smart to be caught!

I do not keep his books, and I could not ask him for a sworn statement of his losses. But some of his friends—who, being human, would much rather underestimate than overstate—assure me that Levine is not flat broke or anywheres near it, although he is to-day some million dollars poorer than a year ago.

The Automobile Napoleon

Take also the case of the Waterloo of the Napoleon of the automobile world, about which so much has been half written. It was only when I heard how much the bankers said they had left him that I realized how much they must have taken from him. This does not mean that the financial philanthropists who helped him out of his stock-market difficulties were in reality highbinders or that they took all his millions. However, the point to which I would call attention is that such a man with such brains can lose his huge fortune through getting caught precisely as lesser men have been. In other words, the game beat him in the same way that it beats them all, big or little.

I have always remembered the stories of the veterans of the Street, and how the stock market game—of course, when played as such—beat all of them, including Jay Gould, a genius if ever there was one. The Northwest corner cost him a little more than a million in money and rather more than one year of time; and I have always remembered how a man who was in position to know told me that John D. Rockefeller gave as bum stock-market tips as the average commission-house capper. Not only did John D. give bum tips in the old days, but he played them himself and usually lost. When he lost, my friend said, he lost both money and his temper.

If the career of the man whom I have called Levine is a romance, the life of the man I shall call Baldwin is an epic. I would engage to write 50,000 words about him and not have one dull paragraph in the lot. He not only was a most powerful business personality, but an intensely interesting study as a human being, a genius with both vision and tremendous driving force.

Old friends tell me that he began his career of speculation dabbling in mining shares in Chicago. His real career, however, began when automobiles began to be manufactured in this country. At the very outset he saw that the automobile industry would become one of the most important in the United States. I understand he was the first man to build an assembled car.

The man's dream of the growth of the auto industry became an obsession. He saw clearly, and, they say, he always could talk persuasively. I take it that all he did was merely to tell in plain language what he saw with that amazing vision of his—the same vision that the Lord gave, for instance, to the late James J. Hill, who could see the thronged streets of cities not yet built—saw them long before his railroad reached the sites of the towns-to-be.

Baldwin conceived the idea of increasing production through consolidation. He got several companies together into what we may call the Amalgamated Auto Company. He established relations with bankers who saw reasonable profits. But Baldwin believed in himself and in his dream, and presently he discovered that his bankers regarded him as a visionary. They told him that he was going too far. He didn't seem to think that there was anything else in the United States but the automobile business.

A New York banker told me that Baldwin saw in his backers something less than ideal allies. His manners and his speeches did not please his financiers. Forgetting the fees and the profits that he had enabled them to make, they refused to help him expand. That is, when some of his notes fell due and the company couldn't meet them the bankers promptly reorganized the Amalgamated Auto Company. They issued notes and bonds and preferred stock and also a bonus in common stock. Also in order to keep the visionary, who saw nothing in the wide world excepting the growth of the auto industry, the affairs of the reorganized company were controlled by the voting trust.

In the meantime the reorganization bankers proceeded to take advantage of the market that Baldwin was making. They began to dispose of their holdings of the common stock. Being in the nature of a bonus, it cost them nothing. They thus had the pleasing feeling of being on velvet as they blithely unloaded. Baldwin, however, continued to think of the growth of the auto industry. His dream had become an obsession because events corroborated his views. The bankers kept the preferred and the notes because the latter gave them regular returns.

In the meanwhile Baldwin continued to tell his friends that the big money was in the worthless common. He himself was buying all he possibly could. You must remember that in this instance Baldwin was backing his judgment of an industry which he knew better than anyone else. He was not gambling.

The war came on. The wise bankers, with their connections abroad, were at first inclined to think that it could not be a long war. But Baldwin believed with Kitchener that it would last for years. He could not see it any other way, and again he backed his judgment. A war of years would be fought, not with horses and mules, but with motor cars and motor trucks. So he bought more common, the shares that cost little or nothing and had been so quickly unloaded by the wise bankers who thought Baldwin had gone crazy over the future of the motor industry.

At the beginning of the Great War in 1914 the stock sold at around 50. Later on it sold at an equivalent of $1000 a share. For once it was not the suckers who got left.

Of course the Amalgamated Auto Company got some very large orders, and when it began to make money by the millions people and bankers alike ceased to call Baldwin a visionary. Money seems to cover a multitude of insanities.

A Man of Vision

The voting trust established by the reorganization bankers finally expired. Baldwin had by then acquired an overwhelming majority of the stock—which had cost nothing, so that every time the original recipients sold they received the pleasing sensation of getting something for nothing. When the time came the voting trust was not continued.

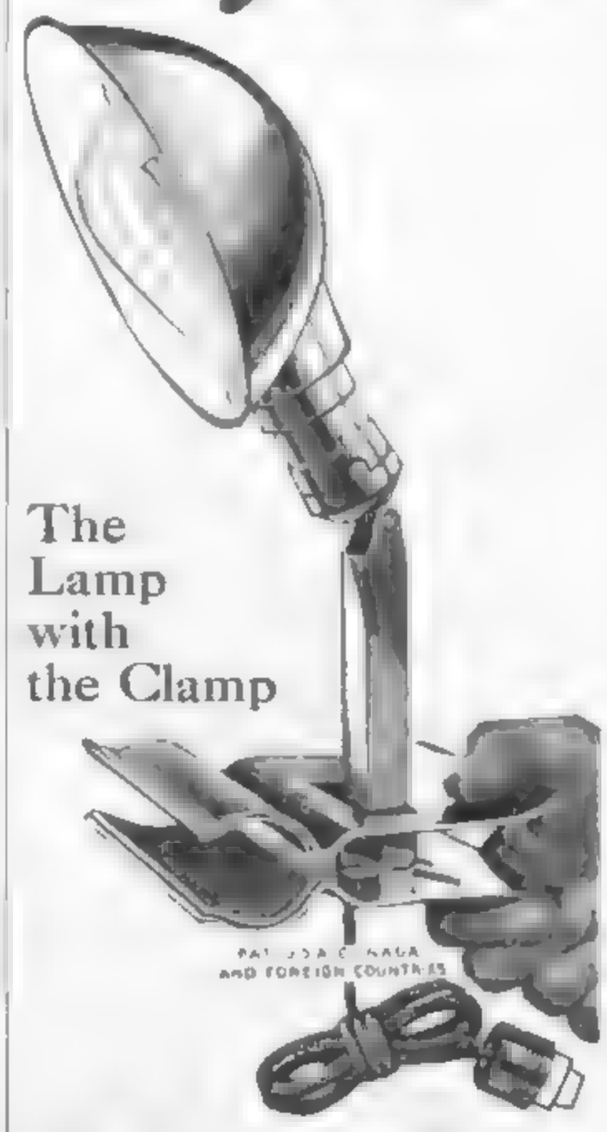
The bankers wanted it vehemently, but Baldwin said no. Then, no longer needing the bankers because the company was making so much money, he not overpolitely asked the bankers to get off the board of directors. Baldwin also acquired other automobile plants, which he sold to his Amalgamated at good prices, paid for in Amalgamated stock, which was not only selling at a high level but for which there was a ready market. It seemed as though the illumination of the conservative banking element was complete. Baldwin was making money, making it quickly and making it in exasperating bulk.

There is a strong parallelism between Baldwin and Napoleon. The American captain of industry, like the great Corsican, had no love of money *per se*. To him it was only a means to an end, but that end always was power, the ability to do greatly. He saw big, and also he saw in detail. When his fortune was estimated at more than $50,000,000—a Wall Street estimate, to be sure—he lived in the same small apartment that he had occupied when he was not a multimillionaire. He is unassuming in manner and appearance, apparently free from the commoner forms of vanity. He is a nervous man who thinks quickly and acts promptly.

Like Napoleon, he cared little for precedents or for the effete aristocracy of capitalism. Power, more power and still more power apparently was all that he desired, and for aught I know to the contrary, the desire was prompted by the wish to be able to accomplish still more if his auto empire extended its boundaries. Some of his intimates tell me that he impressed them as being always absolutely fearless financially. Undoubtedly as his power grew his fearlessness became more comprehensible—the

(Concluded on Page 80)

"It Clamps Everywhere"



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Such great utilities are privately owned by plain citizens like all of us who have faith in the force called electricity. These utilities are, owing to their vital import to the country, under governmental direction.

Insurance companies have hundreds of millions invested in the different electric light and power companies; banks have loaned them money, and 1,450,000 individual Americans have put millions of their savings into this great industry.

It is these people of faith, business instinct and enthusiasm who stand back of you as you clean and cook and wash and iron electrically; who, in a way, guard your lamp at night, seeing that the light never fails. They deserve your co-operation in return for that service

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

(Concluded from Page 77)

fearlessness of a Titan among pygmies. He did not need bankers for his company, because he found pool associates who were among the biggest beneficiaries of the World War, and, as such, immensely rich. And he himself, securing possession of the absolute control of the stock of his own company, plunged—but always in his own stock. He was in absolute control, and the market—for that one stock—moved as he willed it.

He was beating the game, beating it daily. He was becoming the biggest paper millionaire that ever strutted across the stage of the theater of the ticker. The game was not beating him. He was the possessor of millions. His pool associates controlled unlimited resources. The old conservative bankers who had once controlled the company, with the curious small-boy tendency of all bankers, said that the day would come, and so on. But I do not think that in their heart of hearts they really thought so.

Unfortunately, just as Napoleon was not content with the imperial purple for himself, and began to find crowns for his brothers, Baldwin began to go into other lines. He always saw big, but also he saw accurately. He organized companies through which he expected to control the manufacture of accessories, and so on. Moreover, he became a dispenser of largess. He not only gave tips to people he liked, but he told deserving employees to buy stock. When they did not have the money to do so he did the royal thing—he carried them. It was the common talk of Wall Street that at the time he was assisted out of his predicament by bankers he had forty-four active accounts with members of the New York Stock Exchange. He was carrying stock in a score of cities.

I do not keep this man's books. I do not know how much he made, how much he lost or how much he still has. But I do know that here was a man who was not money mad and was not a reckless gambler. He was a man of unusual business ability, a genius for organization, a Napoleon who saw both big and true. Considered as a speculator, he was a man of much experience in the game who knew a great deal about the indispensables, altogether the exceptional man. And yet he could not beat the game. The bankers, whose voice is once more heard in the councils of the company, did not beat him.

It was the old story—he beat himself!

And there were a dozen others, all of them millionaires, all of them practiced in the game of speculation, whose stories should be told if it were not that they all read alike. For instance, there was the scion of one of the richest families in America, accustomed from the cradle to thinking not of the price of anything, who inherited millions from his mother, more millions from his father, again more millions from his uncles, and then married a girl who brought him still more millions. He was himself a man of brains, the son of a man who was not only very able but very successful in the highest circles of high finance. Well, the young man had always been able to get all the money he needed until one day when he needed all he could get.

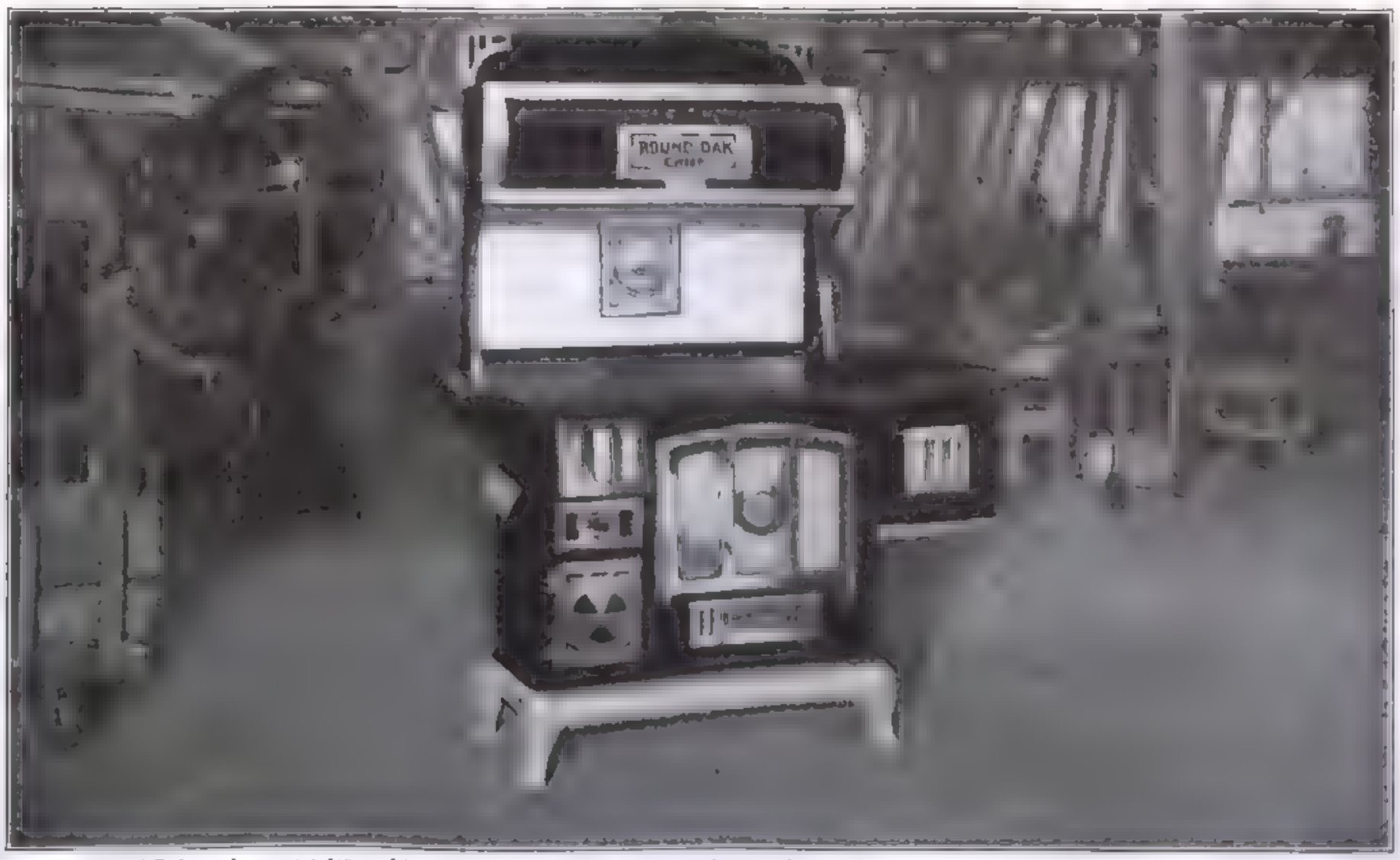
Then he could not get enough, and he sacrificed gilt-edge securities to save his speculative holdings. He was helped by bankers who were not in his particular set. His own friends evidently were helpless.

The young man knew the game and knew it well, as they all think they know it. But he probably would have admitted that he did not know money. And the game does not care whether it beats men through too much knowledge or through too much ignorance. It is all one to the game, since they all beat themselves.

There was another, an industrial magnate, who in a few years developed into a supersuccessful supermanufacturer. There was nothing original about his Waterloo. Great though they were, he overestimated his resources and his ability to raise money. His losses were appalling. There were others, but all that it is necessary to say is that a baker's dozen of the biggest paper millionaires in Wall Street ceased to be even paper millionaires. Among them I may mention, for purely personal motives, a man whose success in mines and oil for years was the talk of the Street. His firm's promotions were always oversubscribed. It was one of the offices where all the customers were supposed to be millionaires. A little more than a year ago this man actually was whining about his hard lot. That dreadful calamity consisted of having to invest so much money. He almost wept when he related the troubles of an investor who had to salt away millions at one fell swoop. The week before Christmas the same man again was complaining—because the blow fell when he was so old that he would probably never come back.

Oh, about $7,000,000!

San Juan Capistrano Cloister



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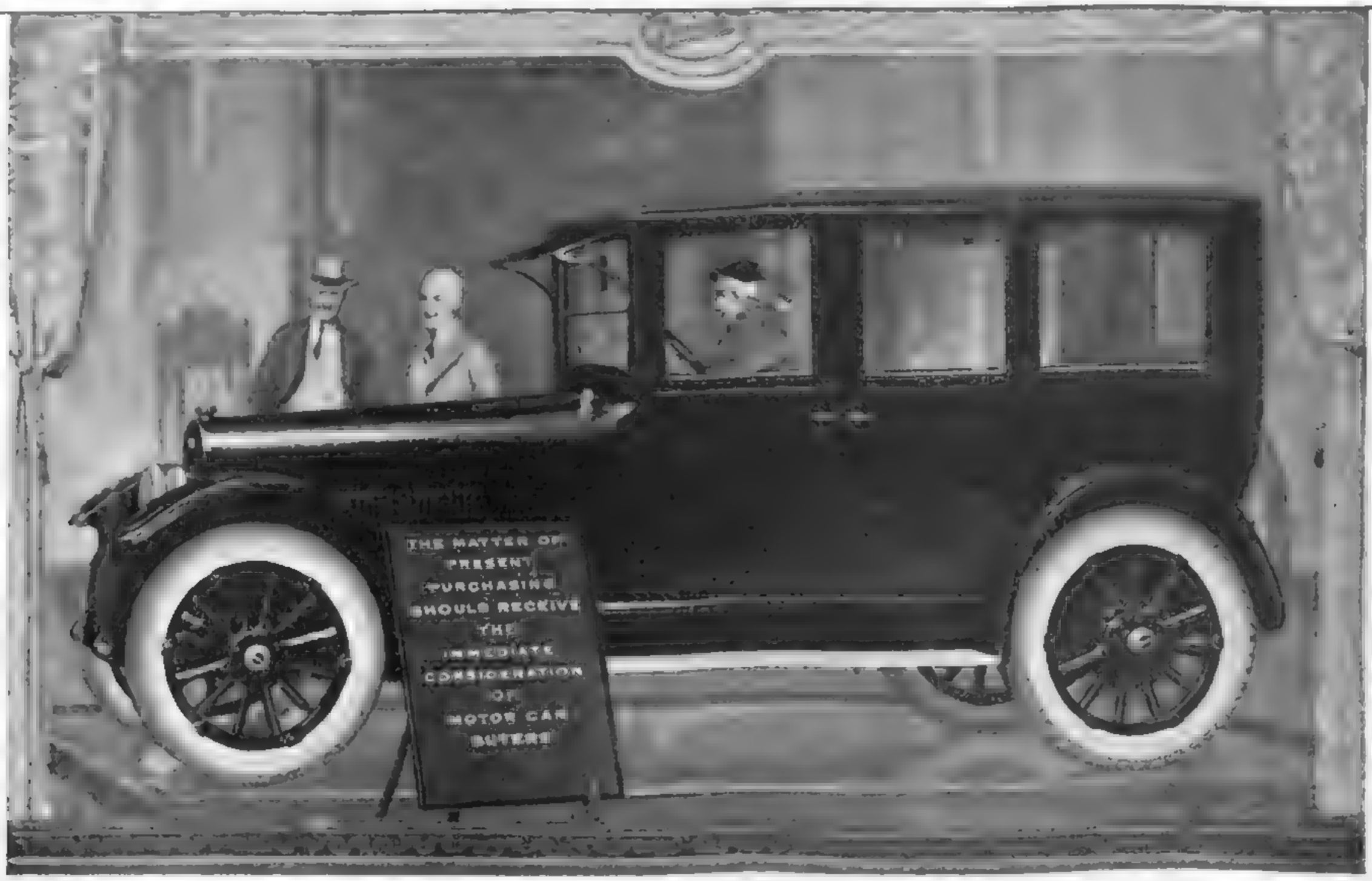

IT is significant that for years the demand for Buick cars has always exceeded the supply. Even when Buick production mounted to 500 cars daily thousands were disappointed because this shortage prevented them from buying Buick cars.

This winter has seen a material curtailment of motor car production throughout the industry. It can have but one effect—a decided shortage of quality cars during spring and summer.

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The reason why the demand for Buick cars has always exceeded the supply is more pronounced than ever in the 1921 Buick. Coupled with the same power and dependability that have made the Buick Valve-in-Head motor car so famous is added riding comfort, more roominess and better seating arrangements, easier control and a beauty and grace that fittingly express Buick worth.

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Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

OLD-TIMER

(Continued from Page 19)

The colonel turned over in his mind the old scout's defense of the stockmen who would graze the park, even while he opposed their purpose. At least he was sufficiently broad-minded to commend their sincerity even though their ideas were the opposite of his own.

"But you say they are ruining their range," he said, reverting to that topic. "Don't you blame them for that short-sightedness?"

"Not overmuch," Woodson stated. "It isn't given to many folks to look ahead further than to-morrow morning after breakfast at the most. In fact lots of 'em don't see clear through one whole day till after it's gone by. Why censure folks for a common failing? Others have done the same before them. The fur trade killed its own business by overtrapping; the hide hunters ended theirs by overshooting. The lumber trade sailed through their golden day of waste and prosperity and overplayed their hand by wasteful cutting. The market hunters worked dead against their own best interests by shooting a few too many pigeons and chickens, ducks and geese, and so on, every year. So why should we settle particularly on the stockmen for overcrowding what range they have? It's simply repetition of an American trait."

He waved a hand toward the riot of flowers before them in the meadow. "Going back to flowers, where we started," he said, "there's several little plants that will likely play an important rôle all through these hills within the next few years. It's been my observation that Nature can't be overworked or crowded to the wall without fighting back. Men know that they can't overtax themselves without feeling the effects of it and breaking down physically. They realize that they can't drag two hours a day of extra work out of a good horse without killing the animal before its time. That's because they have object lessons under their very eyes to prove it. But their vision doesn't extend far enough to apply that same rule to all outdoors—because it's too big and too spread out for them to read. Already the stockmen are beginning to curse the larkspur, the camas and the loco, and to wonder what their use is here on earth.

"For a while I wondered too—but finally I got it. Likely there's some purpose for everything if you study it close enough. A man can't spend a life in the open and believe that Nature went at things blind and scattered stuff haphazard. There's always the balance to be struck. You can figure the purpose of the killers among the animal tribes—to hold down the numbers of the beasts they kill for feed; the weaknesses of the victims so that the meat eaters are assured of sufficient food supply; the contradictory limitations you find handicapping different killers so that they can't kill too much. Balance! And the same thing holds true of the outdoors as a whole. That must be the reason for the presence of these three little poison plants. When the grazing tribes grew so plentiful as to overfeed a certain range and started to kill off the grass these weeds grew up to mow them down to decent numbers; different plants that were death to certain kinds and didn't hurt the rest, so that all of any one animal wouldn't be exterminated. Balance and proportion, even in the killing. All through these hills where the range is overstocked you find Nature getting ready to fight back. The loco kills a horse but doesn't seem to affect cows or sheep. A horse seems immune to larkspur but for cow critters it's sure death; and the camas kills the sheep. A few more years of overgrazing and these hills will be shot so full of poison that a man will be risking his whole herd to turn them out. That's my own little personal solution about the poison flowers. Likely scientists will disagree with me. They're trying out ways now of fighting to kill out the poison, instead of pulling off part of the stock and letting the grass regrow and crowd the poison out according to Nature's simple scheme of things that men refuse to recognize."

In a way the colonel and Old Mart were kindred souls and during their short excursions they exchanged ideas that either would have hesitated to express to other men. Old Mart was a man hunter, and hard citizens who feared little here on earth confessed that he was harder than themselves. The colonel was a soldier, a rigid disciplinarian. Yet each recognized in the other that inner self deep within, that bowed to the beautiful in Nature, a soft spot of which no exterior hint was evident. In midsummer they started off together, just the two of them, unaccompanied by the retinue that had characterized the travels of many former commandants.

They rode up the Tower Falls road and as they drew abreast of Yancey Meadows Woodson halted and waved an arm out across the flats.

"That's a part of what I aimed to show you," he informed. The meadows were rank with natural hay ready to be cut. "That's just a speck; but we could put up somewhere round a hundred tons of hay with only a rake and a mowing machine, the work of a few men and teams for a week."

"I'm beginning to see," the colonel nodded.

"And only just beginning," Woodson said. "Before we're through this tour I'll show you square miles of that."

They turned aside up Slough Creek, the bottoms widening just within the low hills that flanked its mouth. Grass country unrolled before them in successive meadows.

"We could put up better than two thousand tons on Slough Creek alone," Woodson stated. "Back here out of sight. In dry years we might have to put in a small ditch system to water the hay. The land lays just right and the ditch system wouldn't cost to exceed two thousand dollars, a dollar a ton on the initial cut. You can drive nearly the whole length of it now. I'll guarantee to build all the road that's necessary to get out the hay at a cost of three hundred dollars. In wet years we wouldn't even have to irrigate; that would be two years out of three."

All up the bottoms of the Lamar he pointed out bottomland covered with heavy stands of native grass.

"There's wild timothy, bunch grass, wild oats, and redtop scattered all through the park," he said. "And lots of others. All we've got to do is to cut the hay."

"We'll cut it," the colonel asserted. "Leave that to me."

They crossed over the divide and down the Pelican and found more meadows; round to the west of Turbid Lake—more grass; still more at Squaw Lake. They followed the road round Lake Yellowstone and turned off below the Thumb. For a day they fought dense tangles of down timber and came out at last into unsuspected meadows hemmed in by heavy forests.

"There's only a scattering of folks have ever seen this spot," said Woodson. "You have to cross through miles of jungle and down stuff to get in here. There's meadows here that will cut five thousand tons of the best kind of hay."

"But it would be a big undertaking to build a road in here," the colonel objected. "But the hay is certainly here."

Woodson pointed to a sheen of water showing through a fringe of trees.

"See that?" he asked. "Well, that's a prong of the South Arm of Lake Yellowstone. We could take the launch and run right up within three hundred yards of the start of these meadows, leave the hay tools crated and set them up here on the ground. The transportation for all the equipment we'd need here, after it's once laid down at Gardiner, wouldn't cost to exceed a hundred dollars; freight it to the lake landing by team, and set it down here with the launch in one day."

The following day they moved east and skirted the end of the South East Arm of the lake, riding through miles of natural meadow, the ripening grass waving in ripples before the breeze. All the way up the broad bottoms of the Yellowstone clear to the confluence with the Thorofare they traversed great stretches of feed country where the horses waded through grass to their knees. They camped the second night on the shores of Bridger Lake. As they sat before their fire the colonel raised a question that had troubled him.

"There's only one drawback to this scheme," he said. "The snow lays so deep over most of the park that the elk never stay through the winter in the greater part of it."

"Up here on the head of the Yellowstone it lays maybe six inches deeper on an average than it does in Jackson Hole," Woodson admitted. "Down on the Lamar and round the mouth of Slough and Hellroaring creeks, Yancey Meadows and along the river clear to Gardiner, it will average a foot less. I've seen elk winter in the Hole on four feet of packed snow and make it in good shape on hay. Snow doesn't bother them; it's merely the question of feed.

"We wouldn't work this country up here till after we'd cut over Lamar and Slough Creek first and tried it for a season. But if it will work down Jackson way it will work up here. That's sure."

"But for years there's been a regular migration of the elk out of the park," the colonel objected. "Won't old habit be so strong that they'll pull down out of here just the same?"

"I've seen all the wild things change their ways of living," Woodson said. "In my day I've seen the coyotes quit the prairies and overrun the hills. A dozen years ago a herd of antelope couldn't be forced to enter a bunch of trees. Hide hunters knew that trait and made use of it. Some of them would crowd a big drove of pronghorns toward a strip of timber. They'd turn and skirt it every time and run the gantlet of men stationed there in preference to cutting through among the trees.

"Five years later men were hunting antelope in the cedars or even in jackpine country, the same as they'd hunt for deer. They'd changed their ways. Right now the elk are changing theirs. All down the Snake they stop and hang round every ranch where there's a haystack. They'll stop round ours just the same. I'll stake my life on it. It's already been proved successful. Down in the Hole the Government has started a big hay ranch for a winter-feed ground. They winter-feed elk there the same as you'd feed domestic stock. It's the plan to increase the layout till they're taking care of them all, and relieve the ranchers of sleeping every winter in their stacks. We know we can do the same thing down Gardiner way, and no reason why we can't later extend up here. We can salt them and hold them any place there's feed. There's the plan. Now the rest is up to you."

"Never fear," the colonel confidently assured him. "I'll put it through. More and more now the people are lining up behind practical conservation plans. There won't be any trouble about that."

"We can't hold them all at first," Woodson said. "Wouldn't want to if we could, for we wouldn't have the feed. But we can start Slough Creek and Lamar and then put in more feed lots at other points. There's enough hay could be cut on Falls River Meadows and the Bechler to winter all the elk that summer on the Pitchstone and the Madison Plateau. But we'll have to work on that point right soon if we do any good. A few more years of wintering out in Idaho and the western herds are gone. If we start now we can hold twenty to thirty thousand head of elk right here in the park, and the increase will overflow and help stock the hills outside."

"It's as good as done," the colonel stated. "We'll be putting up ten thousand tons of hay to start it off next year."

"I hope so," Woodson said. "I hope so, for a fact. Everything I've planned and counted on has seemed to play out to nothing in the end. But folks are changing, like you say, and some way I feel that this is going to work out all right."

"Just as sure as Fate," the colonel concurred. "It's bound to come. You've worked hard at a thankless job, Mart. But you're going to win out in the end."

XIII

IT IS said that the streets of a famous city are laid out along the cowpaths that threaded the pastures adjacent to the site of its infancy. It is certain that the highways of the West follow the game trails of yesterday. Woodson had seen the bull trains follow the trails made by the buffalo, then the steel rails crowding close upon the heels of the prairie schooner and the oxbow. He had seen marauding war parties of red men traveling the trails laid out through the mountain passes by the hoofs of elk and deer, later traveled by the pack trains of the white invaders, and now by the automobile that tours the highways hewn out along the one-time arteries of game-migration routes.

Where a few years past he had listened to the bugling of a thousand lovelorn bulls his ears were now assailed by the shriek of a thousand sirens as autoists rounded the sharp curves of the mountain grades. It was but another of the transitions he had witnessed; the four-horse coach had slipped into the days of once-there-was, and the swifter automobile had crowded out one more link with a day that had served its usefulness and passed. The soldiers had gone with the stagecoach, and civilian superintendents once more held sway in the park. Those who guarded the reservation were no longer scouts, but were now known as rangers.

Old Mart sprawled on a point that overlooked a stretch of the Cañon road. Teton had grazed to repletion and stood with drooping head. The horse that had carried his master on so many hard trails was old. Woodson had always saved his mount wherever possible and had seldom overtaxed his strength, so Teton's span of life had been longer than that of the average mountain horse. The mellow summer sun had dissipated the early morning chill of the high country. A picket-pin gopher sat upright in the grass before a tiny heap of fresh earth he had excavated. His near relative the chipmunk whisked swiftly round the roots of an ancient stump, then mounted it and trilled defiantly. A huge fat marmot gathered a mouthful of grass and carried it to her family in the depths of a bowlder heap while her mate sunned himself on the topmost rock. An osprey screamed as he wheeled over the river, then made his spectacular plunge and rose on high with a fish gripped in his talons. Woodson watched him carry it to the mate who mothered three young fish eagles in a big nest built on the top of a shattered snag.

Down below, from the edge of a strip of timber, a huge brown bear peered up the ribbon of the road that wound along the river. Long years ago he had been a tiny cub in a rim-rocked pocket. A man had called him Wakinoo, the brown bear, and had made him rise on his hind feet and beg whenever he approached the little cabin in search of food. Later he had found his accomplishment of great benefit round the hotels and tourist camps. Wakinoo was hungry. The air throbbed to the purr of an auto coming round a bend. The great brown bear moved into the road and reared to his full height. An astonished driver clamped down on the brakes and brought the car to a stop. The huge beast waddled to the side and rested his forepaws on the door, his little eyes searching the faces of the occupants while he sniffed in eager anticipation.

"I'd heard of this," said the driver, "but thought I was being strung. A beggar bear, as sure as I'm a white man."

Other cars pulled in behind the first and the brown highwayman feasted on bits of food produced from the lunch boxes of the tourists.

Far away on the Snake River road another string of autos was being similarly held up by Wakinee, the black bear. Between the Geyser Basin and the Thumb a brown yearling and a black two-year-old had joined forces and stood on their hind feet in the edge of the road to stop the early morning travelers. All over the park this was going on. Tourists had heard that of late years bears had come from the forests to beg for food along the roads. None would believe till he had witnessed the strange thing himself; but before the summer ended some fifty thousand travelers were ready to testify that a race of beggar bears were plying their trade in the Yellowstone.

Woodson watched Wakinoo entertaining the occupants of a dozen cars on the road below him. Each year the people took a keener interest in the wild life of the park. Once they had come here only to look upon the geysers, the mud caldrons and the paint pots. Now the sight of wild things in their native haunts was even a greater curiosity than the freak phenomena. For the game was gone from all save this one last stronghold. The old ranger had observed that the tourists flocked by hundreds to watch the bears come in and feed upon the kitchen refuse of hotels and camps; strings of auto coaches were halted while the drivers pointed out elk or deer feeding on distant hillsides. Tourists were

(Continued on Page 87)

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1871 S E L Z 1921

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH

(Continued from Page 83)

conducted to beaver dams along the streams, and the work of the furred engineers, once numbering at least ten millions throughout the country, was now deemed of sufficient oddity to be listed among the attractions along with the petrified forest and the boiling mineral springs.

"But folks are slow in learning, Teton; mighty slow," Woodson said. "It's hard to make 'em believe they own the Yellowstone themselves. Most of them still reason that we rangers are here to guard the park against them, instead of guarding it for them, which last is the true fact of the case. Instead of thanking us for looking after their interests the bulk of them sort of resent the sight of a ranger's uniform."

Frequently he had experimented along this line when meeting parties of tourists in the park.

"This park is yours," he was wont to say. "Every stick and stone, every lake and river in all the Yellowstone belongs to you. Did you ever stop to figure that?"

Few of them had. Many smiled at this statement and deemed it but an exaggerated sense of courtesy and hospitality on the part of this mild old man. More and more he had come to realize how restricted is the life outlook of the average being. Those he met could not grasp the fact that they had a definite interest in this great common property. For man's viewpoint is mainly limited to the personal equation, and he counts only those things his possessions of which he can acquire tangible proof of belonging to him individually. When he shares a corporate interest he has the certificate that specifically denotes the exact degree of individual proprietorship to show for it. His interest in a national park is equally real but less apparent to his understanding.

"I wonder now, Teton," the old ranger said. "I wonder if we'd issue every citizen a little gold-and-green certificate stating his ownership to be pro rata, according to the population, if he wouldn't set up nights studying the census and looking into immigration reports. He'd have something then that he could see with his own eyes. But he'll never believe he owns any of this till he has a scrap of paper to prove it to himself."

Woodson had acquired a vast patience. His hair had been bleached by the rigors of nearly seventy mountain winters, his drooping mustache held in dead-white relief against the mahogany background of a face weathered by the wind and sun of as many summers. The blue eyes peered forth undimmed from among the maze of sun wrinkles at their corners. He had lived to learn that great issues are not effected in a day. But his perseverance had borne fruit and the things he had always sponsored were coming into popular favor at last. Conservationists were gaining strength and numbers and the half-hearted support of the bulk of the public. He knew that conservation would eventually win the day.

It was but a question of time, and of how much of anything would remain to be conserved after the day was won. It had narrowed to an issue between two forces and the fight centered round the Yellowstone, the last strip of country left for the one faction to exploit and develop, the one last bit of the great outdoors left for the opposing party to preserve in a state of naturalness. Men had always deemed it their privilege as free citizens to convert any natural resource into quick profit regardless of the trail of waste to be cleaned up at ten times the cost by those who followed in their wake; and this belief died hard. The forces of overdevelopment surged at the borders of the park and sought to enter. Cooke City worked for legislation that would permit a railroad through the center of the reservation. The stock interests never ceased their striving to have the Yellowstone thrown open for sheep and cows. Idaho pressed her demands that a portion of Falls River and the Bechler be thrown out of the park and ceded to that state. Irrigationists raised the hue and cry of added production and cheaper prices to further their plans for raising all the lakes in the park for storage reservoirs. These numerous schemes that would benefit a few localities had so far been held in check.

In an hour Woodson was to meet a commission at the Cañon, a party of conservationists going through to gather facts to help fight down the plans to raise the lakes. The following week a game-conservation committee was scheduled to come in. There were many of these now, where ten years past the only delegations were those who sought some means to get a grip on the resources of the park.

The old ranger met the committee at the Cañon. He gave them facts to investigate as they proceeded, details they would have overlooked if not warned in advance, then volunteered a suggestion of his own.

"We conservationists will have to change our plea," he said. "We've been going at this wrong and working on sentiment. What we have to do is to hang out the dollar sign. We'll have an audience then. It's the only thing our people thoroughly understand. Quit talking to them about beauty and sentiment, and speak in dimes and decimals instead. Don't bother to explain that raising Lake Yellowstone will wreck a section of the park and destroy scenic beauty; will cover standing timber and make a horrible mess that can't be cleaned up in a hundred years. Tell 'em this—that tourists spent seven million dollars in this locality this year. Tell the folks out to the east round Cody way that the people that left a million dollars of tourist money out there this year will never come in through the East Entrance and ride past miles of dead and rotting timber, past thousands of acres of stewing, stinking mud flats that breed billions of mosquitoes and insect pests.

"Tell the folks along the Snake and in Jackson Hole what likely they don't many of 'em know themselves—that last year the dudes left half as much money in Jackson Hole as was brought into it from the sales of stock throughout the entire valley. Show them that if they raise Yellowstone, Shoshone and Lewis lakes you couldn't pay a tourist to make the trip in from the South Entrance on a bet. Ask them if an extra few thousand acres under cultivation way off in Montana and Idaho is going to replace the silver lining of their pockets after the dude money quits coming in. Then they'll come to life and quit supporting this move. Don't tell 'em their souls are dead to loveliness and beauty. Show 'em that they're plain fools on the side of their pocketbooks and they'll come up fighting mad. Then they'll beat this thing themselves.

"Then puncture this old rally cry of 'added production' that always gets a crowd. Go into any valley of the hills and point out good ranches here and there with perfect water rights, ranches that haven't been farmed for years. There's plenty like that. Tell them that if the country is actually in such desperate need of added production the wise thing to do is to get the idle land in their own localities under the plow and reap the benefits themselves. Talk dollars and dimes! You've got the facts to back you up."

Woodson's knowledge of game conditions had been acquired throughout a lifetime of actual experience, and recently he had gathered financial data to supplement this information against the time when the game-conservation committee should arrive; for he had definitely decided that none but financial appeals would gain his end. As he waited at the Yellowstone Entrance with a pack outfit to conduct the party through the game fields he reviewed the facts in his mind.

"Doctor Ainslee is a big man in his field, Teton," Woodson said. "He's representing the two largest wild-life societies alive. I wonder if we'll be able to make him see things from our angle."

He met the party and for three days they wound across the southern extremity of the Madison Plateau, over the Continental Divide, then traversed the tablelands of the Pitchstone.

Woodson pointed to far bottoms spread out in the southwest corner of the reservation, showing green below them.

"There's hay to winter-feed ten thousand or more head of elk," he said, "if only it could be cut."

"But where are the elk?" Doctor Ainslee demanded. They had covered thirty miles and had seen but a single bull. There were no tracks in the hills. "I thought you were going to show us elk."

"I will," Old Mart assured him. "But first I wanted to show you this."

They moved south and east to the station on the Snake, and from there crossed the Big Game Ridge and the heights of Two Ocean Plateau. Here in two days they saw thousands of elk on the summer range. Off southwest the serrated teeth of the Grand Tetons stood guard over Jackson Hole.

"Jackson Hole," Ainslee commented. "The slaughter pen of the last elk herds."

"Listen," Woodson urged. He laid one hand on the doctor's shoulder and with the other pointed off in the direction from which they had come. "Do you know why I took you all through there and let you fret because you couldn't find even an elk track when you'd come all this distance to see game?"

"No," the doctor confessed. "Just why?"

"Because five years ago there was some twenty thousand head ranging the Pitchstone and the Madison plateaus."

"Where are they now?" Ainslee asked.

"The meat hunters wiped them out to the last hoof," Old Mart stated. "There was so much thunder leveled at Jackson Hole that you didn't observe the western herd being exterminated to a point where right now an elk is as rare as a camel all along the Idaho side of the park. The northern herd is getting the same medicine now. The Montana law allows shooting up till Christmas right outside the line."

"But that late season is to prevent meat being killed while the weather is warm and left to spoil," Ainslee explained. "It's really framed to conserve the meat."

"Is it?" Woodson asked. "It's really framed to exterminate the elk. Wyoming has set aside more than a thousand square miles of game preserves that block in two sides of the park. She has the least population of any state save one, yet she makes an annual appropriation to winter-feed her game. Thousands of elk live for eight months on Wyoming grass, get rolling fat—and cross out into Montana to try and winter through for the other four. Do they find any grass out there? It's sheeped as bare as a gravel bar right over the boundary. Is there any hay furnished for the starving? Not a pound! Is there even a refuge where men can't shoot them down? There's thousands of hunters waiting just over the line on Crevice and Hellroaring creeks, the two big migration highways, to pick out two elk apiece that have been raised on Wyoming feed—while the residents of the other state are only allowed one. They don't even want to get out and hunt, but just wait till their meat comes to them, meat raised at the expense of a sister state, and slaughter them like butchering tame sheep.

"And while they're doing that the ranchers of Jackson Hole are sleeping every winter in their stacks, scores of them all down the line. The Government made a good start down there a few years back and installed a hay ranch for a winter-feed ground. It was hoped they'd increase the layout and maybe put in another to handle all the elk and take the burden off the settlers. But they haven't up to date. The ranchers are still sleeping in their stacks. There's a pile of killing goes on there for a fact, but the only marvel is that there isn't a whole lot more. When a man winters a bunch of elk through with his cows at his own expense, like some of them actually do, and he sees them starve by the score, why, it's downright hard to convince that man where he's wrong in killing one for himself when he's needing meat. You conservationists have got to swap ends. I'm telling you."

For a month he led the party through the summer range of the elk herds. They visited Buffalo Fork and followed the Black Rock to Two-Gow-Tee Pass and looked down upon the head of Wind River, tarried for a week on the head reaches of the Yellowstone, then ascended the Thorofare and crossed through Rampart Pass to the Elk Fork of the Shoshone. He ended the trip by escorting them through the grass lands of Slough Creek and Lamar.

"A big percentage of the elk that summer back where we've been rambling come down this way with the heavy snows," old Mart explained. "We've cut some hay on Yancey Meadows and Lamar; enough to prove our point—that the elk will stop and winter right here inside the park. We're furnished some hay each year now to feed on the Gardiner Flat. But we'll have to cut hay up here and hold bunches all along. It's hard to get appropriations, though. They orate and dally and delay. Procrastination killed the Yellowstone herds of buffalo; and a few years back the antelope herds were lost through negligence. Everyone was sorry after it was just too late. They always are."

As the party bade him good-by in Mammoth Doctor Ainslee asked if there were any additional points which might be used as levers to gain their ends.

(Concluded on Page 89)

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(Concluded from Page 87)

"Just one; the only one that will really count." Old Mart stated. "The conservationists have confined themselves to the appeal of sentiment. They tell how the bison are swept from the plains and the dodo is no more. Folks can't seem to feel upset over the shortage of dodoes to pose as targets. Trade the dodo for the dollar and show them where the elk and other game that's left is worth real money. Then you'll get a crowd. The game has always given way to domestic stock. Prove that up here in the last few pockets of the hills the elk are worth more to a community than the cows that could be run on that same feed. Right away they'll start to listen where they'd go to sleep if you started holding another service over the dear departed dodo."

"But that's the very point we're trying to avoid," Doctor Ainslee explained. "They advance the argument that a given amount of feed will produce so much meat and that the cows that could be grazed on the little feed reserved for elk will add that much production and bring money into the country; that the Government would derive revenue from grazing permits. We can't refute these facts."

"But you can explode those fallacies," Old Mart returned. "In a big range country, or even here in the hills a few years back, those arguments were true. But up here to-day that meat-and-revenue theory is a pose. I'll give you an example of one spot you've been in yourself. The Elk Fork is about the only creek out of forty flowing into the Shoshone that is closed to grazing—the one little winter-feed ground for the eastern herd of elk. Before it was closed cows were run up there. Three hundred-odd head ate it out in five months every summer. Those who want it open now claim it will support more—but it won't. But there was eighteen hundred elk wintered there last season. They summer in the peaks on grass the cows never reach, and only touch the bottom feed when a heavy soft snow is on. Then they come down. As soon as the wind blows the ridges bare they go back till the next storm hits. There's your pound-of-meat-on-so-much-feed fallacy as compared to elk and cows in the hills to-day.

"Even providing that the creek would support five hundred cows for six months in the year—which it won't—the Government would take in possibly a hundred dollars in grazing fees at twenty cents a head. What it actually did take in last year was over four thousand dollars in nonresident licenses issued to outside sportsmen who hunted adjacent country. There's your revenue! And the license money goes to their own state while the grazing fee on the forest would go to Federal sources. There were nineteen guides outfitted on the Shoshone and took in forty-three thousand dollars from nonresident hunters—besides what money they spent in the towns.

"Can your little bunch of cows equal that? Then on top of it all, just for good measure, the people of the community killed four hundred elk last year out of the increase from that bunch—four hundred big animals for free meat! The same thing is true in other localities. Don't tell the folks of Jackson Hole it's wrong to kill off their elk. Show them where it's profit in their pockets to let them live and take the outside hunter's money. Tell them that other states where the game is almost gone have discovered that it's profitable even to buy live game to restock; that the revenues from resident licenses run well over a hundred thousand dollars annually in some states where there's nothing much left to shoot but crows and cottontails. Show them what rank folly it is to waste their game out here. Educate them up to see that true development to-day lies in conservation, that overdevelopment is waste. Feed them financial facts instead of sentiment. Swap the dodo for the dollar and prove your point. Then you'll win."

XIV

THE cook fires of two hundred hunting camps spread their thin film of smoke above the northern boundary of the Yellowstone. On one side a half dozen rangers guarded the park along the crest of Crevice Mountain. Across from them a thousand hunters waited just outside the line.

Two horsemen topped a ridge and pulled up to view the scene spread out below them. It was the winter of the big snows. Heavy storms had followed in swift succession and spread their white layers over all the hills. Across from the two men a band of forty mule deer climbed the shoulder of a ridge. Below them a few antelope traveled the Turkeypen Trail, headed for the feed ground on the Gardiner Flat. A dozen bighorn sheep showed as tiny specks on a point of Mount Everts. The younger man pointed to the rolling country far up the bottoms of Blacktail Deer Creek. A fresh drift of elk moved toward them from the south, some traveling in big droves, others in straggling groups. The foremost ranks of the drift fanned out and angled up the south slope of Crevice. Some turned off on the Turkeypen Trail. Everywhere they trained their eyes there were elk in plenty.

As they sat their horses and watched this spectacle the young man unfolded his great dream while Old Mart listened. He would take this land of the Yellowstone and preserve it for a vast playground for future generations, so that they might come here and see what the great outdoors had been in a day before their time. Those who would reconstruct the mighty day of the fur trade could come and find marten on the piñon ridges, foxes traveling the high divides, mink and otter following the streams where the beaver built his dams. For those who might wish to see a touch of the great westward trek across the plains there were more than three hundred antelope still ranging the beautiful bottoms of the Lamar, and the buffalo herd had increased to more than four hundred head. There were rare bighorn sheep in the peaks and deer in the lodgepole valleys. Here were black and brown bears in scores and some few of the monster grizzlies, so nearly extinct within the borders of the nation. There were moose in the swampy bottoms, and all about them were hordes of elk, nearly thirty thousand ranging in the park; a hundred placid lakes and frothing cataracts, scores of crystal creeks and rivers; forests unscarred by the lumberman's ax; meadows where only wild things grazed; the sounds only those of the hills and rivers, Nature's own, never to be shattered by the rasp of sawmill or the miner's blast. All this must be preserved in its naturalness. What nobler monument could be bequeathed to future Americans than this one spot where they might come and look upon a miniature of the greatest day of their country's early history, one last bit of the Great West left intact?

As Old Mart listened it seemed but an echo of his own words of almost a half century before, cast back to him out of the past. The younger man planned now as Old Mart had planned when he himself was young. He devoted the same driving energy and sincere purpose to the work that Woodson had given it in the years gone by.

The keen bark of smokeless powder sounded from up the slope as some meat hunter made the first shot of the kill. Four hundred head of elk had milled across the line. A string of six shots followed the first. Then hell broke loose on Crevice Mountain. Every man in sight opened fire. Those on far shoulders emptied their guns at long range as droves of elk climbed sidehills or crossed through open parks. From a scattered volley the sound whipped into a steady roar as two hundred men with magazine guns went into action at once. The elk plunged through the heavy drifts and crossed between the hunters. Other bands followed in their wake and ran the gantlet of the guns. The whole side of the mountain was streaked with stampeding elk. Some wavered and turned back inside the park, but the general drift was up the slope. The animals could move but slowly as they bucked the snowbanks and climbed the steep ascent. It was easy meat for the hunters.

For ten minutes the starving horde streamed past without a break. The steady, rolling volume of firing died away in a crackle of scattering shots. Old Mart looked up over the course of the run. Three hundred dead elk lay sprawled in the snow. Half as many wounded moved among the carcasses of the slain, the result of bunch shooting by inexperienced hunters who had not the ability to pick their animal and make a clean kill, but instead emptied their guns into the thickest of every drove that crossed the line, wounding twice as many as they killed. A score of these crippled ones gained the park line and temporary safety. Some had bedded in the snow, too weak to rise, while others stood with drooping heads, legs spraddled wide apart to support their sagging weight.

All along the face of Crevice men were dressing out their meat. Then they raised from their work to listen as a volley of shots, far and faint, drifted across the hills to the eastward, coming at first in ragged strings ripped from automatics, then increasing to a steady roll. Another drift of elk had crossed out by way of Hellroaring Creek and run the gantlet of a hundred hunters waiting just outside the line. As this shooting died away another outburst sounded from far off to the west as the survivors of the massacre on Crevice poured along the roads and open sidehills back of Gardiner.

For almost two months this had been going on the length of the northern boundary of the Yellowstone from Gardiner to Cooke City. Day after day bad news had reached Old Mart from other parts. The Sylvan Pass Ranger Station had sent in the tidings that the eastern herd was gone. One last heavy storm had crowded the animals out and they followed down the Shoshone to be shot down in hundreds on the road. The Jones Creek herd on the far slope of the Absarokas had been wiped out to the last head. Down in Jackson Hole they had made the biggest kill in years. The little Swan Lake herd, numbering some five hundred head, had circled out round Electric Peak, crossed into Montana and had been exterminated in a single day.

Old Mart was gaunt and hollow-eyed from sustained exertions. Day and night he had been out patrolling the lines in the heavy storms. This was the last day of the season. The slaughter would soon cease. He headed Teton down toward the Gardiner Flat, where a big band of elk was being guarded and wintered through on hay. The young man was responsible for the survival of this one drove of the northern herds. His year's salary had furnished the feed to hold the elk there while he urged the necessity of immediate appropriations to buy hay. And through his energetic presentation of the matter the funds to winter this bunch through had been granted.

Woodson rode down into the flat and crossed out into the town of Gardiner. The packed snow on the main street showed red from the bloody splashes dripping from the trucks and wagons, piled high with butchered elk, that filed through town to the railroad. Along the platform of the station the carcasses were stacked in hundreds awaiting shipment. Old Mart estimated that no less than ten thousand head of elk had been shot down in the recent slaughter on the Gardiner side. The railroad shipped out four thousand carcasses during the open season. As many more had been hauled away in sleds and wagons. He knew that some twelve hundred wounded animals had crossed back over the park line and died.

As he rode back across the flat a band of thirty mule deer, going down, filed past him. For three years these deer had wintered on the lawns of Mammoth, and no less than a hundred times he had watched them crowding round the doors of the houses to take sugar and crusts of bread from the hands of the ladies living at headquarters.

They had no fear of man, these hand-fed deer, and the little band started through the big stone entrance arch to investigate the town of Gardiner, confident of the same welcome reception that was accorded them each day in Mammoth. Woodson turned in his saddle at the sound of a pair of keen reports behind him. A hunter had watched the approach of the little band and shot down the big buck in the lead the instant he cleared the arch. The rest had crowded back and now stood in a huddled group just inside the line. This was no unusual occurrence, Old Mart reflected—only slight incidents in the annual carnival of slaughter.

Woodson pulled up his horse and waited for the young man, now his chief, to ride across the flat and join him. As they sat and watched the sun drop behind the peaks Woodson knew that he was but a clinging relic of a period that had passed. In his own lifetime he had seen three-fifths of the best timber cut with lavish hand, and forestry statistics showed that the rest was being logged each year at a rate of four times that grown in reforestation areas to replace it. He had read engineers' estimates reporting that only one heat unit out of every ten was conserved and utilized out of the coal that was burned, for the reason that the trend of development was toward methods of getting more coal out of the ground rather than toward perfecting methods for less wasteful burning. He had seen millions of acres of hill-country range partially ruined by overgrazing, and the poison loco, camas and the larkspur sprouting thicker as the grass thinned out; the wild life of a continent had been wiped out in his own lifetime. He had heard the spring song of the West when it was young, and in the ragged spurts of shooting up on Crevice Mountain he listened now to the final notes of its swan song.

As he reviewed the transitions he had witnessed in his day he wondered what the young man beside him would live to see in his, and he feared that another dream would be foredoomed to trickle out at last in blank failure, as had his own.

Teton was very old and he stood now with drooping head. An ancient buffalo bull had left the herd on the Lamar and drifted down to the flat. A buck antelope fed near the bison, as if aware that they were kindred spirits. The largest bull elk on the feed ground stood apart from the rest. His knees were sprung and the weight of his massive antlers bowed his head. For a week he had stood almost in that same spot. Woodson knew what that sprung-kneed, toed-out attitude presaged. He had seen other old bulls draw away from the bands to die. A bighorn ram had come far down the shoulder of an adjacent ridge.

"Here we are, Teton," Old Mart said. "All the old he-ones of yesterday gathered for a final rally. It's sunset for us old-timers. We're just a whisper of the past, fossils of the old days that are gone."

He faced to the west and gazed for long as if the sunset held a vision for his eyes alone to read. A black cloud had flung its banners from beyond the range. All on the near side had faded and its shadow blotted the last bit of absolute naturalness left in all the hills. The jagged peaks took on instead a semblance of gaunt and crumbling ruins. The black cloud twisted into the form of a giant letter S. The last rays of the sun shot two golden bars up through it.

"It's time to kneel and say our prayers, Teton," Old Mart said. "We've followed the weak gods all our lives. Now we're given one last chance to bow before the strong. There's the banner of the winning Deity out there. We've just time to pay our first respects to it before it fades."

For in the sunset Old Mart had seen the symbol of the mad god—Overdevelopment.

(THE END)

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COLUMBINE TIME

(Continued from Page 7)

from the girl, accompanied by the very ghost of a smile. In a rosy haze he walked out into the lobby, already filling with satisfied diners, who lolled in the wooden chairs, smoking, plying toothpicks, comparing specimens.

That magic hour of three o'clock had burned into his mind, suggesting a plan so simple and yet so daring that he flushed at the thought. For the present he had an unaccountable fear of being caught watching Mr. Sabin and party emerge from the dining room. So, as nonchalantly as he could manage, he strolled out to the plank sidewalk of Main Street. Past the six-mule freight teams struggling through the dust, past swinging doors which even at that hour gave forth the sounds of loud pianos, past all the soiled and dusty but romantic confusion of a mining camp struggling toward the dignity of a railroad and townhood, his feet seemed to carry him involuntarily toward the Arizona House.

Through its swinging door, unfurnished with that modest protecting screen which usually guarded vice from the eye of respectability in the days when the Demon Rum held unchecked sway, he passed into the barroom. This boasted the longest solid-mahogany bar in the West, and was beyond doubt the most elegantly furnished room in Carbonado Camp. That bar was broken in the midst of its polished length by an insertion of plate glass four feet long, from beneath which glittered dully a mosaic of five, ten and twenty dollar gold pieces. The long mirrors which reflected back the dull glint of this little fortune were decorated with Spencerian scrolls drawn in soap, surrounding such legends as "Trust is dead; bad pay killed him," "All mixed drinks, four bits," and "If you want trouble, find it outside." Scroll-worked cabinets between the mirrors held bottles containing those highly colored drinks for which no one seemed to call in Carbonado Camp, but which were necessary in those days to well-conducted bars. Over all was draped an American flag, its folds very dusty, its colors a little fly-specked. The chandeliers which held the big oil lamps were ornamented by frills and skirts of pink and blue paper, cut into lace-like patterns. There were other items suggesting elegance and prosperity, such as a big genuine oil painting of the Grand Cañon and a cabinet containing specimens of horn silver and free gold. This was the club of the town, the place into which one drifted when he had nothing else to do, the center of gossip.

And gossip was already busy at the Arizona House. Against the bar leaned half a dozen miners in high boots, overalls and rough frieze coats, drinking their afternoon draft democratically with mining men in glove-fitting store clothes and large diamonds.

To Tommy's ears, sharpened and attuned that day to but a single theme, came out this: "Well, both of them ladies are lollapaloozers if anybody drives up in a hack and asks you."

"What are they doing here?" asked another voice.

That miner who had spoken first—he was a foreman on Mr. Sabin's Wild Rose property—gave a sly wink.

"John W.," he said, "goes down to Denver and they takes him out in sassiety. He meets this here outfit at one of them dude swarries. And he asks them up here to visit him at the Marlborough, his shack not being ready. Seems to be in a hurry, sort of suddenlike, as usual. Well, it's time. He's been a bachelor long enough, with the stake he's got. Nice-looking girl, and a credit to the camp too."

"Somebody was telling me," remarked one of the mining men, "that they're already engaged."

"Nothin' in it," replied the foreman. "I looked particular at her hand, and she wasn't wearin' no diamond ring on her wedding finger. You don't suppose old John W wouldn't do the right thing by her, do you?"

"Where do they come from—the East?" inquired another voice.

A prospector who had hitherto refrained from conversation parted his hairy lips and thusly spake: "East nothin'! I knew the old party as soon as I sot eyes on her. She's Mrs. Bates, that used to run the miners' boardin' house at Clear Creek. Made a little stake somehow, she did, an' moved to Denver, and now I hear she's flyin' high. First time I ever see the daughter, but they tell me the old lady had her all that time in one of them convents or seminaries or somethin'."

"We're gettin' kind of personal," said the foreman; "and anyhow it ain't fittin', talkin' over real ladies in a low groggery. Well, boys, the precious metal is still to be extracted on Sacramento Hill, and I'm overdue at the shaft. Here's to 'em!"

Tommy, who had stifled an impulse to break into this group and thrash someone or other, sank down midway of the conversation into a chair by a poker table. John W. Sabin the Great, in love with her! Reported engaged! A black immovable obstacle seemed to have settled down between him and that smiling dreamland where columbines are not shaken from their stems.

Yet on the other hand—a miners' boarding house! She, who seemed so exalted in her Eastern clothes, came from origins as humble as his own. All that afternoon and all that sleepless night he was to be working on love's arithmetic, balancing his hopes against his despairs.

III

JUST a stroke before the hour of three, behold Tommy wandering with an assumed nonchalance down Main Street. As when he left the claim that morning, he seemed drawn by a command superior to his will. During the hour before, the balances in love's arithmetic had been only minus quantities; he had sat beside the poker table of the Arizona House imagining picturesque plans for an exit from this sad world. Enlisting in the United States Army to fight the Sioux and being found on the battlefield with a letter addressed to her over his bleeding heart—that seemed, on the whole, the most feasible and satisfying. Nevertheless, he had risen five minutes before the hour, dusted off the shoulders of his new store clothes, flicked the shine of his shoes with a handkerchief, and started forth.

And as he approached the door of the Marlborough it opened to disgorge beauty. His infatuated eyes registered that she was wearing blue, something which fitted as a bark its tree over her virginal shoulders and breast; that a little foam of feathers tossed above the black film of bang on her forehead; that along her arm—sweetly slender, clad in a long brown glove—lay a folded white parasol from which fluttered a pink ruffle.

For a fateful moment she hesitated at the door. If she turned in the other direction Tommy knew he could never summon the nerve to follow her. But after a second of pretty hesitation she turned toward him. Now—would she speak or would she overlook him? But fate decided that moment also in favor of Tommy, for as she drew near him her eyes, roving about the sights of Main Street, fell on his. They lit with recognition and, "Good afternoon!" she said in a voice reserved and yet friendly. And she seemed to hesitate slightly in her tripping walk.

"Good afternoon," he said, and then, managing to gulp the words out somehow: "Did they last?"

At that she really stopped.

"Yes," she said; "one of them lasted all the way to the hotel. I haven't had a chance to thank you before. They are very, very beautiful."

Then, with the slow motion of a leaf which sways in the breeze, she turned away as though to resume her walk. But those eyes of hers held that—was it a too great shyness?—which emboldened Tommy to the most daring act of his life.

"Were you walking anywhere?" he asked; and then blushed inwardly at the awkwardness of his approach.

"I was just going out to see the town," she said.

"Would you mind if I went with you—to show it to you?" he gulped.

She seemed to hesitate; then looked full on him with eyes become like pools.

"It will be only a very short walk," she said.

"We might go up to the top of the hill," he suggested, suddenly grown so bold as to astonish himself.

So her high heels made a pleasant tapping and his square-toed shoes a bass clumping beside each other on the board sidewalk. But they were silent for a moment—he because of a rush of warm, delicious, absolute bliss. She, if he had only known it, was giving him a swift feminine appraisal. He did not look half so romantic in his black ready-made store clothes, his blue necktie drawn through a gold ring, his choker collar, as he had seemed there among the columbines in his brown overalls tucked into high boots, his belt sagging over one of his manly hips, his blue shirt open at the throat. But he still showed that fresh blond complexion tanned to the color of a dark tearose, those blue eyes as clear as mountain brooks, and that engaging smile. And he had shoulders; and he strode with the gait of a strong man.

"It's my first visit to Carbonado," she said, breaking the somewhat awkward silence and answering the conventional question already forming on his lips.

"You come from the East?" he asked, guiltily concealing his knowledge.

"I do," she replied; "from the effete East. I wasn't born a tenderfoot, but I'm a tenderfoot now. I've just been out of school since April."

"I went to school off and on up to three years ago," he said. "Finished off with the Union High School at Parkinsville, back in Nebraska."

"What do they teach you in high school?" she asked. "Mathematics and Latin and French and Italian and all that sort of thing, just as they do in a young ladies' seminary? I suppose they excuse the boys from embroidery and ballroom deportment."

"Yes, I guess so," replied Tommy; "except they go light on French, and I never heard of their teaching Dago. I liked Latin," he added.

"So did I," said the girl. "It was my favorite study."

"Mine too!" he said; and they were both silent for a moment, as though amazed by this remarkable coincidence of tastes.

"Were you specially fond of Vergil, Mr. ——" Here she paused.

"Coulter—Thomas J. Coulter," he said promptly. He was becoming as bold as a lion.

"My name is Eleanor Bates," she said as promptly. "Isn't it the strangest thing? We have been just the same as introduced, and by my mother; and yet I didn't even know your name!"

"Sure is queer," answered Tommy. "Say, could you stand algebra?"

"Loathed it!" she replied. "But I liked geometry. All those funny figures looked like little pictures, if you know what I mean."

"So did I like geom," said he. This was becoming more and more astonishing. "But since I got out of school I've pretty near forgotten it. Been too busy with other things."

"What things?" she asked, picking her way delicately over what was intended for a street crossing and was only a dusty, humpy waste.

"Oh, punched cattle, took a turn at freighting, and now I'm grubstaking for gold," he said.

"I know what grubstaking means. My father grubstaked. He's dead long ago, poor old dad, but I was born on a claim in Wyoming."

Why, having recorded all that is necessary of this conversation, should I further intrude into this little stroll? Full of delicious discoveries, like that of the kindred taste for Latin, it took halting steps toward acquaintance; and each new step led to pleasant vistas. Before they rounded that corner by the Arizona House which led to the residential section of log cabins, board shacks and reenforced tents, they had both discovered that they cared little for square dances but loved to schottish and waltz. By the time they started the ascent of the long grade they had discovered through shy approaches that they both thought that all the religion wasn't in the churches. Halfway up the grade her chatter stopped and she breathed with a delicate sighing; for she was not yet acclimated to that two-mile altitude. As they came to the steepest pull, therefore, he boldly held out his arm and she let her hand rest ever so lightly on his elbow, so that his breath caught also—but not with altitude. As her breathing grew even more difficult they stopped and gathered a

(Continued on Page 96)

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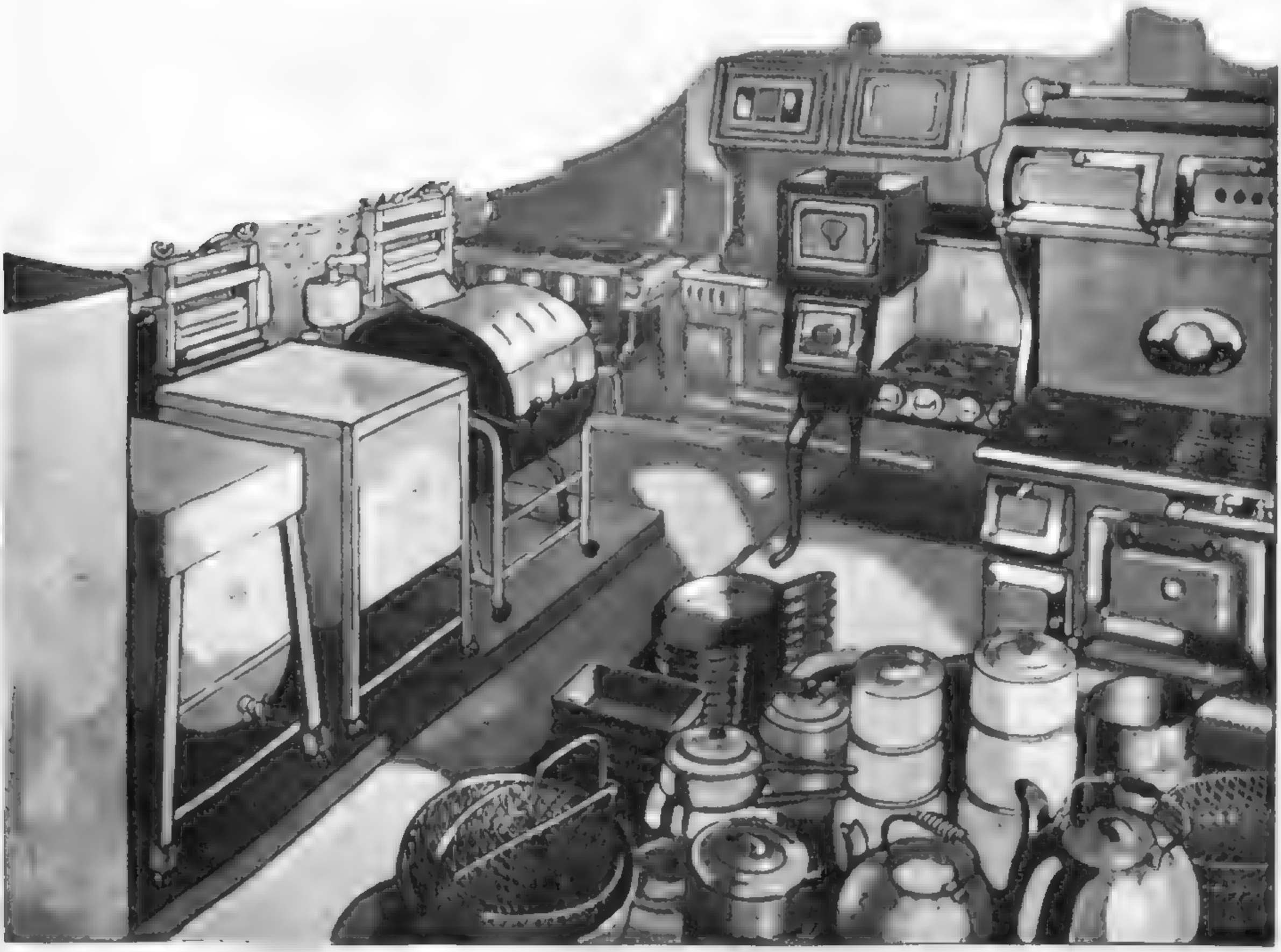

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bouquet of the little blue and pink daisies which June had sprinkled along the trail. At the summit they sat themselves down on a great rock.

"That's the view," he said.

Below them lay the camp, in the center following a regular geometric plan of streets bordered by log cabins, by board shacks, by clapboarded two-story business blocks. Beyond, log cabins and reënforced tents straggled irregularly along the curving roads. Beyond that and between lay heaped the fringe of abandoned tin cans which always borders a mining camp. But the distances were all mountain. Though the earth up to the edges of the perpetual snows showed only dull yellows and reds and browns, though the straggling dwarf pine and fir forests offered but little relief of color, the impression somehow was all of a heavenly whiteness, of an earth in which nothing could fester or grow impure.

"Charming!" said she. "And don't you just detest people who say you can't understand things because you're too young?"

IV

JOHN W. SABIN and Mrs. Amelia Bates had finished their visit to the rich and flourishing General Longstreet mine, where the lady had been received with the honor due visiting royalty and its guest. Mrs. Bates had even been offered a descent into the shaft, and had declined with thanks. "Wouldn't be any new experience for me," she said.

But she had gone over the new hoisting apparatus with the chief engineer, had been allowed to test the levers, had pronounced it good; she had been presented with a newly dug specimen of wire silver, the pure precious metal lying like curls of venerable hair in the clefts of its matrix, she had visited the newly installed miners' boarding house, where she had offered valuable and expert suggestions to Sammy the Dutchman, its manager and chef. They had stopped, too, before John W.'s new shack, upon which the painters were just then slapping a first coat of pink and gray, into which a freighter was just then unloading a set of shiny black-walnut dining-room furniture, a dozen wicker chairs and a gleaming brass bed; and she had mightily commended the taste of her host. Now they were taking one final turn over the hills to see the view; John W., who on the level road had been showing her how they could step, slacked his matched chestnuts down to a walk as he reached a bumpy, rocky stretch, and dug deeper into the intimacies of conversation.

"About your daughter—Miss Nellie," he began after several preliminary gulps; "I suppose you guessed when I asked you both up here that my intentions were serious, sort of."

"Now, Mr. Sabin," said Mrs. Bates, "when an unmarried gentleman makes such advances to an unmarried lady, everybody who knows their way round knows that it ain't just a matter of charity. When I caught you looking at her in Mrs. Barstow's parlor I savvied right away what you meant."

"Well, that makes it a heap easier," said John W., absently flicking a fly from the back of his nigh horse; "a heap easier. You understand a person, you do. It figures out this way. When I was broke, which I mostly was before I struck it in this here General Longstreet, I never wanted to git married. Then, when I was past forty, this come my way."

John W. Sabin made a flash of a three-carat diamond and of a five-carat ruby as he waved his hand over the vista of Carbonado clustering grayly in the hollow below, over the crumpled hills, their bristle of pines broken here and there by dun shaft houses and black dumps, over the smelter smoke polluting here and there the white purity of mountain distances.

"What am I goin' to do with a big house when Carbonado gits to be the capital of the state," John W. went on, "and no first lady of the camp? I didn't need any first lady for the cabins I had frequented and inhabited hitherto, but now—four million dollars my stake in this camp stands me—mines, real estate, everything. All because I believed in this here General Longstreet proposition three years ago and wouldn't let go. And Lord knows how much more it will come to before I'm through!"

"It's been wonderful, astonishing," murmured Mrs. Bates.

As she sat there—her eyes like her daughter's, large and dark but somehow more direct and fiery; her hair like her daughter's, black and without one touch of gray; her figure like her daughter's, erect though more broadly curved—she made a picture of soft and sympathetic though mature comeliness.

"And you saw my Nellie at Mrs. Barstow's," she put in. "And you thought, 'That's the girl I want!' Not making any more bones about it. I've always believed in coming right out and speaking my mind."

"That's about right. Say, you get things without telling, don't you?" said John W. Sabin, turning upon her the equally penetrating glare of two immense diamond studs and two keen, trail-sharpened eyes. "You'll make an A-1 mother-in-law, you will! Tell you what you do. When we've had our honeymoon seein' things in Yurrup, you're comin' to live with us. I can see by the way you went over that boardin' house that you can give most anybody points on runnin' a big place. And she's got to be run to the nines. Yes, sir, when this here camp is capital of the state ——"

"Well, as for runnin' a boarding house, I ought to know," broke in Mrs. Bates, abruptly hauling him from the saddle of his hobby. "I've been perfectly square with you in this affair, Mr. Sabin," she added, unaccountably switching the angle of the conversation. "I could have impersonated a society lady from the East, with a daughter like that. But here's the Lord's truth. Ever since her father died, when she was seven and I was twenty-seven, I've had my nose to the grindstone runnin' miners' boarding houses to make my own little stake for her and give her the right kind of education—just to put her where she'd never have to scratch and scrub like I've always done. Lord knows, I'd be further along than I am, too, if I hadn't went and fell for mining stock. Somehow I always knew that she'd grow up beautiful.

"And she's brainy, too," added Mrs. Bates more softly. "She always won the silver medal in the seminary for English composition. Writes poetry too. Sometimes I think she ought to take up literature. Some of her writings are the grandest things! Her report cards were a regular joy. And the nicest disposition!"

"She's got all that," said John W., echoing in his tone the softness of his mother-in-law-elect. "Could see it the moment I sighted her. I says to myself, 'She's it! She's a looker.' I always liked 'em dark. 'And she's sweet as honey and she's got an education.' I want to git an education myself. 'Tain't too late to learn, I figure. There's a heap of things I want to know about—astronomy, for example."

"And of course you loved her," put in Mrs. Bates.

"Yes, of course!" said John W. Sabin. "Ain't I been tellin' you?"

"You sort of took it for granted a little while ago," put in Mrs. Bates, her voice hardening to a more practical tone, "that she was going to have you."

"Yes, that's the question," replied John W., his manner changing but growing not unduly subdued. "After all, don't look very promising that she wouldn't come out with us this afternoon. How do you think I stand?"

"Oh, as for not coming along," reassured Mrs. Bates, "that was probably only girlish coyness. I was going to warn you that you can't rush things too much with a young girl, any more'n you can with a half-broken filly. If you'd ask her now, you'd only drive her away. A novel I read once had it just right. I can't exactly remember what it was"—here Mrs. Bates made a pretty pursing between her level brows—"but something in the Waverly Weekly. It said, 'Would you pluck open a bud before its time to bloom?' She must be wooed gently. But she's attracted. A girl's mother knows."

"Well, how do you know?" inquired John W., almost shamefacedly.

"I suppose I oughtn't rightly to tell you this," said Mrs. Bates, "but a mother's duty is first to consider her daughter's good. Well, this morning when I reminded her that you were going to call at noon her back was toward me but she didn't hide her neck.

"She was blushing. Sure as anything, she was blushing."

"Was she?" said John W. Sabin softly. "The cute little cuss!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Q. E. D.

(Continued from Page 15)

"Pikers!" said Mr. McCarty. "I'll bet you're giving a blow-out to-night. That's why you're taking ice."

"Not a blow-out exactly," said the smaller man. "Simply a little dinner."

"Blow-out!" said Mr. McCarty definitely. "Open-front shirts and everything. Isn't that right?"

"Why, yes, naturally one changes!"

"Oh, now, does one?" inquired Mr. McCarty with blandness. "Oo-la-la and set-in-this-here-chair-madam and all the rest of that junk. That's my idea of a swell time. And then hang up the iceman for twenty cents and drive around in an old tin lizzie like that." He jerked his thumb significantly. "Not for mine, buddy! Me for the little old Lenhard Six and all that goes with it."

"Of course," said Professor Colton firmly—"of course, you must realize, as I unfortunately do, that the pay of teachers has not kept pace with the general rise in prices. I have made something of a study of that very fact, I may say. My department is sociology, you know. Let me see—one in your position, I should imagine, would be earning—let me see—approximately ——"

"I clean up anywheres from sixty to eighty iron men a week, if that's what you want to know," said Mr. McCarty with some bluntness. "Eighty with overtime and commissions."

The little man smiled feebly.

"Well, I must say my salary is scarcely that—scarcely, to be frank, even half that."

Mr. McCarty glared at him.

"Is that anything to be proud of?" he asked.

"Why—er—no!"

"And you was under that car. Know anything about a car?"

"Oh, yes, I've tinkered a good deal, and I may say that the study of the internal-combustion engine has been one of my most pleasurable relaxations."

"Huh!" Mr. McCarty sniffed his scorn. "Ever thought of gettin' a job in a garage?"

"Why—no, I really never have."

"And you're broke!"

"I suppose you might call it that." The little man smiled wanly. "Chronically broke, you might even have said, I think."

"I got a friend workin' in a garage," stated Mr. McCarty, "and while he ain't doin' as well as I am, he's pullin' down his little sixty a week regular as clockwork. Not much of a mechanic either, I've always thought. How's that hit you? Pay your ice bill then and drive a real car."

The brows of the little man creased together behind his spectacles.

"Are you suggesting," he inquired, "that I go to work as a mechanic in a garage?"

"Sure! Man's job! Why not?"

His listener stared at him blankly, his eyes widening, his whole expression so confounded that even Mr. McCarty himself felt a quick pang of uneasiness. But presently, shade by shade, the spectacled eyes came to life.

"Could a person like me really make sixty dollars a week?" the professor abruptly demanded.

"Well," said his mentor conservatively, "you'd be a green hand, of course. Fifty, I'd say, if you put in overtime. You'd get sixty quick enough, and more if you learned quick."

"By Jove!" said the little professor, his face flaring alight. "By Jove, it would work in beautifully! Yes, I begin to see it—the one thing I have needed for the book—and two birds with a single stone." He checked himself. "Not what you would imagine, perhaps," he elucidated, addressing his companion, "but something not unremotely connected with it. I have you to thank for the inspiration at all events."

Mr. McCarty watched him vault up the steps and into the house. Then the vender of ice tapped his head significantly and ambled down the walk to his yellow wagon. It was perhaps just as well that his long-suffering team responded with a prompt digging of hoofs to his derisive cluck. Mr. McCarty was thus spared the unmistakable clatter of clumsily dancing feet which now began to reverberate from the clapboarded residence of Franklyn B. Colton, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., together with certain undignified vocal noises, consisting apparently of a word that sounded like "Eureka!" and a gleefully repeated exhortation which could have given no other impression than that someone—Professor Colton himself, presumably—was extremely desirous that a person named Snips should kiss him and kiss him again.

"Frank," cautioned Sylvia Colton, flashing a maternal little smile across the table, "I'm not even going to allow you to help me to-night. I just love doing this all by myself, and it's my dinner and I'm going to have my fun." She stood up and beamed at her husband and their four guests. Then swiftly she lifted two empty soup plates from the candle-lit white cloth and bore them into the kitchen.

"Mrs. Colton," said grizzled Professor Hardy as she again made her pink-cheeked appearance, "I have never been able to get over the feeling that this household is really conducted by an invisible corps of trained fairies. I don't know how you manage to keep them invisible, but you do."

She thanked him with a smile as she carried away the second two plates.

"Colton," Professor Woodruff, whose beard wagged when he spoke, now took up the thread, "I understand you've some new plans on foot. Mrs. Colton said something about it prior to your coming down; something about your going into a garage or some such place to secure material for your book."

"Well, chiefly that," said the younger man diffidently. "Incidentally, if it can be managed, to help make ends meet. Sylvia and I can't seem to manage to save very much on my salary."

"Who can?" the stout Mrs. Hardy interjected.

"And it works in so well with my plans," the little host went on, "that I wish to see if I can make the experiment. But first, as my grandmother used to say in giving her recipe for Indian pudding, first catch your Indian. I don't even know that any garage would have me."

"What is the plan you speak of?" Mrs. Hardy inquired. "George has told me, I suppose, but I always forget."

Assistant Professor Colton straightened up in his chair and leaned eagerly forward.

"My book, you know," he explained. "You see, when I took my doctor's degree I made a certain aspect of the labor problem the basis for my thesis. It was then pointed out to me that I could expand the thesis into a popular volume that might be of some possible weight—and also bring us in a certain return." He smiled. "I've been puttering along on it for almost two years now, and wondering why it didn't go more easily, and only to-day it finally flashed across my consciousness that the real reason for this was a lack of direct contact with labor itself. Hence my inspiration. I am chiefly indebted to the iceman," he added.

"But what is your theory?" Mrs. Hardy persisted.

"Oh, I believe it's more than a theory," said the young man easily. "It seems to me a self-evident fact that only needs public demonstration. In a general way, if you will permit me to talk shop, my belief is that the laboring man—the mechanic in particular, using the term in its broader aspect—is suffering from what might be called mental malnutrition. In the old days long hours and small pay kept the belt tight. But to-day, with comparatively short hours and with unquestionably generous pay ——"

"Too generous!" Mrs. Hardy growled.

"—— the working man is in a different position. He now has a certain amount of leisure. He can buy luxuries for himself and his family—food, entertainment, clothing, even automobiles. Why, our iceman has a Lenhard Six! He actually boasts about it. Mentally a man like this iceman has nothing to occupy him. He flits from this to that, and without the proper groundwork of culture he is unhappy, discontented, without realizing it. He and his fellows squander their money because the ostentation of the spendthrift rich is the only standard of prosperity visible to their eyes. They do not know what culture means, for culture is never ostentatious. They see the one thing—money—and they are convinced that they want it, and being mentally unoccupied they fall prey to doctrines such as that of Bolshevism and others equally noxious."

"Telling them about your plan?" smiled his wife from the kitchen door.

"Yes, dear," he said, and turned once more to his subject. "I have wanted to write such a book," he explained—"such a book as the intelligent laboring man would read and profit by. It is my immediate big ambition. I am confident I can do it, and I am equally confident that the worker will receive from it a certain amount of practical benefit."

Professor Woodruff cleared his throat.

"Your theory, Colton," he put in, "is that a laborer—mechanic, if you will—can also live the life of a scholar and a gentleman? Is that what you mean?"

"In a general way, yes. If any of us whose minds are occupied practically sixteen hours a day in earning our particular livings were suddenly paid twice as much money for work that occupied us only half that time—and occupied us mentally not at all—would it not actually be the scholarly leisure we all covet? That is what the workman has without comprehending it—scholarly leisure. His body earns his living. His mind in his physically unoccupied hours should and can find its happiness in culture of one sort or another. The workman, in short, is at the present day our potential intellectual aristocracy. This may sound like a far cry, but I believe it, and I am going to attempt to prove it."

"I, for one," said Professor Woodruff, "am a little uncertain as to your premise, but I hope you will be able to solve the problem with a definite Q. E. D. It would be splendid if you could."

Rotund Mrs. Hardy turned blankly to the speaker.

"What," she demanded—"what does Q. E. D. mean?"

"Now, mother," her husband began, but stifled himself at her glare.

"I forget things," Mrs. Hardy explained, "and I am not a member of any intellectual aristocracy. I have always left that to George. What, please, does Q. E. D. mean? It sounds something like underwear to me."

"Why, Mrs. Hardy"—her host chose his words—"it's a term used in mathematics! One writes it after the proof of any problem. It is from the Latin, I believe—*Quod erat demonstrandum*, meaning 'the thing which was to be proved,' or more idiomatically, 'here is the proof.'"

"Thank you," said the older woman graciously. "George would have let me flounder."

Sylvia Colton reëntered the dining room at this point bearing high in her two hands a parsley-bedecked platter upon which reposed a steaming leg of mutton. This she set down solicitously before her husband.

"Yes," she said, as she took her seat, while the young professor dubiously seized the carving knife and fork, "at the very first I was doubtful; but I really think Frank has a splendid idea. You see, the book is tremendously important to us both, and if it is written with first-hand knowledge it will really mean something. Both Frank and I have felt that something was lacking, but we never before realized what it was. And then, you see, college closes in two weeks, and Frank will have the whole summer—almost three months—in which to make his experiment. He'll work on the book during the evenings, and in the daytime I'll help by codifying his notes."

"Bully!" exclaimed old Professor Hardy. "That's what the colleges need, Colton—more men like you to roll up their shirt sleeves and learn the practical phases of what they undertake to teach."

The younger man grinned with pleasure.

"And you'll be earning something, too, won't you?" Mrs. Hardy asked.

"Oh, yes!" said Sylvia. "That's a very important part of the plan."

"Not the vital part, though," her husband amended. "The real purpose of my effort will be to demonstrate my belief. I can at least do it in my own case, I am sure, and perhaps—who knows?—I may be able to influence a few of my fellow workers. I shall try"—his spectacled eyes glowed—"I shall certainly try."

It had seemed almost too easy—the business of landing a job. It had unquestionably seemed too casual. When he reflected that this move on his part was quite possibly destined to open a new horizon to the American laboring man, Professor Colton found himself almost disappointed at the offhand manner in which the superintendent of the Lenhard assembling plant had taken him on. The superintendent had scarcely looked up from the papers on his desk.

"Report to Opson," he had grunted. "The timekeeper'll show you where."

Opson, who was tawny-haired and gigantic, had stared at him appraisingly.

"Any lift in them arms?" he had asked.

"Why—er—yes! I can do about anything, I think."

"Well, we'll find out soon enough. Cylinder heads for yours. Report Monday—eight sharp."

And here, now, on the Monday after commencement was Franklyn B. Colton, clad in blue overalls which belied his A.B. and his A.M. and which mocked his Ph.D., reporting in compliance with orders at eight exceedingly sharp, reporting in fact at 7:45. Uplifted he felt, and strangely elated, yet half frightened too. The great, dusty, red-brick building looked formidable as he approached; it seemed so businesslike, so busy, even before the whir of the day's work. The little professor stopped, took off his spectacles, rubbed them industriously with his pocket handkerchief, then hooked them back over his ears and proceeded once more. On a gate at his hand he noticed a sign, "Employees Only." He blinked at it, gulped and turned in. He wondered if there would be anybody to tell him what to do. He told the timekeeper he was to report to Mr. Opson.

"Motor shed," mumbled the timekeeper, wiggling an indicative thumb.

Opson, when found, looked blank.

"New man? Oh, yes! Last week. Need you on cylinder heads—that's right. I remember now. Here—wait till I give you a number and register you. Then I'll show you your job."

The job did not seem difficult. There was a long row of naked, half-finished cars ranged along the side of a barnlike, many-windowed room where ten or a dozen workmen were puttering around, apparently waiting for the eight-o'clock whistle. The cars did not appear formidable.

"Here," said Opson briskly, "see these cylinder heads?" Professor Colton eyed a heap of castings, felt grateful because the things actually looked like what he imagined cylinder heads to be, and nodded. "Well," the foreman explained, "your job is with them. The shassees'll come down to you one by one—boy pushes 'em. You take a gasket there"—he snapped his head toward a man-high stack of flat, copper-colored sheets of perforated metal—"set it down neat over the motor, get your edges trim and if any of 'em don't fit throw 'em out—that's what you got a brain for. Then you put a cylinder head on top and bolt her down. Bolt her down easy, little by little, takin' up on all the bolts at once—snug 'em, but don't bind 'em. Let's see you do one. Here's your wrench."

The little man in the new blue overalls took a step, hesitated, looked jerkily about him as if seeking an exit, then walked over to the nearest chassis and peered calmly at the uncovered motor. As he stared at it his sudden stage fright vanished.

"Easy enough," he told himself.

He reached out for a gasket, juggled it a moment judicially, laid it down in position. Then he gripped one of the cylinder-head castings—it was heavy, heavier than he had anticipated—and set it down over the copper sheet. The bolts were in a wooden box at his hand. He inserted them one by one and took up on them in gingerly rotation. Presently he faced the foreman.

"You'll do, I guess," said Opson noncommittally. "Brown is room foreman here—out checking up or I'd have turned you over to him. You'll take orders from him. Understand? There's the whistle."

A booming drone was echoing through the room. On the instant, it seemed, the place was alive. A mud-eyed man appeared from nowhere, looked at the cylinder head that Colton had affixed, fingered the boltheads, then nodded without enthusiasm. The car rolled along and another took its place.

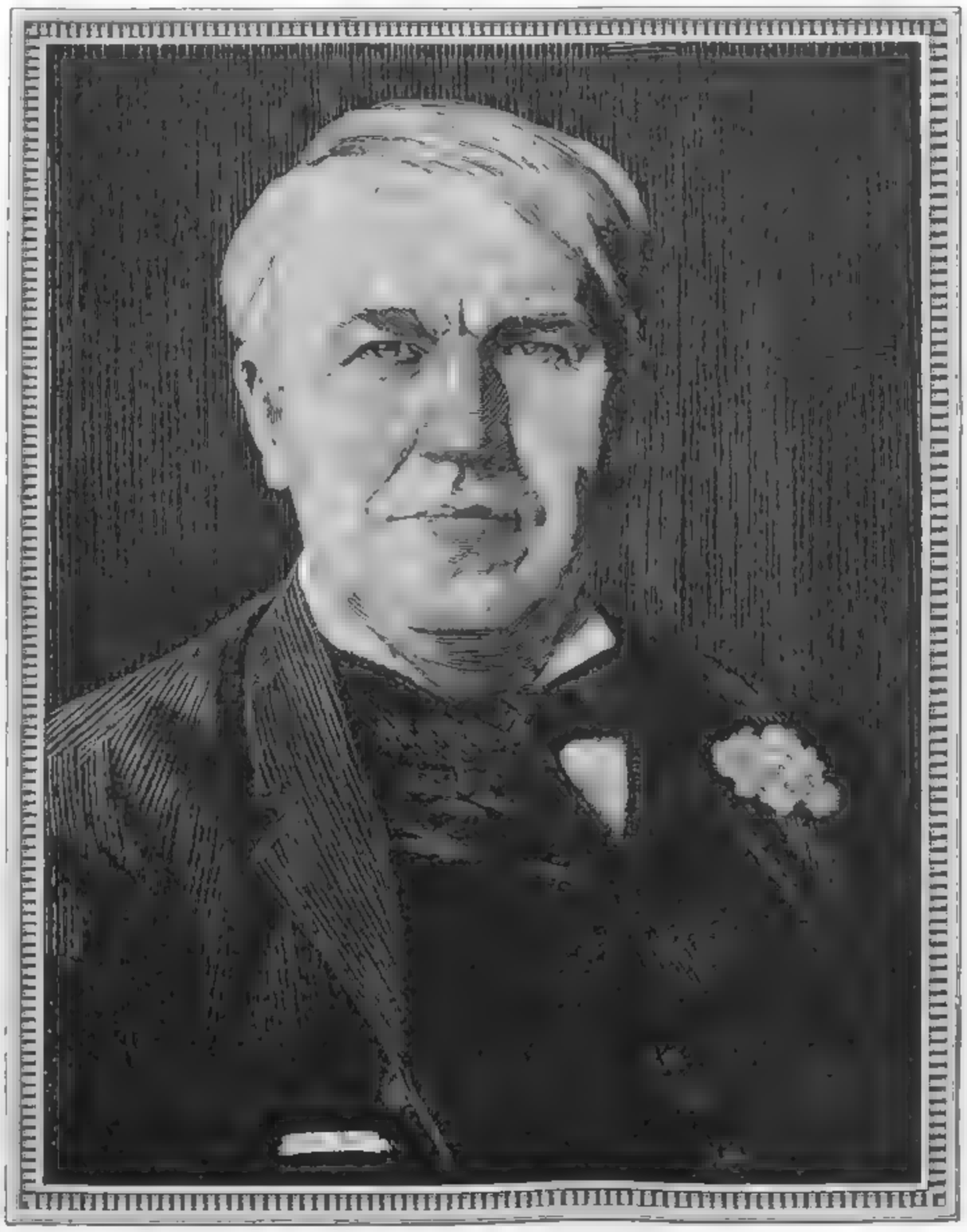
"Speed it up!" said the man from the side of his mouth, and sauntered away.

Professor Colton slipped a copper gasket over the yawning motor casting and took the second cylinder head in his arms.

"Heavier than the last one," he mused.

After what seemed like some five or six hours of this work he stole a glance at his

(Continued on Page 103)



An Interview with Thomas A. Edison regarding the imperfections of the human voice

[*Introductory Note.*]—The realism of the New Edison is so perfect that this wonderful instrument brings the full benefits of music into every home.

In this interview Mr. Edison explains, in his characteristic way, why this perfect realism causes him to be exceedingly careful in his selection of artists.

Mr. Edison also makes plain that the New Edison (in addition to RE-CREATING music in conjunction with Edison RE-CREATIONS) plays the talking machine records of all the principal talking machine manufacturers. The New Edison lends improved tone quality to these talking machine records. If you have a favorite artist who does not record for the Edison Laboratories, you should certainly hear him on the New Edison.

Some five hundred Edison dealers have equipped themselves with Turn-Tables, on which they have placed the New Edison and various well-known talking machines. This Turn-Table permits each instrument to be played in the same position, in the same room, so that an absolutely scientific comparison can be made.

"THE object of an inventor, attempting to produce a phonograph, should be to achieve the highest possible degree of realism. That has constantly been my goal, and, as is now well known, we have succeeded to a point where our phonograph reproduces, or RE-CREATES, the human voice and other forms of music with such fidelity to the original that the most sensitive ears are unable to distinguish any difference. Our success in registering and emitting every quality of the human voice has revealed some rather remarkable facts.

"I have collected, through my agents in Europe and America, phonographic voice trials by approximately 3800 singers. Of these, there are but 22 who sing pure notes without extraneous sounds and the almost universal tremolo effect. A singer's trill is quite a different thing from a tremolo.

A trill can be and is controlled by the brain, but a tremolo is not within brain control, and so far there has been no means found for correcting it. Most singers cannot sustain a note without breaking it up into a series of chatterings, or tremolos. The number of waves varies from two per second to as high as twelve. When at the latter rate, the chatter can just be heard and is not particularly objectionable. When at a slower rate, it is very objectionable."

Patti Had Pure Notes

"If this defect could be eliminated, nothing would exceed the beauty of the human voice, but until this is done there will be only a few singers in a century, who can emit pure notes in all registers. Patti, for example, was conspicuous for emitting pure notes except in the lower part of her scale, and she was always reluctant to sing a song requiring the use of her lower register.

"The ordinary talking machine gives so incomplete and imperfect a reproduction of a singer's voice that the natural defects of such voice become relatively unimportant, because the defects in the talking machine are so much greater than the defects in the singer's voice. However, in the case of our phonograph, the defects in a singer's voice become very apparent, because we reveal his voice exactly as it is. Our phonograph applies the acid test to the human voice. There are no realistic stage settings and no dramatic action to key our emotions to a pitch that renders us tolerant of imperfect singing. The impressive stage appearance and histrionic ability of the artist are lost upon us because we cannot see him."

Of 3800 singers, only 22 sing pure notes, says Mr. Edison

Opera Artists in Concert

"The opera artist has somewhat the same problem when he appears in concert work. Lacking the stage picture and trappings of the opera, the grand opera star frequently fails on the concert platform because of vocal defects, which are obscured in his appearances on the opera stage. Needless to say, the test, which our new phonograph imposes, is many times more severe than that of concert work.

"*The emotional effects and consequent benefits of music are well known. Through the agency of our new phonograph, and because of its realism, I can produce the same effects as would result from the original music, provided I use artists who emit pure tones and have artistic potentialities, which are fully felt by the listener, even though he does not see the artists.*

"*I instruct my agents, when listening to an artist, in opera or concert, to close their eyes, in order to approximate as nearly as possible the conditions under which the phonograph will be heard.*"

No Truly Perfect Voice

"The foregoing will, I think, make plain why I am unwilling to let an artist do serious work for my new phonograph unless his voice is free from objectionable defects. I have not as yet encountered the truly perfect voice, but I endeavor to obtain voices that are as nearly perfect as possible; and no matter how great an artist's reputation may be I will not record him if his voice is below my standards.

"Even artists, whose voices meet my standards frequently are not in sufficiently good voice to sustain the acid test of our phonograph. The fact that an artist is in good enough voice to appear in opera or concert, without evoking criticism, does not necessarily signify that our phonograph will not reveal that he is actually in poor voice. We cancel many recording dates for this cause. I believe this practice is unusual elsewhere. The reason for this is obvious, since, if the reproduction is inadequate and imperfect, voice defects, due, for example, to a cold, are not likely to be detected in the reproduction."

Admires Stage Personality

"I wish most emphatically to say that I have every admiration for the peculiar gifts of the singer whose stage presence, or physical charm, enables him, or her, to achieve a great reputation despite the handicap of an inferior voice, but I hope no one will expect me to record such voices. I realize that there is a certain amount of historic interest in collecting—much as one collects mementos for a memory book—the records of celebrated artists, irrespective of whether their records are truly agreeable to the ear, and I am very glad that the records of all the principal talking machine companies can be played on the New Edison with the best possible results. Anyone, desiring the talking machine records of artists, who do not make recordings for me will find that such records (unless they contain extraordinary faults) are given increased musical value by our new phonograph."

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(Continued from Page 99)

watch. The hands stood at 9:48. It seemed incredible; it was certainly disappointing. He grinned ruefully as he recalled an essay of his in an economic review some months before. It had been entitled Clock Watching and its Vicious Effects on Industry.

"I suppose the manual labor makes me hungry," he observed vaguely, and turned once more to the pile of castings.

Sylvia was waiting for him at the door as he trudged up the path that evening.

"Snips," he said as he sank down into a chair, "do you mind if we have dinner right away? I could eat a horse. And, Snips ——"

"Yes, dear?"

"—— would you mind very much if I didn't change my clothes? I'll wash, but I don't feel much like changing. Just for to-night, Sylvie. It won't get me so hard after the first few days."

"Of course," she said stoutly, and seated herself upon the arm of his chair. "You poor old thing!" she whispered.

"Not a bit of it, Snips—not a bit! I—I really think I'm going to like it. But eight hours of it the first day! Look, Sylvie"—he parted his open hands in the familiar gesture of the fabling fisherman—"the castings are this long and they're solid iron and they weigh fifty tons apiece."

"But what do you have to do with them?" she asked.

"I toss 'em around," he said, and grinned hugely. "I toss 'em around like peanuts."

"Oh, won't this all be perfectly wonderful for the book!" she broke out. "Are you going to do anything on it to-night, Frank?"

"To-night? Sylvie, to-night I'm going to bed just as quickly as I can get upstairs from the dinner table."

Saturday evening he brought home his first pay envelope, and together they made a ceremony of opening it.

"Forty-eight dollars!" exclaimed Sylvia in smiling awe. "Just think, Frank, forty-eight whole extra dollars!"

His face crinkled jubilantly behind his spectacles.

"There'll be more in a little while," he explained. "I haven't had a chance to do any overtime yet, but they're going to put me on bodies in a week or two. You just wait, Snips! We'll be rich yet!"

"But, honey, that isn't why you went into this!"

"No, it isn't—that's true—but there's no harm in taking advantage of the opportunity. Besides"—he flexed his right arm boyishly and patted his biceps—"besides, Snips, I sort of like it. I don't know why. It's all sort of tiresome and monotonous, but it's sort of fun. You're really making something—producing something you can touch with your hands. I feel good, too—tired, but more pep than I've had in years."

Sylvia's dark eyebrows edged up just a shade.

"You mean my language?" he laughed. "I hear it all day now, Snips. Bill Regan, the fellow that works next to me, is quite a character. He talks all the time. They call me the Doc—did you know that?"

"But, Frank, you weren't going to tell them!"

"Oh, I didn't tell them! Bill says he calls me Doc because I look like a doc. I think he likes me, though. Wanted me to shoot Kelly with him to-night."

"What?"

"Pool—Kelly pool. Some of the men from the plant meet Wednesday and Saturday evenings at a place they call Tom's place. I suppose it would be interesting and valuable for me to go there sometime—for my chapter on the workingman at play."

"I suppose it would, Frank." Sylvia looked doubtful. "You don't think you'd better go to-night?"

"No, no! I have all summer. Besides"—he hesitated and evaded her eyes—"I rather thought you and I might go out to the movies this evening."

"Movies, Frank?"

"Why not? It would be a change, and we'd be together, and really, Snips, it's just about what I feel like doing. You can rest and sort of doze and you don't have to think much. Don't you want to go, dear?"

"Of course—I'd love to. But it seems funny, Frank. We haven't been to the movies for—why, almost two years! And besides ——"

"Oh, the book!" he parried. "That will have to wait till I'm a little better adjusted to this manual labor. I'm just all fagged out, mentally and every other way. I need relaxation. Later, as soon as my muscles become trained, it will be different, and then we can go ahead."

"Then you won't work on it to-morrow?" she asked.

"Well—not to-morrow, I guess, dear. I had rather planned on whipping the little bus into shape in the morning and getting outdoors with you in the afternoon. We need the air and the sunshine, Sylvie—both of us."

"I suppose you're right," she agreed, not wholly agreeing. "Are you going to change for dinner, Frank?"

"Oh, yes! This is Saturday night, you know, and to-morrow morning"—he yawned luxuriously—"I can kick the alarm clock in the face and sleep—and sleep—and sleep."

At the end of the second week in August—he had taken his job in June—Franklyn B. Colton faced himself severely with a charge under which his entire conscience winced. It was a charge of procrastination. As he glared at himself in the mirror of his bureau he thanked goodness that Sylvia was downstairs in the kitchen preparing the hearty round of meat and potatoes and cabbage and what not else that his evening appetite now demanded.

"You're a procrastinator," he said to his spectacled counterpart. "You're a procrastinator. Just because you've been a little tired you've put things off and put them off again, and you've done nothing. To-night you get to work on your book." He scowled at himself and his reflection scowled back.

"To-night," he challenged, and turned away. "All day to-morrow too," he added.

He was silent and grim through dinner, speaking only when Sylvia spoke to him, actually coming to life only when she suggested their going out to the movies again.

"Too many movies," he said. "To-night, Sylvie, I'm going to get down to brass tacks on the book."

"That's splendid!" she replied, but her face clouded. "I suppose you've got to," she supplemented.

"We've had our good times, Snips, and now I must go to work again."

"Haven't they been good times!" she put in.

"Lazy times, Snips. Typical workman times—movies, automobile rides, cards with the Regans."

"Aren't they nice, simple people?" she went on. "The Opsons too?"

"Yes, they are, Sylvie, but they're limited. If we don't look out we'll become limited too. Do you realize that we've been eating in the kitchen for the last month? The time has come," he affirmed, "for me to do what I set out to do. The time has come. Do you know, Snips, I've scarcely read a book this summer?"

"Yes, but you've been doing the hardest kind of laboratory work."

"That's no excuse," he said, and went to his desk.

He pulled a mass of notes from the second right-hand drawer, laid a stack of fresh, clean paper before him and sharpened two pencils.

Then he sat back to consider. From the open door of the kitchen came the pleasant clink and clack of dishes in the process of being washed. Sylvia was humming as she worked.

"How she loved that new dress!" he thought, and smiled. "H'm! It has been pleasant. Funny thing—I like it and I don't. I hate the work, and yet I enjoy it. Why, when that walking delegate came around I felt just as the rest of the men did about shorter hours and more pay! Work like that deserves more pay. But just the same there's something about it—I don't know. I wonder whether it's the pleasure of doing something with one's hands or the companionship of the work, or both? Blessed if I know! It's pleasant, though, to go in every morning and have a lot of nice fellows say, 'Hello, Doc,' and smile at you and mean it. How I used to hate the term 'Doc'! My, my! This is not working!"

He pulled the sheets of unspoiled paper closer to him and stared at them dully.

"I'm all out of practice," he mumbled.

Presently his eyes began roving helplessly about the room. He shook his head, stood up, stepped over to the window. Aimlessly, nervously he pulled the shade down, let it go up again, jockeyed it up and down in little jerks as he gazed out into the mellow evening light of the street.

"Funny things—window shades," he thought. "Nobody ever pays any attention to them, yet they're quite ingenious." He smiled weakly. "I think I could do an essay on window shades. That would be just about my speed. Now, for instance ——"

He cocked his head with a sudden scowl. He took off his spectacles, wiped them, put them back on again. Then he reached up and began shuttling the shade once more. Little by little his face brightened; a smile appeared, widened, stretched.

"Now what do you know about that?" said Franklyn B. Colton, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. "I wonder if anybody ever thought of that."

He wheeled back to his desk and plumped himself down. When Sylvia came in ten minutes later she found him frantically busy with pencil and paper. She watched him for a moment, a maternal smile playing over her features. Then she went out.

At ten o'clock he found her waiting for him on the porch.

"Have you done a lot of work?" she asked

"Yes"—guardedly—"quite a lot."

"May I see it, dear?"

"Why—er—it's not quite in shape," he evaded. "I'd rather wait till it's a little further along. You don't mind, do you? I sort of—well, I may be able to surprise you, Snips."

"How?"

"You'll see."

He smiled enigmatically and seated himself in the rocker beside her.

"Snips," he presently advanced.

"Yes?"

"Have you really liked it—the way we've been living?"

"Of course!" she said.

"Even all the extra cooking you do and the eating in the kitchen and my never changing my clothes, and all that?"

"Why, Frank, it's been fun!"

He smiled broadly.

"Do you remember my lecture, Snips, on the development of the æsthetic impulse, where I insisted that man had taken his first step toward culture when he ceased eating in the presence of his cooking utensils and unwashed dishes?"

She nodded.

"It's cozy, though," she defended, "and it saves a pile of work." She paused. "I don't know what it is, Frank, but I've enjoyed it all so much. In some ways I've felt more—more real. And it's been wonderful having enough money to buy things with."

He filled a pipe and lit it, his eyes far away.

"I guess we can take a little ride to-morrow," he presently said, and yawned leisurely.

Then he rose to his feet with the cryptic announcement that as far as he was concerned he was good and ready to hit the hay. Strangely enough, neither he nor Sylvia seemed to find anything out of the ordinary in these mysterious words.

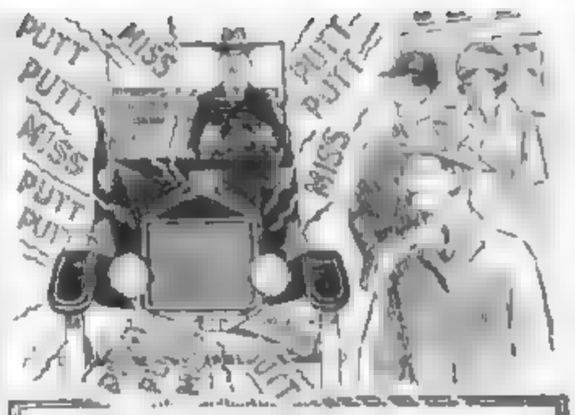
Sylvia Colton was vaguely troubled—not worried exactly, but troubled none the less. Here it was September, with the opening of college only two weeks away, and there was something about Frank that was disquieting, something she could not understand. She wanted to understand, and the fruitlessness of her efforts served merely to fret and perplex her. He had been so distracted, so unlike his recent wholesome self. It was not the book, she felt; he had been working on it three or four evenings each week, and he must be making progress. But he had not shown her his work, and that in itself was strange. Of course it might be some trouble out at the plant, but he had assured her repeatedly that everything at the plant was perfect.

"Nothing the matter at all," he had almost gruffly insisted. "Hold your horses a little, Snips!"

Then he had relapsed into that peculiar far-away silence which she could not fathom. She found herself wondering whether the preparation for the college year might be weighing upon his mind. That was probably it.

"Of course he has to go back," she told herself, and even as she voiced the thought she realized that within her there existed a disloyal little wish that the present state of affairs, together with their present income, could happily drift along. "No," she checked herself hotly, "he must stand by his career."

(Concluded on Page 106)



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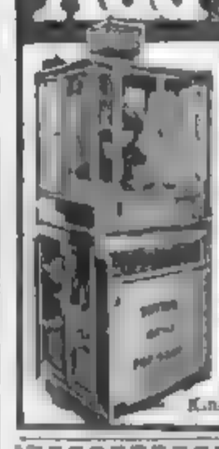

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3. Experience has proved that *Threaded Rubber Insulation* outlasts the battery plates—and consequently means greater value and greater satisfaction to the owners of their cars.

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Acme
Ahrens-Fox
All American
Allis-Chalmers
American
American-LaFrance
American-LaFrance of Canada
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Atterbury
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Austin
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Betz
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Comet
Commerce
Commodore
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Corliss
Crawford
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Daniels
Dart
Davis
Day-Elder
Denby
Dependable
Diamond T
Dixie Flyer
Dodge
Dorris
Elcar
Elgin
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Fargo
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Fulton
G M C
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Hahn
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Henney
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Holmes
Holt
Hupmobile
Hurlburt
I H C
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Landa
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Lexington
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M H C
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Master
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Menominee
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Mercury
Merit
Meteor (Piqua)
Metz
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R & V Knight
Rainier
Renault
Reo
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ReVere
Riddle
Robinson
Rock Falls
Rowe
Samson (Canada)
Sandow
Sayers
Seagrave
Shelby
Signal
Southern
Standard
Standard 8
Stanley
Stanwood
Stewart
Stewart Y. F.
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Tarkington
Thomart
Tiffin
Titan
Townmotor
Transport
Traylor
Twin City
Ultimate
Ursus
Velie
Vim
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Ware
Werner
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Willis
Wilson
Winther
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THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

Separators or Insulators

Ordinary separators are a natural product and, therefore, are never strictly uniform. They are made of thin sheets of chemically treated wood.

Threaded Rubber Insulators are a manufactured product and, therefore, absolutely uniform. They give uniform protection to the battery plates and uniform satisfaction to the user.

Threaded Rubber Insulators do not warp, crack, check, carbonize or puncture. They therefore put an end to the commonest cause of battery trouble—outside of improper care. Threaded Rubber Insulators are found only in the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery.

So thoroughly has it been established through more than five years' experience that the Willard Threaded Rubber Battery gives more miles of uninterrupted service per dollar, that it has been selected as standard equipment for 175 cars.

Bone dry—the only battery that can be shipped and stocked without a drop of moisture in it.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

TRUSCON
STANDARD BUILDINGS

TRUSCON STEEL CO.

McGill Mfg. Co., Valparaiso, Ind.
Truscon Standard Building Sawtooth
Type 104' x 194'

Long Life, Low Cost, All Uses

Truscon Standard Buildings are being used by leaders in every industry because they are especially adapted to meet the essential requirements of today—rigid economy and thorough efficiency in every form of production.

Long Life. Truscon Standard Buildings are permanent. They are constructed throughout of Truscon Alloy Steel which has demonstrated its superior durability over a period of many years.

Low Cost. These buildings have a low initial cost. Erection costs too are very small. Built entirely of steel panels, the sections can be easily and speedily handled. Truscon Standard Buildings have in addition a 100% salvage value. They can be enlarged or taken down and re-erected in a new location without loss.

All Uses. If you require a warehouse, factory, foundry, freight shed or machine shop, you probably would think of Truscon Standard Buildings at once. But suppose you need a pay office, cafeteria, hospital or garage. Has it occurred to you that Truscon Standard Buildings, permanent, weather-tight and day-lighted, are also well adapted for these uses? They likewise are suitable for schools, churches, oil stations, trolley waiting rooms, powerhouses, and exposition buildings.

Write us for full information. Use coupon if convenient, checking size and purpose of the building you require.

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO
Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Curtis, Tools & Paints Company, Topeka, Kansas

INFORMATION COUPON
Diagrams show Types and sizes of TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS
HEIGHTS Curb to Eave 7'-10" or 11'-6"
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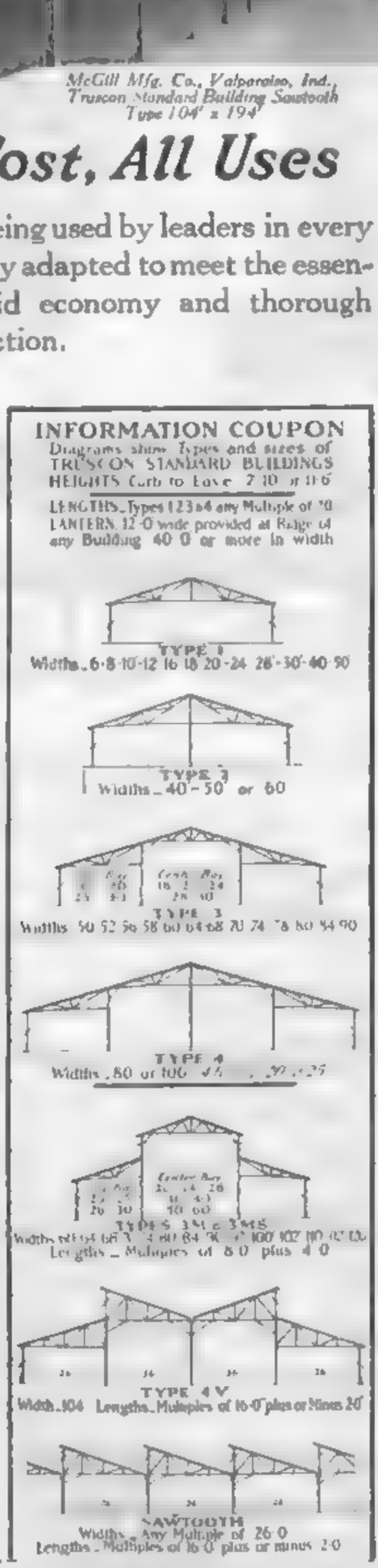

Truscon Steel Company, Youngstown, Ohio
Send Catalog and Information on Truscon Standard Buildings. Type___ ___ Width ___ ft.
Length ___ ft., Height ___ ft.
To be used for
Name
Address

(Concluded from Page 103)

She peered out of the window at the warm, golden radiance of the September afternoon, and stood there irresolute.

"Some of the faculty may be back," she mused. "I'll run over to the campus and make a couple of calls."

She was in front of her mirror, straightening her new flowered leghorn at just the proper angle to make the best of her dark, waving hair, when she heard the sudden roar and hush of a stopping motor in the street before the house. Idly curious, she moved to the window, only to be greeted with the raucous yawp-yawp-yawp of an electric horn.

There was a car there, a gleaming gray car, and two men were in it. One of them was vaulting out. It looked like—it was Frank himself!

He caught sight of her at that instant and waved to her vigorously.

"Come on out!" he yelled, cupping his hands.

She found him smiling brightly, one hand resting upon the polished gray body of the automobile.

"Like it?" he asked.

"Yes, *of* course! Whose is it? Is anything the matter? How do you do, Mr. Opson?" She was still breathing quickly from her dash down the stairs.

"Listen, Snips," her husband was saying, "this car is yours. How do you like it?"

Her jaw dropped and she stared.

"Tell me, Frank, tell me! Don't keep me waiting any longer! What has happened?"

"You tell her about it, Joe," said the little man.

The foreman coughed.

"The Doc here," he explained, "he invents a new top. And I help him make it and we dope it out and the Lenhard company buys the patent. Ain't that about all, Doc?"

"I should say not! Listen, Sylvie!" He seized her two hands in his. "You know all the evenings I've been working, Snips? Well, I've been working on this top. Look here—do you see any top on this car? No, you don't! Well, it has a top just the same. It's the first Lenhard runabout to be equipped, and the darn old concern made me a present of it—just gave it to me, Snips. And now it's yours. But look!"

Her eyes were wide now as her husband reached toward the back of the seat.

"I do this all with one hand," he explained, his words tumbling over one another as he talked. "Look! I keep the other hand in my pocket. I just lift this little cover, pull up on this jigger that makes a frame—it's a little stiff yet, Joe—that boob paint foreman lays it on an inch thick—and then I pull up on this handle—and look!"

A wide sheet of black leather unrolled from a pocket behind the seat, slipped easily over the frame that had come up into position to take it, and hooked neatly to the wind shield.

"And there's your top!" the little man exulted. "Look, Snips—catches for side curtains and everything! It comes out just like a window shade, and it's always tight. Look now!" He unhooked it from the wind shield and let it slide back over the supporting frame. With a snap it disappeared. Colton pressed a catch, pushed the frame down into place and closed the panel over it.

"All gone!" he explained.

"Some top, I'll say!" announced Opson.

"But, Frank, where—where did you get the idea?"

"In the body room. Darn old tops more trouble than they're worth. They call 'em one-man tops, but some of 'em take one man and seven boys to put 'em up or down. I got thinking how clumsy they were, and then one night I saw a window shade——"

"One night you saw a window shade?" she asked.

"Well, that's how it happened, Snips. And then I doped it out and took it to Joe here, and we made it together, and the patent's been searched and applied for and the Lenhard people ate it up and Joe and I get royalty on every one that's used and we both got a bonus too. Look here!"

He fumbled in the pocket of his overalls and pulled out a slip of paper, which he handed to his wife.

"Five hundred dollars!" she read, aghast.

"And the little old car!" he said. "Don't forget the little old car!"

She was staring at him weakly.

"But, Frank—the college—how are you going to arrange things? Classes start in two weeks."

"Oh, the college!" said Franklyn B. Colton, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. "Day before yesterday, when the company came across, I hot-footed up to prexy and told him all about it and put my resignation in. I'm finished with the college for life. You sort of gave me an idea that you wouldn't mind very much, Snips." He turned to her appealingly.

"I don't mind!" she asserted. "I don't mind a bit! I think this is just—just wonderful! But what are you going to do—all your plans, Frank?"

"Me? I've been put in charge of production on these tops. I guess that'll keep me busy for a while."

"Do you really want to, Frank?"

"Want to? Why, I'm eating it alive! Seventy-five a week, Sylvie, and the royalties. They're going to equip all their four and five passenger open cars and their runabouts. And just you mark my words, inside of a year the Colton One Hand Top is going to be known from one side of this country to the other!"

"The Colton One Hand Top?"

"That's what we're going to call it. Good snappy name, don't you think? Yessir, the Colton One Hand Top!" His eyes were dancing with his enthusiasm.

"Oh, Frank," said Sylvia huskily, "it's all so strange and unexpected and, oh, it's just great! But dear" her eyes sought his "what about the book? Are you going to give that up too?"

He looked at her steadily, and she noted, oddly, that his spectacles no longer seemed too big for him.

"I don't think I'll give it up, Sylvie," he said judicially. "On the contrary—at last I've got something to say." His eyes lighted up. "Yes, I'm going to write that book, Snips, but it's going to be different from the book I'd planned. In the meantime, though," he added, "I'm working on another one."

"What about?" she asked.

He grinned sheepishly.

"It's a sales book, Snips, on the Colton One Hand Top."

It was on a chilly afternoon in late October that Mr. Ed McCarty guided his ponderous team into Gordon Street and opened his eyes in wide surprise at the second house on the left.

"What next?" he muttered in ill-concealed awe. "Some class, I'll tell the world, some class! And regular icers now too!"

At the back of the house there was a neat garage which Mr. McCarty had already watched go up as a housing, none too fine, for the shiny gray Lenhard Six that had caused him such envious concern. At the end of the dwelling there was now a glassed-in sun parlor, filled to overflowing, so it seemed, with cool, green plants.

And to-day—why, they were painting the house white—green blinds and everything! Must have bought it, Mr. McCarty reflected as he descended from his seat and made his way around to the rear of his yellow wagon.

"I'd like to see the Doc again," he observed as he methodically chopped and hacked. "Ain't seen him really since last summer. Well"—he tugged on a fifty-pound lump—"it just proves what I've always said. A fellow wades into a job and sticks to it and uses his brain some and don't think of another darn thing on the outside—and he'll come through."

He lifted the ice with his tongs, let the weight drop, caught it accurately with one gripping hand.

"What the Doc done set me thinking," he told himself with a nod. "Now I got an idea too. Automatic cutter, like a meat slicer, that'll slick it off just the weight you want, without no scales. Got to get busy on that."

Long-Bell
TRADE MARKED LUMBER

Distinctive architectural beauty as well as comfort, convenience and the air of "homeyness" can best be obtained in the home by building with lumber. *And wood is the least expensive material you can buy today.*

For Lumber of Uniform High Quality
Ask Your Lumberman For
LONG-BELL Trade-Marked Lumber

"I would have you build for yourselves and your children a home which will never be lightly parted with—a home which shall be to all whose lives have been associated with it the most interesting and precious spot upon earth."
—J. G. HOLLAND.

Send for our free booklet,
"THE PERFECT FLOOR"
how oak floors should be
laid, scraped and cared for

Long-Bell Long-Bell Long-Bell Long-Bell

Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers; Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Piling, Ties and Wood Blocks; California White Pine Lumber, Sash and Doors; Standardized Woodwork; Oak and Gum Lumber, Oak Flooring

The Long-Bell Lumber Company
R. A. LONG BUILDING Lumbermen since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO.

RECEPTION

The world's need is for minds which forever keep their windows open toward to-morrow; which reach out, like the flower for the sun. In such minds lightning became electricity; steam became transportation; freedom became a democracy.

All advancement is the result of mental reception. There are flood tides in reception. For five years the nations of the earth had their habits, beliefs, ideals, and authorities overwhelmed. Age-long convictions were shattered. Men's minds staggered under the shock of the constant accomplishment of the proclaimed impossible.

Because of this upheaval the world is now being swept with waves of mental activity. Proof of this exists all about us. It is seen in the operation of business. It is strikingly found in that commercial force which gains its momentum through appeal to both the mind and the emotions —advertising.

Advertising has dug a channel through the national consciousness. This fact is important to the whole of society.

Stability of social life is, in this industrial era, dependent upon stability in industry; and there is undeniable evidence that strength and growth have been given industry by advertising.

Advertising has carried an understanding of industry into the homes of the consumers. It has induced so strong a flow of standard wares as to make advertised goods a preferred investment for the merchant.

Like many truly great forces, there is no mystery about advertising; but there is much of common sense.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*
NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

ALLIE REBSOLL'S BETTER SELF

(Continued from Page 13)

He would have been, at this stage, far more excited over meeting a more popular author. It would have thrilled him to touch the hand of Arthur Egbert Sims, whose sweetened-water novels sold by millions, or Mrs. Nell Miller, whose name, as a mere trade-mark, Allie appraised in six figures. But there was a sensation, nevertheless, in standing face to face with even this less significant personage, in being mentioned as in some sense a fellow craftsman.

"I've read lots of your work, Mr. Maywald," said Allie. "It's a big pleasure to meet you."

He saw clearly that Maywald was pleased, and this in turn pleased Allie. He remembered an epigram from the latest Maywald essay of his reading, and quoted it. Again he detected symptoms of gratification. Hartshorne left them alone together for a few minutes and Allie used the time effectually. It was nearly five, and he managed to stroll out to the elevator just as Maywald left. They walked toward the subway together. Maywald stopped, however, before they reached it. He lived, it appeared, in the apartment hotel where Allie sometimes lunched with clients of the agency.

"It's early. Come up for a bit, won't you?" Maywald spoke cordially enough to overcome Allie's bashfulness.

His rooms revealed a new universe—a place of almost magical refinements—pictures, hangings, books, the soft texture and color of the rugs, the minute perfection of infinitesimal appointments. Allie Rebsoll realized in a flash how far he was from all this and from all it meant in the mind behind it. He was ashamed. Here was a man who belonged to a different order. In that moment the better self stirred and woke. If Allie Rebsoll could be like that!

Why not? Hadn't Allie Rebsoll, the bill clerk, become Allie Rebsoll, star copy writer for McVitty & Hartshorne? The discovery of heights beyond this present eminence was almost a challenge. He wondered whether there were correspondence courses in culture by which in twenty-five lessons a man might lift himself to Maywald's level. He would have investigated this next day had it not been for a chance reference of Maywald's to correspondence schools in general—an allusion barbed with so much disapproval that Allie almost blushed to think that he had actually believed in them.

But the idea took firm root, nevertheless. The new Allie Rebsoll was thoroughly awake. And if there was no epistolary royal road to enlightenment there was at least Maywald himself. By cultivating this acquaintance an Allie Rebsoll could learn a lot—even more than from typewritten instruction sheets perhaps.

"Drop in again," said Maywald as Allie left.

"I'd like to—ever so much," said Allie.

And again he saw that Maywald was pleased, and knew, without understanding why, that Maywald liked him. He took the invitation literally, and thenceforward sat open-mouthed at Maywald's feet, an eager disciple, reverent, a little shocked at first, always convinced. He offered Maywald a mind like a blank page, and Maywald, to whom such a page was both a challenge and affront, wrote willingly upon it.

Allie Rebsoll's better self developed swiftly under this tuition. He came into new worlds, where the old Allie would have been appalled and bewildered—new worlds of sound and color, new worlds of ideas. He learned to order his meals with the same artistic discrimination he used in selecting his books. He absorbed Maywald's sophisticated taste in tobacco and philosophy. He came to disbelieve in almost everything he had believed in, to be ashamed that he had ever entertained such simple notions.

Marriage, for instance. Maywald riddled Allie's old illusions about it. Shyly, sometimes, the original Allie had looked forward to meeting the one woman. Somewhere, waiting for the hour to strike, destiny had reared and formed his mate. When he saw her something mysterious would wake in him; he would be in love as men were in love in Mrs. Nell Miller's novels. He would inevitably marry and as inevitably live happily thereafter. Occasionally, in his unregenerate days, Allie had imagined that the woman had presented herself. There was the affair of the bookkeeping lady at Mrs. McHale's; there was, later, almost a disaster in the matter of Effie McHale herself. He had regarded these episodes, in retrospect, with a mildly agreeable regret. Now, contemplating them in the light of Maywald's elucidations, he was able to recall in each of these ladies the very symptoms of deadly mediocrity that Maywald talked about. It terrified him now to reflect on the narrowness of his escapes. He might easily have married, in his blindness, a woman whose mind, as Maywald put it, was a morass of banality, superstition, ignorance.

Now, of course, he was quite safe. They would never be able to fool the new Allie Rebsoll on the ancient gold-brick game of matrimony. His ear was alert for the mouth-worn phrase. Maywald had taught him to detest the bromide beyond all lesser evils. The ordinary converse, therefore, of the ladies at McVitty's office became mercilessly clear to Allie Rebsoll as a tissue of weary repetitions. He smiled bitterly in his sleeve at persiflage which, before his enlightenment, had appealed to him as almost brilliant.

Nor was his eye less percipient. He could gaze, unmoved, on the most peekaboo of waists, now that he understood the purpose and nature of such crude bait. Blond hair, once a marked weakness of Allie's, became now not merely commonplace but probably fictitious. Romance, in print or on the screen, was at once exposed as part of the ancient fallacy. You couldn't fool the new Allie Rebsoll with any rag, bone and hank of hair. He knew! Whosoever was deceived by these was not wise, and Allie Rebsoll was very wise.

Of course, there were times when the old Allie came to the surface. Sometimes he actually wanted to laugh at Charlie Chaplin, instead of sitting, aloof and scornful, beside Maywald and whispering shrewd comment on the persistence of the primitive in movie audiences. There were moments when he indulged in imaginary romances, with some new screen planet as protagonist—when he would dream of desert islands and shipwrecks and savages and palm-leaf huts precisely as he had dreamed when he was only Allie the bill clerk. But these intervals decreased in frequency and endurance as his education proceeded. The new, better Allie Rebsoll was more real than the old Allie had ever been.

All this reacted, naturally, on his work. Viewing his trade with Maywald's eye, the composition of advertisements became a diverting game instead of a solemn calling. Standing back, tongue in cheek, he was able to discern the false notes in the copy he had written in the old days, to see defects in the corsets to which once he had resolutely shut his eyes. It was amusing now to watch the air brush of the retoucher imparting spirituality to photographs of these corsets. Chuckling, Allie would compose prose lyrics to such settings:

"There is an exquisite something about this corset, a *je ne sais quoi* which fairly breathes that atmosphere of youth and simplicity which, without sacrifice of style, seems to distinguish the wearer with indefinable good taste. Corsets they are, that have a potential, as it were—corsets in which the dominant is enhanced by the personality of the wearer."

He would exhibit these to Maywald, and laugh over them, and over McVitty's incautious outbursts of awed approval. To McVitty Allie's unfoldings were so many proofs of his own insight. He had always known, it appeared, that Allie had it in him. To Hartshorne—that Hartshorne who had said "Look out! He'll hear you"—they were blended joy and sorrow. They were instrumental indirectly in attracting bigger revenues, but they involved immediately successive increases in Allie's pay which turned the iron in Hartshorne's soul. To Allie himself this augmented income was an added spice to the joke, although the old Allie retained enough vitality to marvel over his pay checks, sometimes, and contrast his last state reverently with his first.

The money, however, financed the material phases of Allie's regeneration. He had rooms now—rooms as nearly like those of Maywald as he could make them. He had books and pictures and rugs and

Printzess

DISTINCTION IN DRESS

Printzess on Michigan Boulevard

Picture that Easter suit!

Will it be all that you have dreamed? Will it be the expression of your own individuality?

It can be and it will be if it bears a Printzess Label. For that label means quality and long wear expressed in terms of fabric; style and charm expressed in terms of tailoring; and all expressed in terms of value that will astonish you.

March 21st to March 27th is Printzess Week. Leading merchants from coast to coast will show the new Spring Printzess Models.

Visit the Printzess Merchant—look for the Printzess Label—then your Easter's sure to be a success!

THE PRINTZ-BIEDERMAN COMPANY

Paris CLEVELAND New York

Since 1891

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It takes the "YANKEE" Ratchet to do this

No. 1555 (illustrated) Length 17 in. Three-jaw chuck for round shank drills up to ½ in.

No. 555 Length 17½ in. Two-jaw chuck for holding both rounds and squares.

This lever controls the two speeds. Change instantly without removing drill from work.

With a "Yankee" Breast Drill you can do accurate work in tight quarters where no other drill could work at all.

The DOUBLE Ratchet permits speed. The slightest motion of crank in either direction keeps bit cutting.

"YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill

Five adjustments, controlled by a finger-touch on ratchet shifter between small gears, give this tool a wide working range.

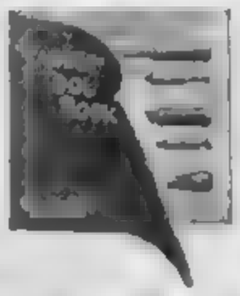
1. *Plain Drill*
2. *Left-hand Ratchet*
3. *Right-hand Ratchet*
4. *DOUBLE Ratchet*
5. *Gears Locked*

"YANKEE" Ratchet Tap Wrench

has right- and left-hand and rigid adjustments. Knurled thumbpiece—for starting and backing out taps quickly. Countersunk top for use in lathe—for holding small drills. Removable crossbar held central, or at either end by friction device. Made in three sizes.

Your Dealer Can Supply You

Write today for your copy of free "Yankee" Tool Book. Shows all the ingenious "Yankee" metal-drilling, wood-boring and screw-driving tools.



NORTH BROS. MFG. CO. Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

hangings, chosen with Maywald's possessions as his guide. The new self was patterned on Maywald in every respect, from his attitude on religion to the narrow, wicked-looking shoes which Maywald's custom cobbler built for him. Maywald's barber taught Allie's thick, unruly hair to lie back, flat and glistening, and created the same angle at temple and ear. Maywald's manicure shaped Allie's ends, in spite of his former rough-hewings, to resemble Maywald's tapering, sensitive finger tips. The new Allie came actually to like the thin, twisted cigars which Maywald smoked, overcoming an addiction to the cheap cigarettes for which the old Allie had written copy in the vernacular:

The first inhale of a fresh, fragrant Angora makes you feel as if you were in Constantinople. The second whiff makes you feel like old man Abdul-Hamid himself. The third puff—say, bo, after the third puff you're too blame' happyfied to feel nothin'!

Allie blushed and wriggled sometimes to remember that once he had believed all this. He still wrote it, but he wrote it much more persuasively, now that he knew better. He came swiftly to a mental state in which the old Allie was scarcely more than an unpleasant memory. He regarded himself as permanently reconstructed.

And then Emma Black came into his life. Afterward it seemed to Allie that this affair had the look of a malicious practical joke on the part of destiny. He had spent the afternoon with Fred Black, who was treasurer of the Acme Fabrics Corporation, for whom McVitty & Hartshorne were preparing a campaign in behalf of the new Acme Sleperyte Nyte Sute. Normally, even after an overtime conference, Allie would have said good night and gone his ways. But Fred Black seemingly felt it incumbent on him to offer entertainment as recompense for the delay, and some impulse bade Allie accept his invitation to dinner.

Emma, by previous arrangement with her brother, met them at Ellwanger's. Allie was unprepared for her presence. He heard Fred Black's booming tones bidding Mr. Rebsoll to shake hands with his sister, while his new self shook and tottered on its foundations and the old Allie Rebsoll ferreted in his vocabulary for adequate synonyms—peach, pippin, queen—— He gave it up. Emma herself was visible; there was no need of words at present.

The new Allie, with his detached, amused sophistication, crumbled and dissolved; the old Allie, speechless and enraptured, contemplated a person who could not possibly be remotely related to rags and bones and hanks of hair—a lady, who suggested, only to dim and tarnish their feebler radiance, such starry memories as Norma Talmadge and Constance Binney and a dozen minor luminaries of the soft-focus close-up.

This Allie Rebsoll's lips were dry; his pulses drummed and fluttered; he mumbled noes and yeses and forgot to eat—forgot to be amused at Fred Black's naïve ideas of dietary elegance. This Allie listened, shivering, to a voice which drowned his reason. He did not even wince when Emma told him that the humidity and not the heat was responsible for the oppressive weather. She made the announcement in a tone which might have served for Columbus' first report to Isabella. It affected Allie Rebsoll as if someone had played Dearie on a pipe organ. He knew below a drugged, drunken delight that he ought to be revolted, sardonically amused. He didn't care.

They saw a movie after dinner at which the honest treasurer wept frankly and which stirred the revivified old Allie to delicious tingles of primitive emotion, while Emma, in an angel's voice, explained the big lesson of the play. She deduced that murder for purposes of profit was held in light esteem by the dramatist.

Allie went home a perambulating theater of civil war. His better self emerged from stupor and fought valiantly. He told Allie Rebsoll exactly what Emma was, exactly what Allie himself was for requiring to be told. He warned Allie, in Maywald's satiric style, of the future waiting for a man who fell for such enticements. Under this treatment, released from the toxic spell of Emma's nearness, Allie struggled back toward sanity. He knew his weakness in time—he could conquer it. He needn't ever see Emma again. He could build up in advance a resistance against other Emmas by prodding Maywald into epigrams about such women. He was on guard now. He couldn't ever be taken by surprise again.

Next afternoon he attracted the notice of a peg-post policeman by walking back and forth before a florist's shop for almost an hour. He slunk away, after dispatching American Beauties, with the aspect of the murderer who flees from the corpse. Deliberately he made an engagement with Maywald for the evening, as measure of defense, and at nine o'clock he was smiling vacantly into Emma's inexorably blue eyes.

He fought every inch of the losing battle after this—fought all the more stubbornly because he knew that he was lost. Not even Maywald's keenest satire, guided cunningly toward Emma's vulnerabilities as Allie introduced them in the abstract, possessed a curative effect. Even while he applauded them he yearned thirstily to take Maywald by the throat. Always he gave ground. Always his vicious circle, narrowing as the hobbled cow reduces her radial halter in her spirals around the tree, led him back to Emma. He protected himself by pitiful devices. He sought safety in numbers—crowds in restaurants and theaters and daylit streets. He invented shrewd pretexts for avoiding exposure in a solitude of two; Fred's company, for instance, or that of one of Emma's strangely unalluring girl friends. He managed to satiate his craving for the sight and sound of her by meeting her at restaurants, by afternoon walks on the Avenue, in the protection of crowded busses and surface cars. After one incredibly narrow escape he never risked the intimacy of a telephonic interview, and in this fashion he contrived to pass through six months of miserable ecstasy with the irrevocable, enslaving words unspoken.

Then, to his affrighted horror, he discovered that there was no safety, even at Ellwanger's. He had reached that stage of spiritual decay in which he was ready to tell Emma that he loved her even if Maywald himself had been earwitness of the surrender. He knew, as he came into Maywald's rooms after the hairbreadth escape, that the next encounter would end the fight. There was no more resistance left in him. The idea came to him suddenly as Maywald, in his Japanese dressing gown, made him mildly welcome. It took Allie's breath at first even to contemplate the thing which suggested itself to him. But a case so desperate made any remedy seem worthy of a trial—even this one.

III

HE PLUNGED straight into the story, knowing that if he hesitated on the brink he would not find courage for the leap.

"Maywald, you've got to help me somehow. I—I'm in love!"

Maywald manifested the only attitude which would have encouraged Allie Rebsoll to go on. He displayed no surprise, no disapproval, no reproach. It was clear to Allie's excited and divided brain that Maywald was actively interested in this revelation as a phenomenon; that he regarded it as a doctor might regard a beautiful case of erysipelas.

"Tell me about it," said Maywald.

He uncrossed his feet in token of an unusual degree of attention. Allie told him—told him in detail, finding in the history the queer half pleasure of violently outraged reserves, the relief which comes to men in the privileged self-exposure to priest or doctor or attorney. He felt, indeed, as if he had rid his soul of guilty pressure by full confession.

"There!" he said at last. "That's off my mind, anyway."

Maywald smoked a moment.

"What's she like? You haven't told me that. She must be ——"

The hopelessness of describing Emma oppressed Allie Rebsoll for a helpless moment. Then he found an expedient.

"You might have written her yourself," he said. "She's a perfect type of everything you laugh at. She's absolutely what the Kaiser specified—church, children and kitchen, I mean. Her mental geography would make Kansas look like the Grand Cañon! She believes in everything—from patent-medicine ads to suffrage. She reads ——"

"Don't be pathological, Rebsoll! That's quite enough! If she's like that, why under the high heaven don't you laugh and go your ways?"

Allie threw his arms wide.

(Continued on Page 113)

This picture appears in full colors on the lid of the box

An Adventure in Chocolates

A sincere effort to achieve a new excellence in the famous Whitman Chocolates and to pack them in a treasure chest that suggests how valuable they are.

Before we published any word of praise about this Pleasure Island package twenty thousand pound boxes were distributed, and the glowing praise we received is sufficient evidence that the American candy-loving public appreciates every bit of painstaking care to serve it better.

We invite lovers of chocolates to examine this odd, attractive package and taste the contents.

For sale only by those selected stores everywhere, in practically every town in every state, that are accredited agents for the sale of Whitman products.

Whitman's Pleasure Island package is the new member of Whitman's Quality Group of package chocolates and confections which includes the SAMPLER.

One of the treasure bags of rich chocolates you will find beneath the upper tray

Whitman's

PLEASURE ISLAND Package

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Sole makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

New York Branch
215 W. 33rd Street

Chicago Branch
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The No. 1 Hoffman Siphon Air Valve

How your heating specifications should read

For One Pipe Gravity systems: "Each Radiator shall be equipped with a No. 1 Hoffman Siphon Air Valve.

"On each return main where indicated on plans place a No. 4 Hoffman Quick Vent Air Valve. (In systems where the return is less than 15° above the boiler water line use a No. 5 Hoffman Quick Vent Float Air Valve.)

"The satisfactory operation of all air valves shall be guaranteed in writing by the manufacturer for a period of five years from date of installation."

Make sure they're in the specifications

THIS spring, are you—as are many other families—building that long cherished home? Of course you're discussing tiled bath rooms, hardwood floors and Colonial doorways, but primarily you are tremendously interested in *comfort*.

Then give a thought to the heating system—for on it depends whether or not you'll have all that comfort you anticipate next winter and for other winters to come, or just day-in and day-out misery. There is one way you can be sure. Insist upon steam heat and Hoffman Valves.

Because:

Experts agree that steam is the best of heats for small or large houses, if the air valves on the radiators and pipe lines work perfectly.

Hoffman Valves let all the cold air escape from the system and the radiators when low steam pressure is generated.

Hoffman Valves close instantly when the steam reaches them. There is no gradual closing with the resultant hissing.

Hoffman Equipped Radiators don't bang or thump because there are no "air pockets"—steam occupies all the interior space of the radiator.

Hoffman Equipped Radiators heat quickly and thoroughly because they are freely vented and heat giving steam flows into the radiator at the same rate as air escapes.

Hoffman Equipped Radiators won't leak on rugs and hardwood floors because escape of water or steam is stopped by the valve.

And—Hoffman Valves are coal savers—they assure you all the heat you pay for. There is no waste.

Make sure your architect and builder include Hoffman Valves in the heating specifications.

Make sure too—that you obtain our five year written guarantee at the time of installation.

Make sure of real heating comfort.

Send to our Waterbury Office for the booklet "More Heat from Less Coal" which tells in interesting fashion all about steam heat—its ills and remedy

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC., *Main Office and Factory,* Waterbury, Conn.
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES BOSTON

HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

(Continued from Page 110)

"Don't you see? I know what she is and I don't care. It doesn't matter what she thinks or doesn't think—I just want her!" He shut his hands slowly and his eyes narrowed as if with a physical pain. "I don't think about her mind. I can't think about anything except her hair and the way her eyes crinkle when she laughs and ——"

"After all, those attributes are fairly commonplace."

"Oh, don't be clever, Maywald! You don't understand. You've never been through it or you'd know how I feel. I thought you'd made a thinker out of me, but you haven't. Under my skin I'm just what I always was. I know what she is and I don't care. I want her, that's all. I want to spend the rest of my life listening to bromides, if she'll say them. I want her to make me wear red flannel till the first of May and take sarsaparilla every spring. I want to go to the movies with her, and church socials. I want ——"

"Nonsense! You know better! Look ahead! Do you want—really want, mind you!—a house in some new stucco suburb, with dinner waiting for you there—the regular dinner, remember—three hundred and sixty-five days a year? Do you want ——"

"Yes, I do! I want it all! I want to play five hundred with the people from next door every Wednesday; I want to hear just what the cook said before she quit; I want to belong to the country club and take Emma to the Saturday night dances there; I want a guest room with a framed placard that says Sleep Sweet Within This Quiet Room, O Thou, Whoe'er Thou Art! I want ——"

Maywald shook his head.

"Then why don't you take ——"

"Because I've got my eyes part way open; because you've waked up something in me that never seemed to be there; because even while I'm aching for all that I know how horrible it is! It's just like a drug craving, Maywald. The dope fiend knows it's killing him, but he can't stop, can he? Well, that's my state!"

Maywald considered.

"Then you'd still like to escape, if you could? Is that it?"

"Yes! I don't want to, but I know I must! I know it's all madness."

"I'll write you a prescription then. You probably won't take it, but it'll cure you."

"Anything—I'll do anything!"

"You've been trying to get rid of the drink habit in a cheerful bar, that's all. Go down to a station and buy yourself a big ticket. Travel till it's used up and stay where it leaves you."

"No use! I'd write!"

"Write, then—write all you like, and mail your letters in your ash tray. You can do it if you'll try, and you'll find that you can't drink out of a bottle that's a thousand miles away."

Allie shook his head.

"Absence only makes the heart ——"

Maywald surveyed him sorrowfully.

"My dear Rebsoll, did you glean that gem of sagacity from the lady? Absence makes the head grow harder. Try it!"

"McVitty's been at me to go out to the Coast for a while," said Allie. "We've got a branch office there, and ——"

"Just the thing! Go out there and work! Work like the deuce! And get acquainted with other girls—as many as possible. You'll find that helps. You're perfectly curable—it's a mere question of toxins. You've been poisoning yourself by indulgence, that's all."

Allie found some remnants of resolution.

"I'll do it!" A spasm of pain twisted his face. "There! See how bad I am? Just the idea of going away from her, of not seeing her, not hearing her—heavens, think of wanting to hear her!—is enough to tear me in two! You've never been there, Maywald. You don't know how lucky you are."

"I'll take your word for it," said Maywald. "I'm not curious."

Allie stopped.

"I—I don't know whether I'll be able to stick it out. I'll begin wondering about her before the train starts—that's one of the symptoms. I wake up at night in a cold chill because I've dreamed that she's sick, or that somebody else is going to marry her, or that ——"

"I'll relieve your anxieties, if you like," said Maywald. "Give me her name and address. I'll keep an eye on her, and if anything terrible happens to her I'll let you know at once. If you don't hear bad news you may assume that all's well—in a manner of speaking."

Allie thanked him miserably

"Go home and pack," Maywald urged. "Be all ready to start to-morrow, if your firm will send you right away."

"No trouble about that. McVitty'll be tickled pink. I've been standing him off for weeks."

"Good! And one thing more, Rebsoll. Don't say good-by to her."

Allie groaned.

"Say good-by? Gosh, do you think I could?"

IV

MORNING and McVitty found Allie wavering. If Maywald's prescription had required undiluted initiative on Allie's part it would never have been swallowed. But McVitty, reopening of his own accord the matter of the San Francisco expedition, discovered weak resistance. He made the most of it, and Allie feebly submitted, professionally approving McVitty's approach and follow-up and closing punch, even while his nerves cried out for Emma, even while the old Allie accused the better self of treason base and loathsome.

For that matter, the old Allie was influenced by McVitty's *argumentum ad* pocket. An actual partnership as the price of his consent appeared persuasively on the horizon of the debate, Hartshorne not being present; and Allie—the original Allie—envisioned instantly the glory of presenting himself to Emma in that august estate. It was almost the duty of a man who contemplated matrimony to grasp an opportunity so glittering.

The new Allie tolerated the idea. As long as it soothed the anguish of his recrudescent baser self it served a worthy purpose. More, a partnership in the firm of McVitty & Hartshorne was wholly desirable in this new Allie's sight.

McVitty, a man essentially of action, beat the iron while it glowed. Allie, after once assenting, found the consequences transpiring with the inevitability of some natural law. His tickets were bought for him, his baggage whisked to the station, his work laid out efficiently, his very taxicab waiting at the doorway of the office building, all through no act of his. He was on his way before he realized the full significance of this flight, before he began to imagine Emma's thoughts on the subject and to suffer at the idea of her surprise and—hopefully—her pain.

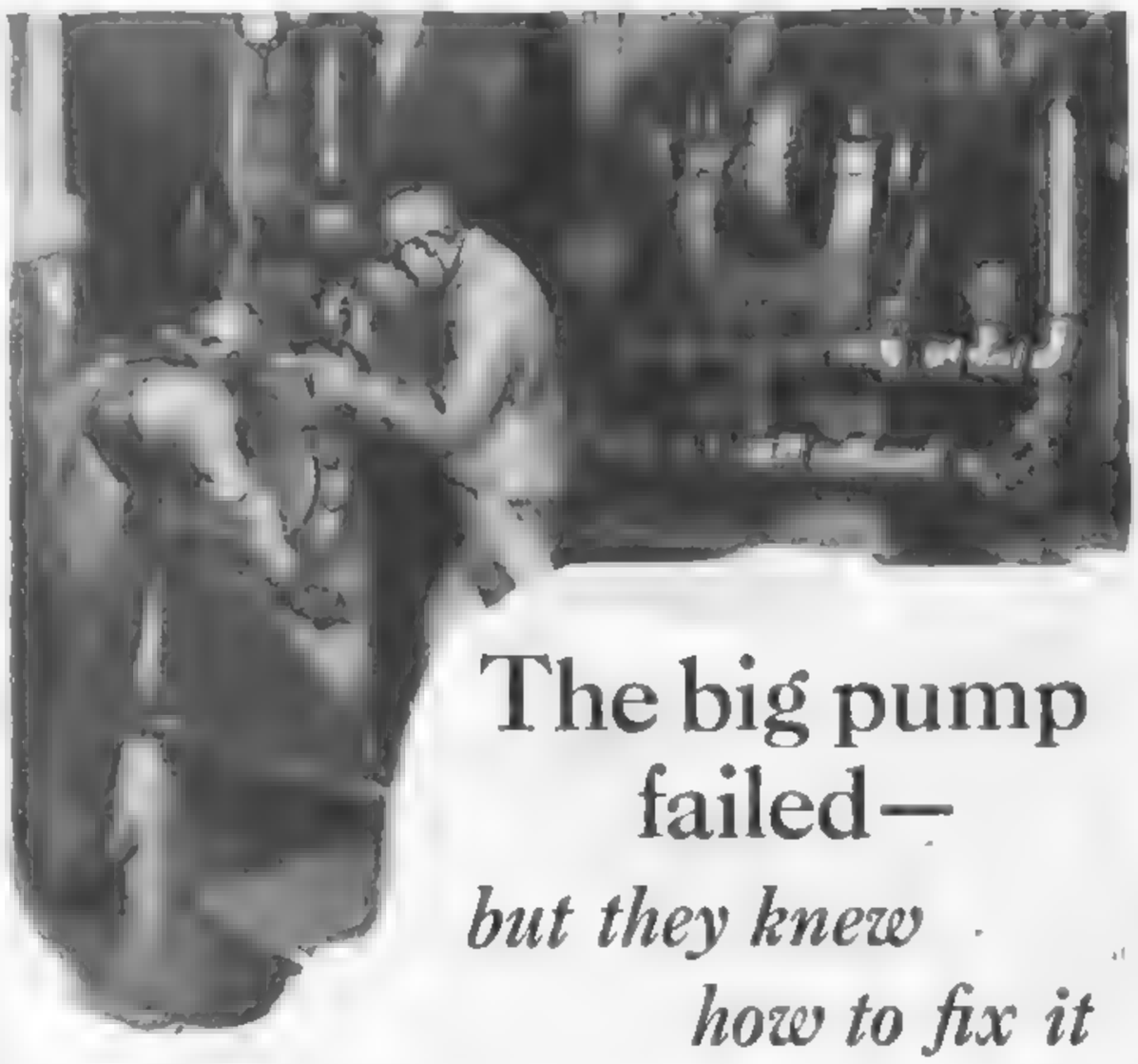
Sometimes as he inspected the Hudson River with unfathomable eyes he hoped that she wouldn't care; more often he hoped that she would. Before the train stopped at Albany he had written a small sheaf of telegrams to her. It cost him a sharp effort to refrain from sending at least one of these. It would be better to write, he compromised. He could explain more clearly in a letter.

He composed a dozen of these between Syracuse and bedtime, and with a mounting hope he discovered that it was almost easy to tear them up. Perhaps Maywald was right. Perhaps he was already beginning to experience the curative powers of separation.

He slept quite well, considering his inexperience with Pullmans, and he ordered breakfast with an appetite whetted by the pleasing consciousness of an expense account. Yes, he was coming on.

He continued to come on. At Chicago he was able to take a discreet interest in feminine fellow passengers. They reminded him of Emma, but he could endure this now. At Salt Lake City he had progressed so far that he was able to chat pleasantly with a lady who was on her way to Nevada—an impressive lady, with long jet earrings and a complexity of luggage and scents—who informed him with authority that marriage was not what it was cracked up to be. She, also, made him think of Emma—she was so different.

At San Francisco work engulfed him. There was a new account, a big one, demanding quantities of copy—copy for advertisements and booklets and posters and form letters—demanding slogans and trade-marks and labels. Here, insidiously, Allie encountered his old drug of admiration. The men in the office deferred visibly to his Eastern sophistication. Even the clients were impressed. He expanded again in this friendly atmosphere—his melancholy lifted. He amused himself in the congenial society of the office manager, a bachelor with a nice taste in food and drink and the drama.



The big pump failed—

but they knew how to fix it

THROUGH the silver mine came the alarm. The largest pump had stopped. A cylinder-head stud had stripped a thread and before the steam could be shut off the whole head was gone.

The water rose. The entire mine would be flooded unless the big pump could be made fit for duty at once.

It was made fit for duty. With a Screw Plate (set of taps and dies) they threaded some rods, cut them off to the proper length and bolted the cylinder-head in place. One more of the thousands of cases where taps and dies are first aid.

Are you an executive in a mine, colliery or factory, or the owner of a truck, tractor or piping system? The GTD Corporation makes threading repair outfits which will be of direct benefit to *you*—in preventing accidents and saving time, money or labor.

See the wide assortment of GTD tap and die sets, drills, reamers and pipe tools your hardware or implement dealer carries, ranging in price from $7.00 to $120.00 per set, according to the variety of tools in each. Or perhaps just the set you need is shown in one of the free booklets about repair tools—listed in the coupon. Check the ones you want; they will be sent promptly without obligation.

See if you are one of those who should read the GTD booklets on making screw-thread repairs

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150,000	Manufacturers
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25,000	Ship and motor boat owners
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25,000	Lumber camp owners
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Our free booklets give valuable information about the use of threading tools. Five booklets in the series with illustrations, prices and full directions. Check the ones you want; they will come at once.

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Send me the booklet, or booklets, I have checked

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S R P 103

Perfect Fit Splendid Style

The longer you wear Arnold Glove Grip Shoes, the more you'll want to wear them. Their lines are so trim that your foot will be always well dressed. You'll know such foot-comfort that you'll never be satisfied to wear ordinary shoes again.

For every part of your feet will be properly supported after nature's own way. The pedal bones and muscles will lie as they should. You'll know true shoe-fit—snug and close but no pinch or pain; no rubbing, no burning.

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are for all normal feet and need no breaking in. Standing and walking will be easy. You won't realize wearing them until you take them off. Style and comfort that's it, with many a day of honest wear to boot—and value you'll appreciate.

There's no pretense about these fine shoes—and not an untruth hidden in them anywhere. They are made in all styles, all leathers, for men and for women and are all that shoes can be in fashion and fit; worth and wear. Sold in first class shoe stores.

Send for booklet and name of dealer nearest you.

M. N. Arnold Shoe Company
North Abington, Massachusetts

VASSAR OXFORD
No. 1700

Maywald had been right. You couldn't poison yourself from a bottle that was half a world away from your lips. He didn't worry about Emma either—much. As long as Maywald's silence reassured him there was nothing for either of the Allie Rebsolls to worry about. He felt his resistance developing in him as the days multiplied between him and Emma. Sometimes he would go for hours without once thinking of her. He was even able to stop writing to her after a while. At first he had been obliged to relieve his suppressed desires in ink, although he always managed to follow Maywald's advice and mail these outpourings in the grate or the wastebasket. There came a time when the old Allie himself admitted that the better self had won.

"I'm cured!" Allie would declare privately. "I'm all over it!"

Gradually he came to embroider this boast.

"I could look at her by the hour and never have a flicker in the pulse," he would assure himself. "Yes, sir, I'll never have to be afraid of her again!"

Thus he came to regret that distance prevented his putting this immunity to the test. If he were in New York he could go boldly up to Ninetieth Street and expose himself to the perils of Emma's unchaperoned society, demonstrating once for all that the better self had triumphed. And when McVitty wired him to come East on the new tire account he was distinctly pleased at the prospect of vindicating his self-mastery.

Samson's hair had grown again. He had nothing to fear from any Delilah. Why, Allie thought as he changed trains at Chicago—by hustling a bit and switching his ticket to another route, he managed to shorten the remaining journey by almost an hour—why, he could stare straight back into Emma's eyes and never once think of midsummer skies or bottomless pools or anything else except perhaps a couple of robin's eggs!

He considered the idea, as he traveled eastward, with a mounting impatience to prove it. He'd never feel absolutely sure of himself till he'd been through the fire. He consulted time-tables and brakemen. They'd pause at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street around 7:40 that evening. He might just as well drop off there and stop at the Black house on his way home. He could sleep to-night, an unshackled soul, a man as infinitely above trivial weaknesses as Maywald himself!

He moved forward in the train as it scuttled through the groove between rear elevations of apartment houses, where fire escapes bloomed with fluttering laundry lines. He might as well save what time he could. He scrambled down to the platform from the stepless door of the baggage car, having been previously refused admittance to the mail coach ahead of this. He stumbled on the stairs; a pity, he thought, that the architect couldn't have designed a stairway which a fellow could descend at better than two steps to a stride. These fellows hadn't any consideration for other people's time. The taxi driver evidently construed his abrupt command as betokening an affair of life and death, and flirted ingeniously with the latter as he slithered southwest. Allie scowled at this deliberation. These Eastern drivers didn't know what speed meant!

He found himself running up the brownstone steps. He rang three times in forty seconds. Rotten service for the biggest town on earth! Take all day to answer the door! He glowered at the lantern-jawed maid who unlatched it at last—a new acquisition since his day, who would have delayed him by empty formalities. He dodged past her and took the stairs in four bounds. A sound had answered his doubt. Only Emma laughed like that. Emma—he brushed Fred Black out of his way. Just like that fellow to be under your feet! He stopped in the doorway as if he had run into an invisible wall.

Emma looked at him—Emma clad in some blue thing that matched her eyes, Emma softly radiant, a creature of miraculous perfections in line and curve and color, Emma faintly reproachful, and yet—gloriously—forgiving.

In that instant Allie Rebsoll's two selves merged into one. There was no longer any inner conflict. This Allie Rebsoll had no silly scheme of testing any powers of resistance. He wanted Emma—Emma exactly as she was and would be; Emma, who wouldn't ever like caviar or Beethoven or discuss psychoanalysis over a cigarette; Emma, placidly herself, in a world bounded by four walls, a world possessed by Emma and her man and her babies!

"Why—why, Allie!"

It was minutes, perhaps, before she spoke again, but the interval required nothing in the way of words from either. Emerging ever so little, from a beatific mental paralysis, Allie became aware of a discordant note. Maywald! The name, in chaste gilt lettering, leered up at him from the maroon cover of a thin book on Emma's table.

For a moment Allie hardly remembered who Maywald was. He had a dim sense of antagonism, as toward an unsympathetic intruder. Then his mind cleared. What was Emma doing with Maywald's book? He had a terrible fear for a fractional instant that Emma might have changed; that Emma, too, might have discovered a better self.

He reached for the book mechanically. It fell open at the flyleaf, and Allie read in Maywald's neat, clear script:

"To the loveliest lady this side of heaven.
"From EUGENE."

"Eugene!" He turned to Emma. "Do you know him as well as that?"

Emma laughed, the old, bubbling laugh which made Allie vibrate like a tuned piano wire to the prompting of a violin.

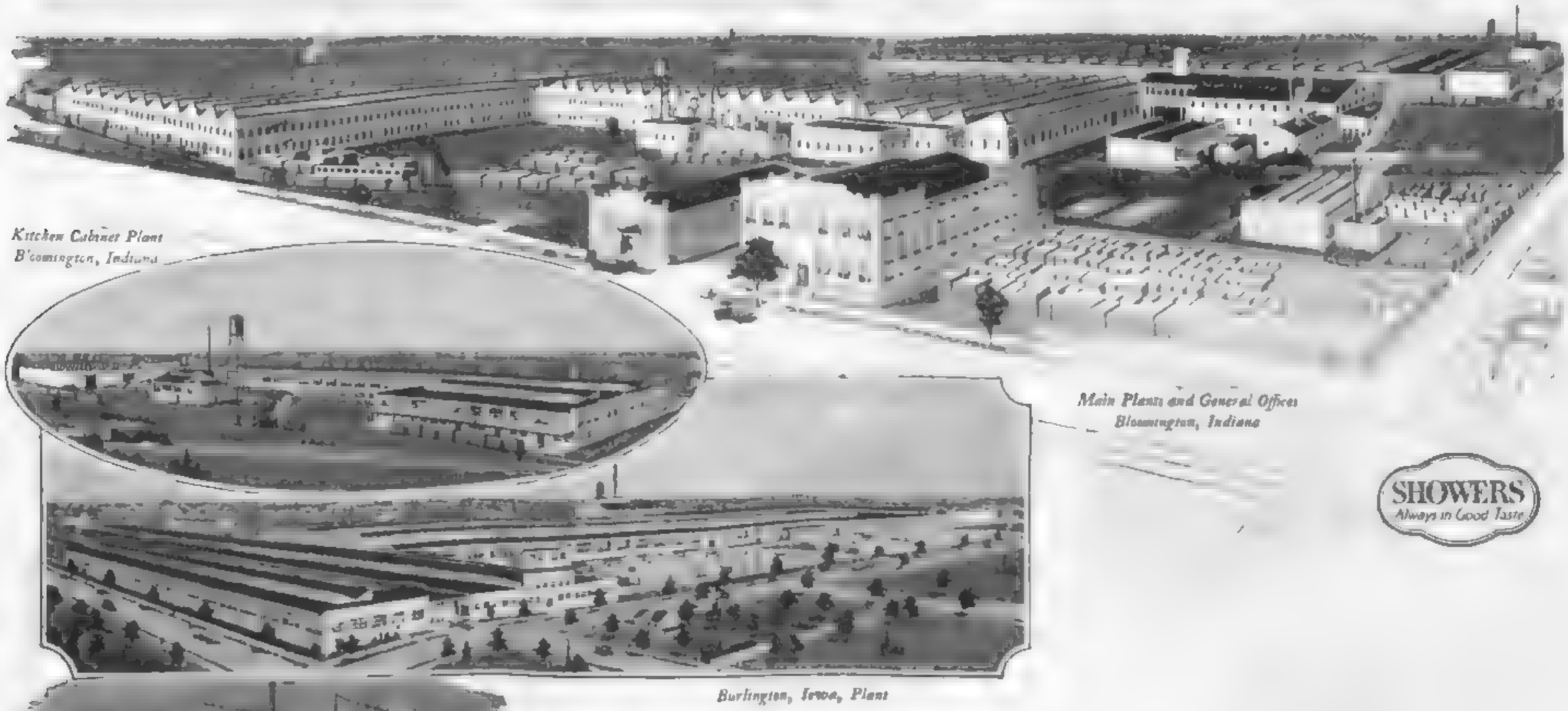
"Who? Mr. Maywald? Oh, yes! Isn't he just the silliest thing?" She pursed her lips and shook her head—a heavenly gesture. "I can't help laughing at him—he's so awfully"—she groped for the word while Allie waited breathless—"so awfully mushy!" she finished.

Understanding came to Allie Rebsoll. His new hostility toward Maywald dissolved into a sudden appreciation. It was revealed to him that even Maywald had a better self!

Unnamed Cascade—Bachler River

SHOWERS

BEDROOM DINING ROOM *and* KITCHEN FURNITURE



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Showers furniture is produced in four highly efficient factories, by the largest furniture building organization in the world. Out of these factories comes Showers substantial, "good taste" furniture at the rate of 500,000 pieces a year—a complete piece every nineteen seconds.

FIFTY years of furniture building experience, tremendous volume production, and the elimination of all unnecessary manufacturing costs, through operating our own veneer plants, saw mills, mirror works, and owning our own standing timber, have brought the price of Showers good-taste furniture down within the reach of all.

It is truly "better furniture for less money"—hence its great popularity.

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A model factory concentrates exclusively on the building of Showers cabinets. The cabinet illustrated on the left is one of the popular Showers models, embodying every accepted convenience and avoiding all fussy, trouble-making contrivances. It represents exceptional value and sells at a very reasonable price.

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America's Largest Furniture Makers

Why Equitable Trust chose Elliott-Fishers

THE Equitable Trust Company of New York is one of the six great banking houses of the United States, with total resources of over $300,000,000.

Some years ago, The Equitable determined to install mechanical bookkeeping to increase the efficiency of its accounting methods. Such an organization could not afford to make a mistake in the selection of a bookkeeping machine. It is significant that Elliott-Fisher was chosen.

Elliott-Fisher machines have made good. The Equitable has found them readily adaptable to all phases of financial accounting and has steadily increased its Elliott-Fisher equipment.

At the present time, the Foreign Department alone uses 19 Elliott-Fishers to handle a daily volume of transactions which totals $18,000,000.

The Equitable chose Elliott-Fisher because the flat writing surface—an exclusive feature—permits the use of the greatest variety of forms in combination at one writing, and because the Elliott-Fisher Visual Auditing Sheet protects the work against errors.

The flat writing surface enables the operator to post entries to all necessary records *at one operation*. Forms of different sizes and shapes can be written simultaneously with assurance of perfect registration and clear carbons. The forms lie flat, clamped securely on the flat surface, while the machine moves over them just as the human hand moves when writing.

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1. Write any width line up to 24 inches.
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Flat Writing-Surface Machines: Accounting – Bookkeeping – Billing – Recording

THE BIG FOUR OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE—WILSON

(Continued from Page 4)

which stood in the way of its acceptance. At the first he conferred with the other American commissioners in regard to the covenant, but on finding them, except possibly Colonel House, more or less skeptical as to the practical operation of the organization which he had planned in conjunction with Lord Robert Cecil and General Smuts, and disposed to offer suggestions materially modifying the plan, he showed that he preferred only the coöperation of those who unreservedly believed in his draft. It was very apparent that he did not desire counsel and criticism but approval and commendation of the covenant. It was unfortunate for the President and for the league that he took this attitude, as subsequent events proved.

As the leaders of the Allied Powers with their practical ideas came to a realization of the situation and saw that the President was willing to concede much in exchange for support of the covenant, they utilized his supreme desire to obtain by barter material advantages for their own nations. From the results of the negotiations it may be deduced that by clever representations they gained concession after concession. The apparent support of the idealism of the President by these statesmen was in my opinion chiefly for a purpose and not out of conviction. They loudly applauded the President's declarations of principle as the just bases of peace, but they never once attempted to apply them unless their own national interests were advanced. They praised the covenant as a wonderful document, as the Magna Charta of the world, as an eternal memorial to its author, and they subtly flattered the President by confiding to the league every question which could not be immediately solved, ostensibly to show their faith in the proposed organization, but really to postpone the settlement of dangerous disputes.

Lost Opportunities

M. Clemenceau, who had frankly declared in favor of the doctrine of the balance of power, was satisfied with either General Smuts' plan or that of Lord Robert Cecil, since both provided for the perpetuation of the Supreme War Council as the Council of the League and for the recognition of the primacy of the Great Powers over all international affairs for the future. Mr. Lloyd George, provided the colonial ambitions and commercial interests of the British Empire were satisfied before the guaranty of the covenant became operative, complacently gave his support to the document as a means of making more permanent British possession of the ceded territories. Signor Orlando, assured of the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the resulting delivery into the hands of Italy of the economic life of German Austria, and hopeful of being given substantial control of the Adriatic and confident of obtaining sovereignty over the Tyrol by insisting on the fulfillment of the Pact of London, rejoiced in a guaranty which seemed to insure for a time at least the widened boundaries of Italy. The Japanese were equally willing to unite in a mutual guaranty on condition that their country obtained and was protected in the possession of the German rights in Shantung and in its sovereignty over the German islands in the Pacific Ocean north of the equator, though I am convinced that Japan would never have withdrawn from the conference or abandoned her position as one of the five Great Powers, whatever disposition had been made of her claims.

While selfish interest undoubtedly impelled the principal Allied Powers to adhere to the covenant and to become members of the League of Nations, the United States was free from such influences. It had no territorial or trade ambitions to advance. The American people desired a just peace because it would remove causes for war; they desired the creation of an international organization which would at least hinder if it could not actually prevent future wars.

The ideas of the President, when he left the United States in December, 1918, were undoubtedly in general accord with the thought and desire of the majority of his countrymen as to the terms of peace. I do not mean that his plan for a League of Nations, which he carried with him but which he had not then made public, was in accord with that thought and desire. It may have been or it may not have been. No one can tell as to that. But I believe that nearly all Americans hoped and expected that some sort of association of nations would be created at Paris. As to the form and functions of the association, public opinion in the United States had not then crystallized.

It was not until the covenant as finally reported was found to contain a mutual guaranty of territory and independence, together with other features which were claimed to be contrary to American interests and to the traditional policies of the United States, if they were not actually violative of the Constitution, that the President's interpretation of the popular will was seriously questioned. When in addition to this opposition to the covenant, which was seized upon with avidity by Mr. Wilson's personal and political enemies as an opportunity to discredit him at home and abroad, the injustice of certain settlements in the treaties was manifest, the opposition to a guaranty which might require coercive measures to enforce such settlements increased and greatly strengthened the opponents of the covenant, and in fact had much to do with preventing the ratification of the treaty in the Senate of the United States.

If the President had inflexibly demanded that no terms should be written into the treaty which were not wholly just he would have gone far toward accomplishing the purpose of his mission to Europe. And if he had also advocated a plan for a League of Nations which was not open to the charge of establishing a supernational authority, vested to all intents in an oligarchy of the Great Powers, he would have been acclaimed the greatest statesman on earth. Unfortunately for the present generation and for the future peace of the world, he did not pursue this course, but distorted his declared purpose to silence opposition to his ambitious conception of a dominant international organization. The natural conclusion is that he convinced himself that the covenant as drafted could not be obtained if he insisted on complete justice in all the settlements. He chose the covenant and won support to it by compromise with those who demanded the material rewards of conquest.

Mr. Wilson's Courtesy

The courtesy of President Wilson in greeting the members of the Council of Ten and in his intercourse with them during the sessions was unvarying. He never, so far as I can recall, showed anger or impatience. I know, however, that beneath this outward calm the President often seethed with indignation at the way matters progressed, but never by word, gesture or change of countenance did he permit his displeasure or irritation to find open expression. He listened with greater attention to a speaker than did any other man present, and whenever opportunity offered he smiled or told an anecdote which some turn in the debate suggested. He was invariably considerate of the expressed opinions of others, and manifested an open mind in valuing those opinions.

While these qualities are as a general rule useful and admirable in a negotiator, there come times when firmness and frankness are necessary. The failure to insist in certain cases when the conditions of a debate required insistence lost the President an advantage which I am sure he would have otherwise had. Prone to postpone a decision to the last possible moment, he puzzled his colleagues in the council, who could not understand how so alert a mind needed more time to form an opinion after listening to three hours of discussion. This peculiarity of the President's mental make-up was frequently commented upon by his foreign associates in terms by no means complimentary.

After a subject had been threshed out by the Council of Ten to the point of weariness, M. Clemenceau would often turn to the President and ask his opinion as to the action which ought to be taken.

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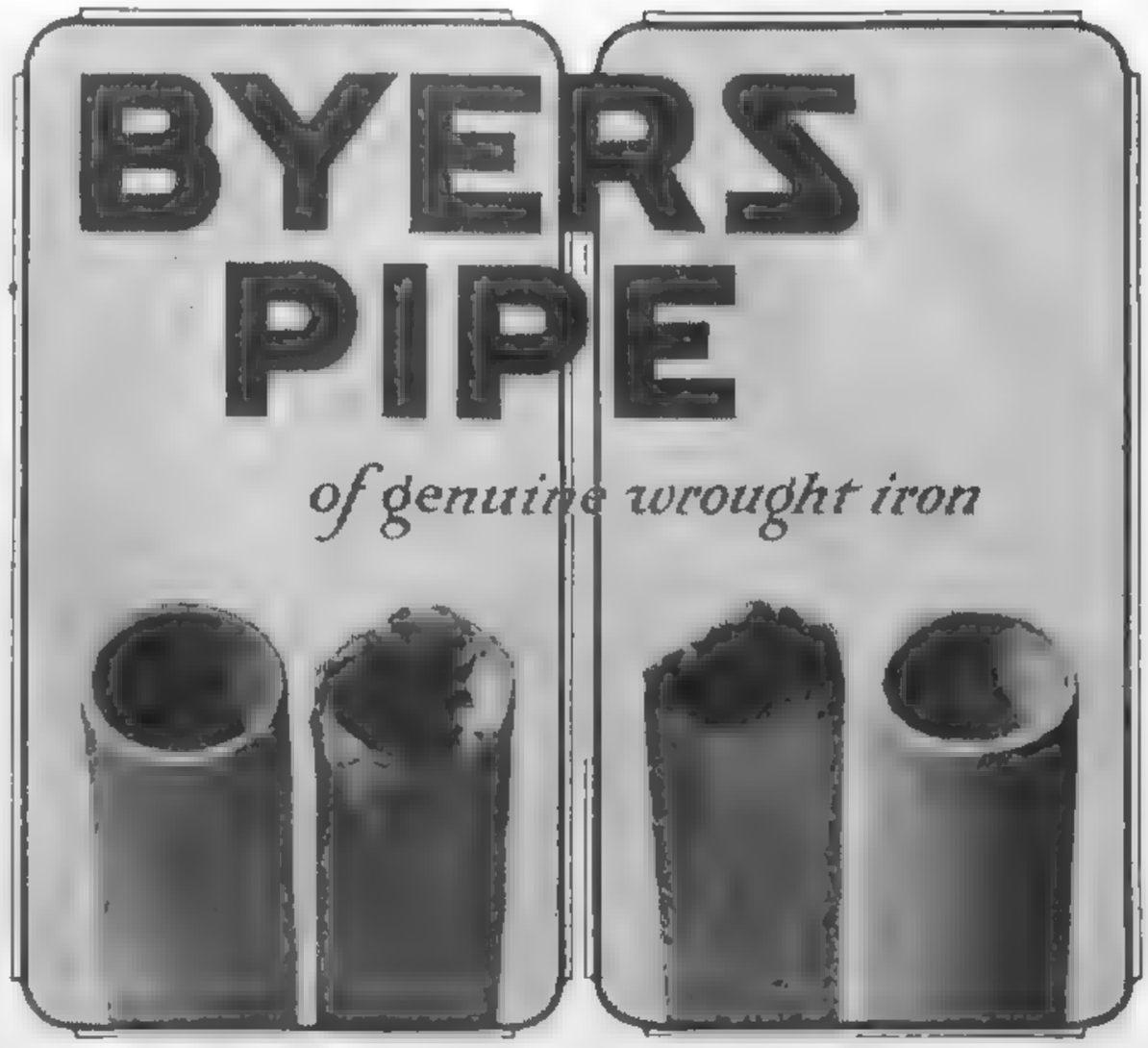

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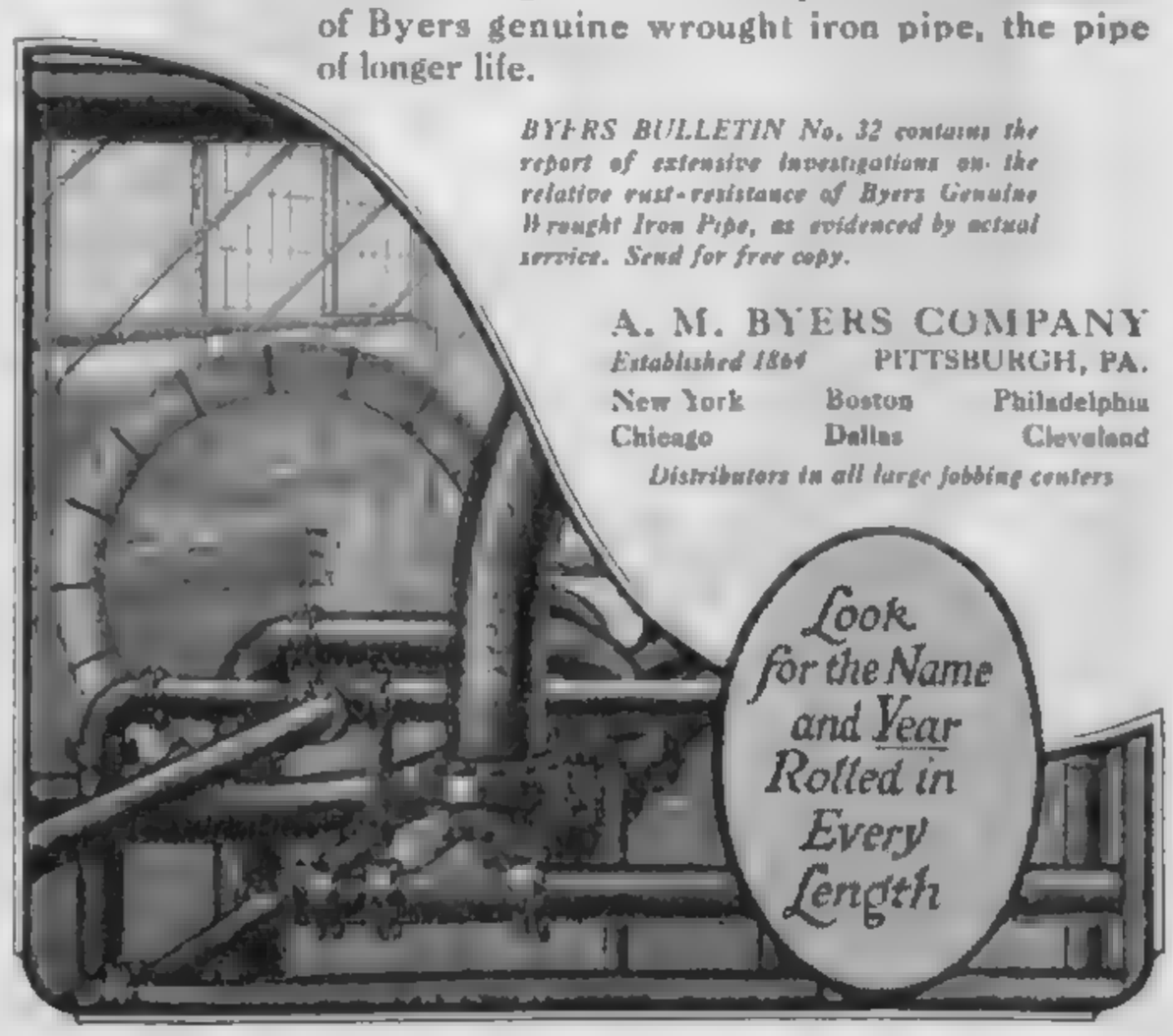

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The President would reply without hesitation in precise English, though he usually evaded a decision by a general review of the points made by both sides during the argument. This he did with clearness and conciseness, showing how carefully he had listened to the debate. While I think that the President's presentation showed in a way why he was not prepared to offer a solution to the question, it did not advance the work of the council.

When the President ceased speaking M. Clemenceau would ask my opinion, then that of Mr. Lloyd George, or Mr. Balfour, and so on down the line of members. He would then turn back to the President and ask, "Well, what shall we do?"

The President frequently answered, "Perhaps it would be well to refer the matter to a committee of experts"; or "May I ask if anyone has prepared a resolution?"

If the last question was asked it was apt to bring a response from Mr. Lloyd George, whose secretaries had drafted a resolution while the discussion was in progress. A resolution laid before the council after a question had been debated was as a rule adopted, at least in principle, though often modified in language. It was therefore a decided advantage to introduce a resolution. The President put aside this advantage by failing to suggest that the same course be taken by his expert advisers, who were naturally not disposed to follow the practice unless it was at his request. Apparently he felt an independent personal judgment by him was essential and that it would not be independent if he adopted the opinion of others. The consequence was that Mr. Lloyd George, who seldom hesitated to accept the views of his experts, introduced most of the resolutions other than those prepared by the French, which were generally annexed to the agenda.

Occasionally, however, M. Clemenceau, after a discussion in which the President had expressed definite views, would ask the latter to draft a resolution embodying his opinion. Mr. Wilson would at once take a pencil and without hesitation and without erasures write out in his small plain hand a resolution couched with exceptional brevity in unambiguous terms. In this work the exactness of his thought and his command of language were clearly exhibited. Possessing this ability, far surpassing that of any other person attending the Council of Ten, it is all the more deplorable that he did not use it constantly. I do not recall that he prepared a resolution except at the suggestion of M. Clemenceau or one of the British delegates. If he prepared one voluntarily I do not remember the occasion. If he had done so frequently it would have been he rather than the French or British who initiated action by the council, and his influence over their decisions would have been marked, which in fact it was not, except in a few instances.

Professional Pronouncements

Mr. Wilson during the sessions of the Council of Ten spoke in a low pleasant voice and without rhetorical effort. As no one rose in speaking he would lean forward, resting on the arms of his chair, and address his remarks first to one and then to another of his confrères. Fluently and with perfect diction he would present his views in sentences so well rounded that they suggested copper-plate perfection. His accuracy of language and his positiveness of assertion not infrequently reminded one of a lecturer imparting knowledge to a class, and gave the impression that he felt that what he said left nothing else to be said. He exhibited the traits of a philosopher rather than those of an advocate. He preferred to deal in generalities rather than with facts. His discourses, though essentially academic, were clear and logical.

The one thing that to my mind marred the President's diction was a sort of little chuckle or half laugh which frequently interrupted his flow of language. I never observed this mannerism prior to the first meeting of the heads of states and foreign ministers except on one or two occasions. It seemed to be an involuntary act, caused by nervousness or embarrassment. It sounded almost apologetic. Probably those who had come in frequent contact with the President prior to the peace conference never noticed it. To those long acquainted with him it seemed to indicate a loss of some of the assurance and self-confidence which had always been distinguishing characteristics of his public career.

After the division of the Council of Ten into the Council of the Heads of States—the Big Four—and the Council of Foreign Ministers during the last week in March, 1919, and approximately five weeks before the treaty with Germany was completed, I had little opportunity to see the President's work in conference. That he labored with great industry and took little time for rest and recreation everybody knows. He showed in his face the effect of these unremitting efforts. He looked fatigued and worn. Nevertheless he persisted with his characteristic determination.

The conferences of the Big Four were usually held in the palatial residence in the Place des Etats-Unis, which had been provided for the President's use by the French Government. The Four generally met in the library on the ground floor, but if they had several persons present to give them advice on some technical matter they assembled in the large salon on the second floor. At first the four statesmen met alone. Signor Orlando did not understand English, and President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George had but an imperfect knowledge of French. M. Clemenceau was therefore the only one thoroughly familiar with both languages, and had to act as interpreter. This was found to be unsatisfactory; so Professor Mantoux was admitted, and later for some reason Sir Maurice Hankey, the secretary of the British War Mission, and also Count Aldrodandi, of the Italian Mission, were permitted to be present. Sir Maurice prepared the decisions and the minutes of the meetings. Thus the President, with no secretary present, had to depend on the notes of Hankey if any question arose as to the proceedings.

Mr. Wilson's High Sense of Honor

Manifestly this was not a safe method of procedure in a negotiation which involved the national interests of different countries and dealt with many complex questions. I do not think that American interests suffered materially—in fact, knowing the honorable character of Sir Maurice, I am sure that they did not—but certainly the President took a needless risk in not having an American secretary present to chronicle the proceedings. It was either a failure to appreciate the importance of having his own record or else it was his inherent tendency to work alone and unaided that induced him to adopt this course, though possibly both reasons influenced him.

President Wilson entered upon the negotiations with a high sense of honor, with altruistic purposes, and with a supreme confidence that his ideals would be written into the treaty of peace. His sense of honor and his altruism he maintained to the very end, in spite of the disappointments and discouragements resulting from the spirit of national selfishness which was so controlling in the conference at Paris. Against this prevailing spirit the President struggled manfully. To an extent he was successful, but he not infrequently failed through the secret combinations which were formed against him. At the first his absorption in drafting and obtaining assent to the articles relating to the League of Nations caused him apparently to give but superficial consideration to other matters. Everything to his mind, as far as one could judge, depended on completing the covenant and on giving to the league an active and therefore a necessary part in carrying out the terms of settlement under the treaty. Agreements as to the settlements were apparently of secondary importance to the creation of an agency for the insurance of their performance, and the President's assent seemed to have been secured in certain cases through the menace of opposition to the covenant.

No doubt Mr. Wilson chafed under this method of negotiation—a method as old as diplomacy itself—feeling that he was not receiving the undivided support which he had a right to expect in his efforts to obtain a just peace. His task was arduous and exasperating. If personal toil had been the only thing he would have been wholly successful. Had he been willing to delegate to others the negotiation of some of the decisions, important as they were, he would have had leisure to recuperate; but he was not willing. On the contrary he insisted that everything must be decided by him, that all the threads of the treaty fabric must be

(Continued on Page 121)

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(Continued from Page 118)

in his hands. Others might help him untangle some of the knots and arrange the threads in order, but it was his business alone to weave them into the treaty. He seemed in fact to resent any influence exerted upon him to decide a matter in a certain way. He relied on his own judgment and indicated that suggestion or advice, unless he requested it, was an interference with his freedom of decision and was not acceptable. Whether this attitude was the result of an abnormal appreciation of his constitutional responsibility for the conduct of international relations or of an exaggerated belief in his superior mentality I do not pretend to say.

With the multitude of decisions which had to be rendered, many of which were not only complex but required technical knowledge of a high order, the attempt of a single individual, however gifted, to be the sole arbiter as to the proper American position in regard to them all was at the least perilous. Yet that is what the President tried to be. As he is entitled to credit for many excellent provisions in the treaty because of his steadfastness, so he cannot avoid the blame for the questionable settlements which were inserted because he failed to object to them or else conceded them through insufficient knowledge or by way of compromise.

From this general comment I must exclude the financial and economic terms of the treaty. In the adjustment of these difficult questions the American experts took a leading part. It was not an easy matter to find formulæ which would harmonize the differences between governments, each of which had its own financial and economic interests to conserve and its own idea as to how this could be done. That an agreement was reached, which was accepted by, if not acceptable to, the interested parties, was a notable accomplishment, the credit for which is due in large measure to the Americans on the commissions charged with the discussion and adjustment of these conflicting interests.

What actually occurred at the meetings of the Council of Four was unknown to the conference as a whole. Nevertheless rumors and reports from time to time sifted through the veil of secrecy which enveloped the proceedings. It is not my purpose to discuss here the secretiveness of the council or the impression which it made on the delegates to the conference and on the public at large. Suffice it for the present to say that the secrecy was well preserved, considering the daily conferences which M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George and Signor Orlando had with their advisers. The fact is that the American commissioners gained practically all their knowledge of the progress of the work of the council from the gossip of the staffs of other delegations—as the President, I am informed, declined to let Sir Maurice Hankey furnish any of the American commission with a copy of his minutes—or when an American expert or group of experts was requested by the President to be present to discuss technical questions. In view of this ignorance it would be presumptuous for me to attempt to comment on the traits of character exhibited by the heads of states as they sat in conclave at the President's residence in the Place des Etats-Unis.

No Lack of Good Intentions

It is my belief that President Wilson's influence had much to do with preserving peace in the Council of Four. Placid and dignified in manner, he impressed upon others a disposition to be calm in expression and to avoid giving way to emotional impulses. In this particular his influence was undoubtedly superior to that of any other man in the councils or the conference, and contributed greatly to the amicable settlements of many vexatious disputes which caused personal irritation and which, but for his considerate and temperate attitude, might have ripened into personal quarrels.

The President's foreign colleagues recognized that he was honestly seeking for firm bases for the future peace of the world. Though they doubtless thought many of his proposals were impracticable and therefore of doubtful value, they respected their author because of his motives, and each of them in his own way endeavored to conform his ideas to those of the President in order to gain his moral support. This was a concession to idealism by the selfish materialism which was so potent in formulating the terms of peace. It bore witness to the general feeling among the delegates to the conference that Mr. Wilson stood for international morality and justice.

If the President failed in the full realization of his purposes it was not out of lack of good intentions, but rather because of inexperience in negotiation, of desire to exercise an independent judgment, of exaggeration of the importance of adopting the covenant, and of overconfidence in the motives of others. It was only after the Council of Four had been in session for some time and after he had committed himself to certain compromises, the justice of which appeared to many to be doubtful, that the President seemed to awake to the fact that he had overestimated the potency of altruism and of abstract justice in the negotiations. From the time that he seemed to come to a realization of the true state of affairs the statesmen of the Allied Powers found him less pliable and apparently less credulous of their announced intentions. Up to the end, however, he preserved the geniality of manner and the considerate attitude which had from the first marked his intercourse with the leaders at Paris.

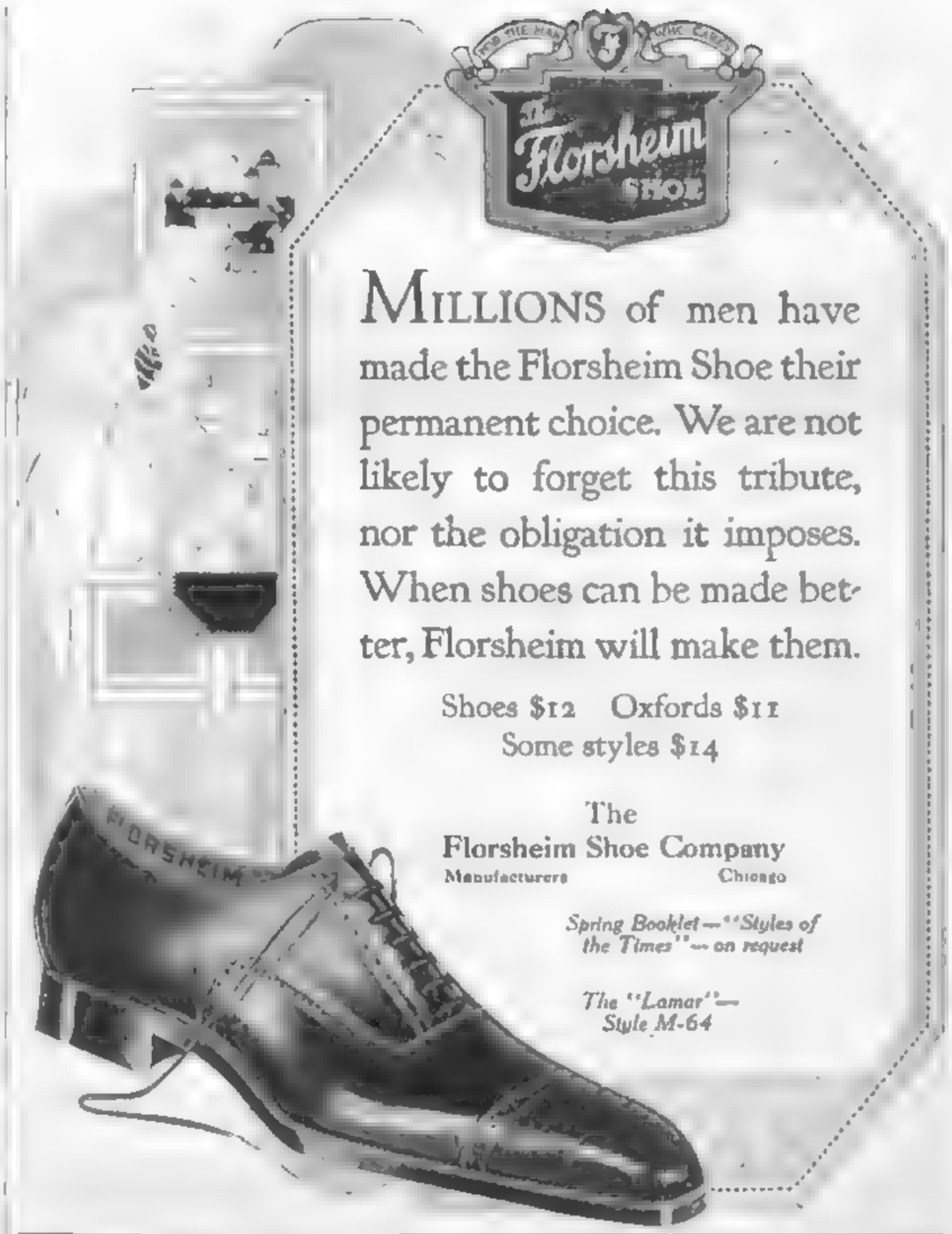
It was in the plenary sessions of the Conference on the Preliminaries of Peace that the President's personal gifts showed to the greatest advantage. In the presence of the whole body of delegates his ability as a speaker, his attractive and convincing style of expression and his dignity of manner made a profound impression on his listeners. He was more at home in addressing a large audience, such as he had at a plenary session, than he was sitting at the council table under the cross fire of debate. He, of all those who addressed the full assembly of delegates, was listened to with the greatest attention; and his words carried the greatest weight.

An Impossible Task

It is true that, as the terms of peace approached final settlement and as rumors of what the terms were to be spread among the delegates in spite of the secrecy which surrounded them, there grew up in some minds, particularly of those whose national aspirations were reported to be unsatisfied, doubt as to the potential influence which the President had been able to exert over his European colleagues. At first, however, the faith of the delegates in him was unbounded, and he was received by them with enthusiasm, almost with veneration. But after months of waiting in idleness and ignorance of the status of their own national rights, it became noticeable that with the representatives of the smaller nations the President's popularity waned more and more; and though he addressed them with the same excellence of language and proclaimed the same devotion to lofty principles the reaction upon his hearers was different from what it had been in the earlier sessions, and there was an evident disposition to accept his statements with mental reservations, and not at their face value. In fact it may be said that the disappointed delegates no longer saw in him a Moses who was to lead the nations to the Promised Land.

Doubtless this change of attitude, which outside the assembly hall of the conference found expression in whispered criticisms and occasionally in open complaints, was partly due to the President's failure to do all that the grumbling delegates expected of him, expectations which no mortal man could ever have fulfilled, because many of the claims founded on national ambitions lapped and overlapped and could never be reconciled so as to satisfy both parties. Thus the President lost favor and prestige through his inability to do the impossible, since with hardly an exception the disappointed delegates blamed him especially for their failure to obtain by the terms of peace that which their nations desired. It was one of those unavoidable misfortunes which befall a man who, placed on a pedestal, is idolized as the embodiment of justice by men and by nations whose ideas as to what is just vary according to their conceptions of what will be of material benefit to themselves.

The President, as we review his career as a peace commissioner at Paris, stands forth as one of the great dominating figures of the conference, who reached the zenith of his power over the public mind of Europe, over the delegates and over the negotiations at the first plenary session of the conference. The reasons for his decline in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power, a fact which can hardly be questioned, may be one or more of many. First, the loss of his superior position by intimate personal intercourse with the European statesmen, which could have been avoided if he had remained in the United States or if he had declined to sit as a delegate at Paris. Second, his evident lack of experience as a negotiator and his failure to systematize the work of the American commission and to formulate a program. Third, his seclusiveness and apparent determination to conduct almost every phase of the negotiations and to decide every question alone and independently. Fourth, his willingness to arrange all settlements behind closed doors with the three other heads of states present at the conference. Fifth, his unavoidable lack of knowledge of the details of some of the simple as well as the intricate problems to be solved. Sixth, his insistence on the adoption of the covenant of the League of Nations, as drafted, and the overcoming of opposition by concessions to national aspirations, the justice of which was at least disputable. Seventh, his loss of the initiative in the formulation of the provisions of the treaties. Eighth, his apparent abandonment of the smaller nations and his tacit denial of the equality of nations by consenting to the creation of an oligarchy of the Great Powers at the conference and in a modified form in the covenant. And, ninth, the impression, which greatly increased after his return from the United States in March, that the American people were not a unit in support of his aims as to a League of Nations, disclosed by the report made to the peace conference.

It is not to be wondered at, when the proceedings of the conference are carefully considered, that the Old Tiger of France, with his materialistic motives, his intense patriotism and his cynical view of transcendental internationalism, became, as he was, the dominant personality in the peace conference and the most potent member of the Council of Four. His shrewd and practical methods of negotiation succeeded better than the President's idealism. Yet the latter's personal influence upon the delegates and his success in incorporating in the treaty of peace the covenant of the League of Nations, whatever may be thought of its provisions, entitle him to a place second only to M. Clemenceau among the statesmen who directed affairs at Paris.

The conclusion should not be drawn from the comments which have been made as to the faults in the Treaty of Versailles that the treaty as a whole should be condemned. As a definitive treaty of peace, exclusive of the articles relating to the League of Nations, negotiated in the way and at the time that it was, it would have been difficult to have obtained a better one, considering the numerous conflicting interests and the intemperate spirit of vengeance which then prevailed.

The treaty has defects, many defects; it has bad provisions which should not have been included; but the wonder is that, in the circumstances, they are not more general and more glaring.

The chief objections raised against the treaty in the United States have been to those articles comprising the covenant of the League of Nations and to those dealing with Shan-tung. The other settlements, though some are admittedly open to criticism, appear to be generally acceptable.

The interweaving of the League of Nations into various provisions of the treaty, a scheme which raises a question as to the scruples of the author, has, in the opinion of many, tainted the whole document with evil. This is manifestly unjust and evidences a prejudice which results from ignorance or, what is more deplorable, from an unreasonable mental attitude.

The truth is, as some saw it in Paris and as others have seen it since the negotiation and signature of the treaty, there should have been drafted a preliminary treaty of peace, avoiding as far as possible all controversial and complex questions and restoring a state of peace with little delay. When the great need of the world had been thus satisfied the negotiation of the definitive treaty and the plan for an organization of the nations could have been taken up separately with the care and deliberation to which they were entitled and under conditions more favorable to the formulation of just and wise settlements.

If this course had been adopted President Wilson would have been spared the vexations and entanglements which surrounded him in Paris and which were in large measure responsible for his failure to hold the first place in the peace conference. The drafting of a definitive treaty including a detailed covenant for the League of Nations seriously impaired his influence, his prestige and his reputation. His insistence upon the incorporation of the covenant in the treaty lost him the world leadership which was in his grasp.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of four articles by Mr. Lansing. The third article will appear in an early issue.

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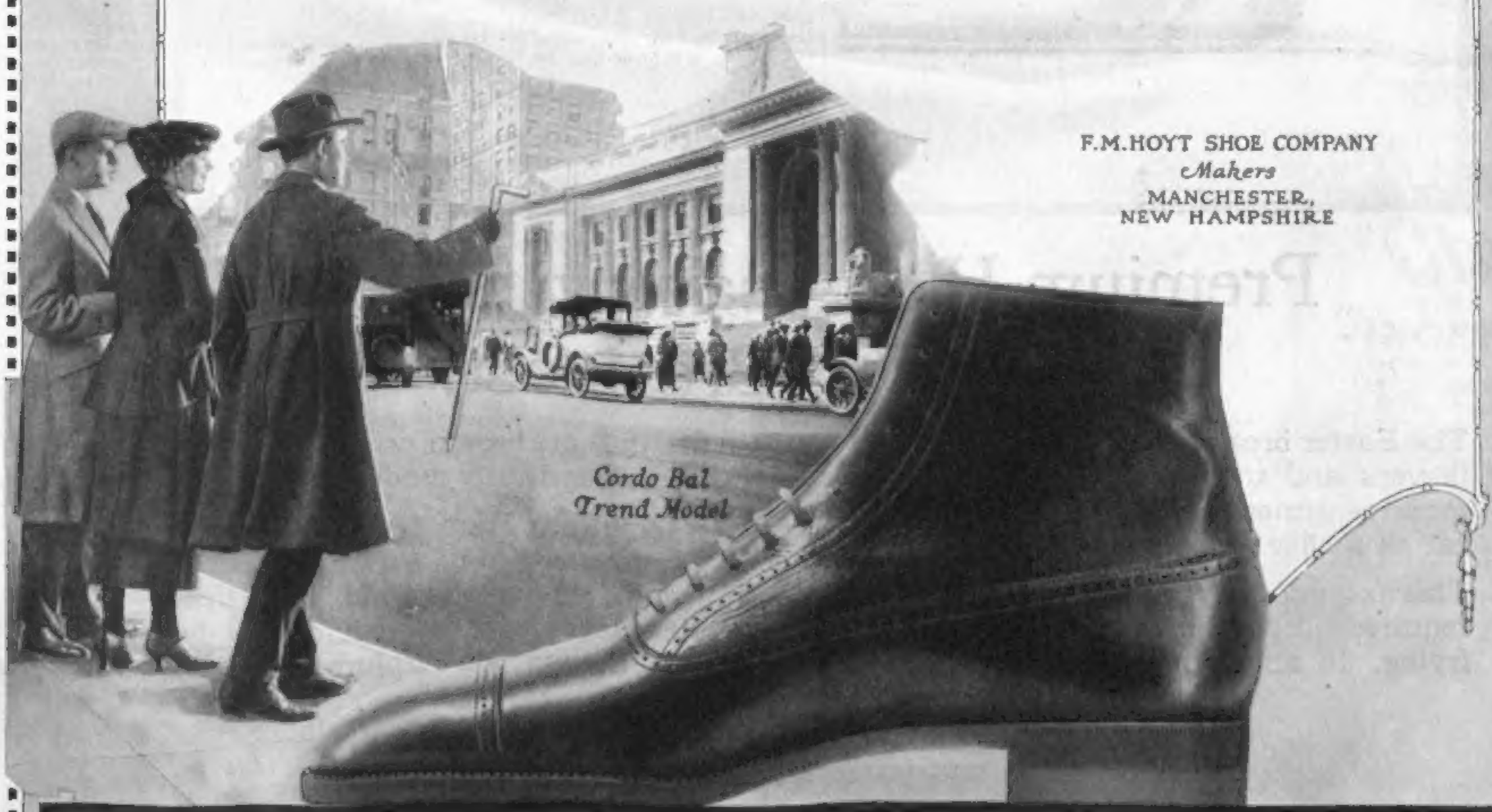

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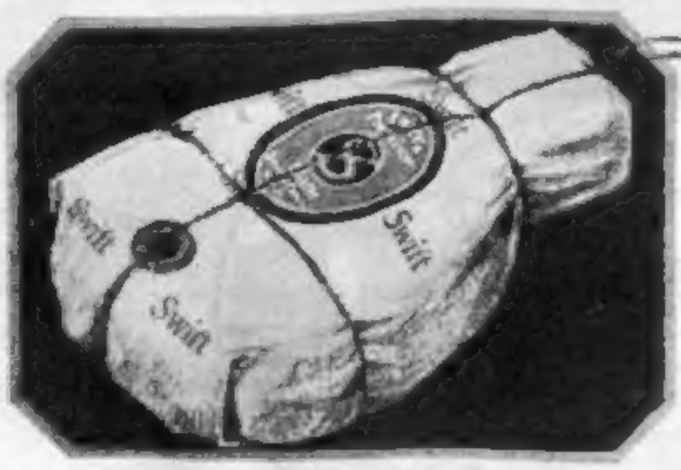

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